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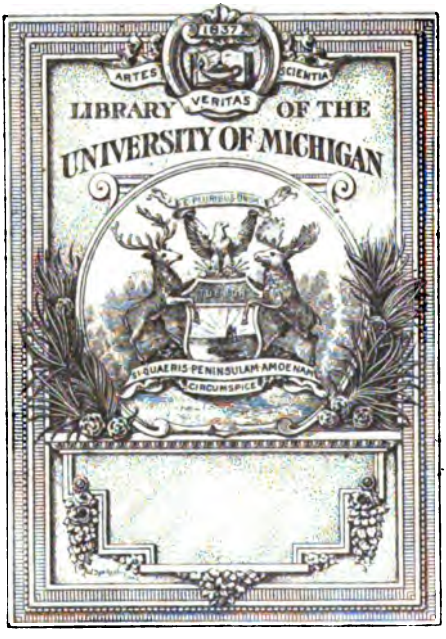

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King George III.

See "Chautauqua Lake in the Revolution" by Obed Edson. page 13

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George Washington

See "Chautauqua Lake in the Revolution," by Obed Edson, page 13

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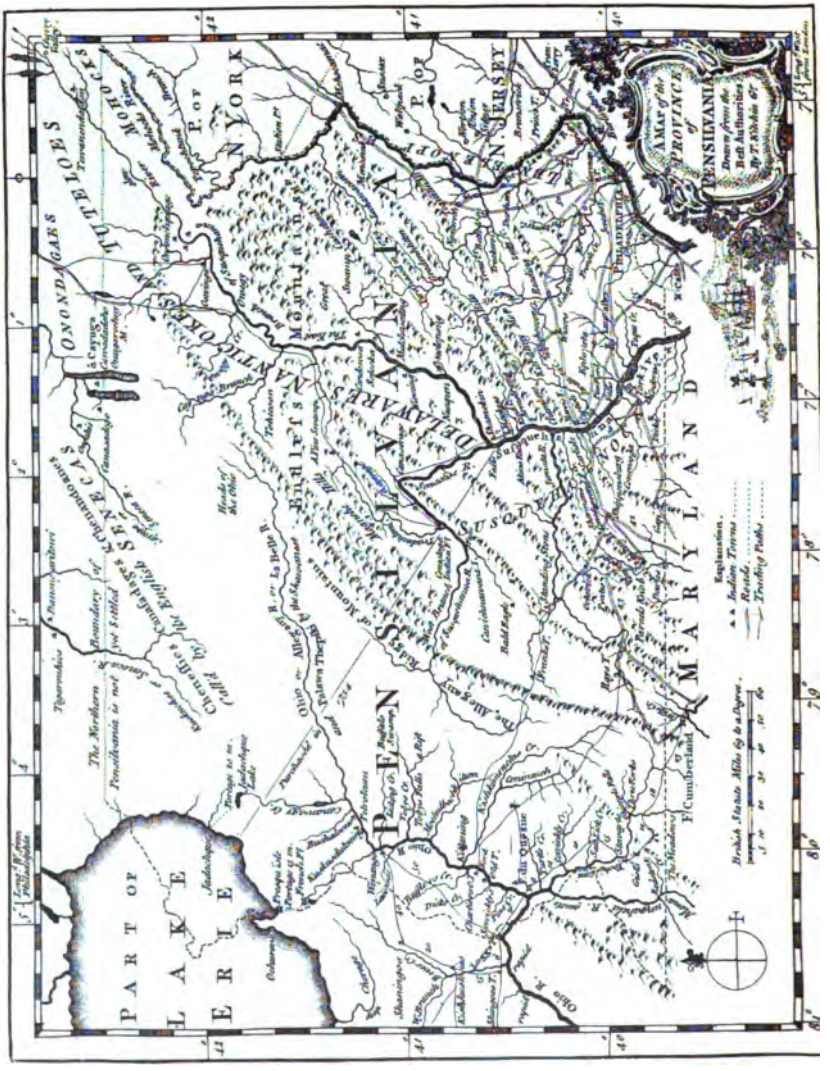

British map of Chautauqua (Jadachque) region, 1756, reproduced to acompany Obed E
son's "Chautauqua Lake in the Revolution" in this magazine. Approximate site of Hanna
town indicated by * east of Pittsburg (Ft. du Quesne).

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. 63 JUNE, 1911. No. 1

Coronation Ceremonies in England

The king of England, George V, is to be crowned this month, and "coronation week" has been a topic for social, military, and political discussion. The ceremonies are to be strangely medieval, but there are to be pageants, shows, balls, bonfires, flares, and the military parade is to be splendid. The exercises, taken together, will be picturesque and historically interesting. The whole spectacle will afford a significant illustration of that "continuity of evolution," that genius for practical government and for reform by timely compromise, that reconciliation of archaic form with modern content, for which the British nation is so distinguished.

It is a familiar phrase that the king of England "reigns but does not govern." He is merely a symbol of national unity and imperial cohesion. Power has completely passed from his hands. He originates no legislation; he has lost the right of vetoing legislation—"the veto is as dead as Queen Anne," Premier Asquith said recently—or of directing the foreign policies of the country. England is a democracy; parliament is supreme, and parliament is in turn ruled by a committee called "the cabinet." The king nominally selects the cabinet; actually he follows the course of events and sends for the leaders of the dominant party when, after an election, a "government" needs to be formed. The cabinet determines the policies of the government, and

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the king's speech to parliament is a mere colorless statement of the program elaborated by the party chiefs. Even in the matter of creating peers, once a royal prerogative, the power has passed into the hands of "the democracy." The premier and his associates decide whom to "elevate" to the peerage, and the king approves the lists. The ministers are the king's "constitutional advisers," and to reject their advice is to offend the majority and electorate they represent, and to endanger the whole monarchical principle. In all the recent talk of crises and revolutions it has not been seriously asserted that if Premier Asquith, in order to "mend" the lords, should "advise" the king to swamp the present tory majority in the upper house by creating 300 or more new liberal peers, the latter could refuse to take that heroic step. It is felt that the king would, by refusing, identify himself with the privileged caste and incur the deep displeasure of the masses, which displeasure would be sure to beget agitation against the throne itself and for the establishment of a republic.

Today, even radicals admit, there is no republican sentiment in Great Britain. The king enjoys the respect and loyalty of all his subjects, but the price of that loyalty is high impartiality, sympathy with the spirit of the age, non-interference with majority rule in politics and legislation. If it were felt that King George is at heart a reactionary and intends to take the side of the lords against the commons and the majority of the voters, gloom, not joy, would characterize the preparations for coronation week. Whatever the party struggles and stratagems may bring forth during the next few months, the general feeling is that the king may be trusted to act constitutionally and correctly.

Reverting to the ceremonies of the coronation, little in them will suggest modern England, the England of universal suffrage, industry, social reform, scientific and artistic progress. The parade is to be strictly military; the

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pomp and circumstance absolutely medieval; for England cherishes its ancient institutions and customs, even its ancient court dress and etiquette, and it glories in relics and survivals that have lost all meaning for the life of our time. They are preserved for beauty and romance, for their historical interest, and to gratify legitimate national pride in a rich, heroic, marvellous past.

The Revolution and After in Mexico

We know more about the Mexican situation today than we knew a few months ago, but much remains uncertain and perplexing. Is real success for the revolutionary or insurgent cause possible? That is, is a truly free or republican government, such as Madero and other revolutionary captains demand, possible in Mexico? That very grave abuses—tyranny, control of the provincial governors from the capital, interference with the judiciary, manipulation of elections, suppression of free speech, confiscation of property for opposition to the Diaz methods of government, peonage, monopoly and exploitation—caused the rebellion and gave it vitality and impetus, is now beyond question. Diaz has done great good in Mexico, and it is undeniable that without his iron rule and benevolent despotism that country would still be the prey of adventurers, the hotbed of strife, disorder and crime. To Diaz Mexico owes a long era of peace and development, of relative national prosperity, of confidence and credit, of progress in many directions. The general opinion is that Diaz has "made" modern Mexico. But the question raised by the revolution was whether Diaz had not, especially in recent years, obstructed Mexico's advance toward self-government and democratic economic reform. At any rate, the revolution, which many were for a time inclined to dismiss as a negligible affair, confined to a few loafers and tramps led by ambitious and disappointed office-seekers, was a demand for greater liberty and fairer economic and industrial policies. It was a

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protest against land monopoly, the enslavement of labor, and a government in the interest of plutocracy.

Diaz himself, in his message to the present Mexican congress, virtually recognized the existence of grievances and grounds for a revolutionary movement. He made several concessions to the insurgents. He promised, among other things, the following reforms:

"No reëlection of President and other executive officers.
"Reform of election laws so as to make the franchise virtually free.
"Reform of the judiciary, making judges more independent.
"Division of great estates into parcels that may be taken up and cultivated by small landowners.
"Abuses of power by local officials to be abated."

Diaz has also "renovated" his cabinet, put representative and progressive men in it and in other ways has justified the insurrection by meeting most of the demands of its leaders—too late to satisfy them with reforms that, had they been granted earlier, would have averted the trouble. The warfare continued, the insurrection spread, and the situation was daily becoming more acute and critical. The armistice and willingness of both sides to discuss peace resulted from a recognition of this fact. Diaz realized the need of further concessions; the insurgents—the wisdom of moderation.

The United States contemplated no aggression or needless interference with Mexican affairs; the mobilization of the troops, ordered under such mystifying and bewildering circumstances, was a precautionary measure—for anarchy and the total breakdown of government were feared—as well as a measure toward the enforcement of the neutrality laws and the policing of the border. The question today is—are the Mexicans fit for self-government? Can they hold fair elections, abide by majority rule, respect authority not supported by bayonets and naked force, and, in general, maintain free institutions? If they cannot—and there are many American writers who assert that they cannot—the

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success of the revolution and the overthrow of the Diaz régime will not bring order, peace or improvement. If they can, they of course deserve to win and establish a better government.

A great many Americans have sympathized with the revolution, but those whose millions are invested in Mexican railroads, lands, mines, etc., have supported Diaz and urged action by our government that could not fail to redound to his benefit. There are, again, those who believe that we ought to intervene, restore order impartially, declare a sort of protectorate, and prevent foreign powers from stepping in to protect their interests in Mexico.

Three States Redeemed and Freed

A California weekly of progressive opinions, in reviewing the record of the legislature of that state—a very remarkable record, in truth—said:

"The present Legislature has achieved the impossible. It returns home to be met, not with sneers and contempt and abuse, which is the time-honored fate of such bodies, but with congratulations, compliments and admiration. Instead of being ashamed of their position as members of the Legislature, men are now allowed and even encouraged to be proud of it."

After a long period of misrule, domination of the legislature by special interests, control of government, including the courts, by public service corporations, the people revolted. Leagues were started to carry on an active propaganda. Insurgent candidates were nominated and elected. One of the leading insurgents was made Governor, another was sent to the federal Senate. The legislature coöperated with the executive and represented the people rather than groups of monopolists. And here, in brief, is the record of the legislature which adjourned early in the spring:

A railroad rate law redeeming Governor Johnson's campaign promise to "kick the Southern Pacific out of California politics."

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Abolition of the party circle on election ballots.
Limitation of working hours for women in the industries to 8 a day and 48 a week.
The Oregon plan for election of United States Senators.
Abolition of the "assumption of risk" and the "fellow-servant" doctrines of the courts in personal injury cases.
Conservation of natural resources.

Considering the reputation of the state for many years, this seems miraculous. But this is not all. Several "radical" amendments to the constitution were submitted to the people. Even the courts have responded to the new spirit and discarded technicality in favor of substantial justice. Boss Ruef of San Francisco is at last in the penitentiary, to serve a term of fourteen years for bribery and blackmail. There is a sense of freedom and moral regeneration in the whole state.

Another freed and redeemed state is New Jersey, long known as corporation-ridden and reactionary. Gov. Woodrow Wilson has been successful in defeating spoils machines and persuading the legislature to enact progressive measures into law. He has thus been able to keep his promises to the people. New Jersey has a new and progressive law covering primaries and elections, an act against corrupt practices, an advanced employers' liability and accident compensation law, and a public utilities act. To the federal Senate the legislature sent a man who had been indorsed by the Democratic voters at a "primary," not a man whom the bosses had quietly picked out. Gov. Wilson has been praised by progressive Republicans as well as Democrats. He is stronger today than he was on the day of his election and is a "presidential possibility." He has become a national figure, and his views are of national interest. He urges his party to fight privilege and serve the plain people, and in a recent speech he made his meaning quite clear. We quote a striking passage that has been widely commented on:

"By privilege, as we now fight it, we mean control of the law, of legislation and of adjudication, by organizations which do not

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represent the people, by means which are private and selfish and worthy of all condemnation. We mean specifically the conduct of our affairs and the shaping of our legislation in the interest of special bodies of capital and those who organize their use. We mean the alliance for this purpose of political machines with the captains of organized industry. We mean the exploitation of the people by legal and political means. We have seen our governments under these influences cease to be representative governments, cease to be governments representative of the people and become governments representative of the special interests, controlled by machines which in their turn are not controlled by the people."

Finally, in New Hampshire, thanks largely to Gov. Bass, another progressive, the legislature has shaken off the railroad yoke and enacted several important and advanced measures dealing with public utilities, conservation and employers' liability. "The world moves."

Problem of Criminal Vice in Cities

An elaborate report on vice and the proper method of attacking it has been presented to the city government of Chicago by an able, high-minded and representative committee of thirty. The report is regarded as a contribution to "standard literature" on the very difficult questions dealt with therein—the social evil, dives and law-breaking saloons, police graft and blackmail levied for the "protection" of illegal vice, gambling, the sale of habit-growing drugs like opium and cocaine, etc.

The report takes a radical and aggressive position, but its conclusions were not hastily reached. They represent patient investigation and study by level-headed and earnest men. No miraculous or sudden reforms are advocated, but stress is laid on the truth that a consistent, fearless policy applied by impartial, independent and practical men and women would, in the course of time, abolish most of the physically and morally dangerous evils of which every large city bitterly complains.

The report does not favor the "segregation" of vice as a permanent policy. Segregation may be a means of better

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control, but it is not considered a permanent solution. The committee shows in detail that neither the city, the state, the federal government, nor the voluntary civic bodies do what they can to eradicate criminal vice. Suggestions are made to each and all of those agencies with reference to licensing dives, permitting saloons to maintain "wine rooms," neglecting to control dance halls, tolerating alliances or good understandings between police officers and "lookouts" employed by proprietors of vicious establishments, and a hundred other things.

The most interesting and novel recommendations of the report, however, are these—that a "morals squad" of women police be appointed—preferably from the ranks of trained settlement and charity workers—to visit objectionable places and take care of women and girls brought within punitive or reformatory jurisdiction, and that, further, a special court of morals, supported by a permanent morals commission of citizens, be created. The functions of this court are thus indicated:

> That the new tribunal or commission shall consist of five persons appointed by the mayor, with the consent of the city council, one member of which shall be a physician in good standing. The commissioner of health shall be an ex-officio member of the new body. The term of office shall be two years and the members shall serve without compensation. It shall be the duty of this body to take such steps as are necessary to suppress vice and the present "levee district" in the city and collect evidence of violations of the city and state laws governing such places.

The tendency of late has been to specialize and divide the courts. There are juvenile courts, courts of domestic relations, night courts for women, etc. A morals court to deal with the victims and breeders of criminal vice would be no departure and no reflection on the integrity or competency of the ordinary courts. Specialization is valuable because it makes experience tell more effectually than otherwise.

There is no disposition in Chicago to carry out the more radical suggestions of the commission on vice. But

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much in the report is eminently reasonable and practical, and other cities will find it profitable reading. Unenforceable laws or ordinances directly produce graft and blackmail; where the police department has "discretion" in the enforcement of the law, corrupt or greedy men will "pay" for silence or neglect. Still, even with a variety of laws that cannot be uniformly enforced, owing to hostile public sentiment, more can be done than is being done in any large city to check vice and immorality and to discourage grafting among the guardians of law and order. In some cities the corrupt elements on the police force resent any interference with their blackmailing operations and "strike" against mayors or chiefs by refraining from making arrests in ordinary criminal cases. Vice reform is also police reform.

Compulsion and Industrial Accidents

Public sentiment throughout the civilized world favors just compensation of workers injured in the course of their employment, or of the families of workers killed in industrial accidents. Not to pay such compensation is to reduce thrifty and honest toilers and their families to poverty and pauperism in the event of accident or misfortune that is not always even "preventable" by the exercise of the greatest possible care. The modern idea is that the cost of accidents and fatalities in industry should be a charge upon industry, each trade sustaining this burden in the first place and passing it on to the consumer by slight additions to the price of the commodities. After all, the community carries such burdens in any event, for disabled workers must be supported in some way, and fixed compensation covered by insurance is infinitely preferable to public or private charity.

In harmony with these sentiments several states have changed, or are revising, their employers' liability laws and providing for definite scales of compensation for death or

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accident. How far our legislatures can go under our state and federal constitutions has been an open and serious question, but it has been felt that, owing to our moral and social advance in recent years, the courts might not be strict and unduly technical in construing constitutional clauses relating to property rights and freedom of contract. The recent unanimous decision of the New York Court of Appeals, holding null and void the compulsory compensation act passed by the legislature last year and applied only to certain designated and particularly hazardous trades or occupations—such as bridge building, work on explosives and electric wires, work in tunnels or on scaffolds, etc., was therefore to many a surprise and disappointment. The law provided, in substance, that compensation should be paid for accidents or deaths caused in such trades irrespective of any question of negligence or responsibility.

In annulling this act the court expressed its entire sympathy with its object and spirit. It admitted the strength and attractiveness of the arguments for the legislation, but found itself constrained to hold that, under all the precedents and decisions, it was unconstitutional. To require employers to pay for accidents which they had not caused either through negligence or omission of any duty, was to take away their property without "due process of law," held the court. The legislature can extend the liability of employers in many directions; it can abrogate old and antiquated doctrines concerning contributory negligence, assumption of risk, fellow-servants, etc. But it cannot require payment where the employers had done their duty and had committed no fault. If the people demand compensation for accidents, in all or any group of trades, regardless of negligence and responsibility, they must first amend the state and federal constitutions.

This decision illustrates many things—among them the difficulty of dealing with questions affecting property and contract rights under written constitutions like ours, with

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a judiciary empowered to annul legislation. In England "universal accident compensation" has been the rule for a good many years; indeed, the limited New York act was avowedly modeled upon that more radical statute. There are those who think that the New York court might have sustained the act without doing any violence to the constitutional safeguards of "due process of law," but there has been no sharp or hostile criticism of the court. The whole tone of the opinion precluded imputation of prejudice or fondness for technicality.

It is fortunate that New York also has a new liability act which considerably enlarges the liability of employers and recognizes the claims of labor. In several other states statutory provision for accident compensation is made optional, and agreements between employers and employed regarding avoidance of litigation and prompt, reasonable payment is encouraged. For the present, doubtless, these are the lines of least resistance. Still, compulsory compensation laws should be tried in other states, pending constitutional amendments, and the federal Supreme Court should be given a chance to deal with the issue raised in New York.

Notes

WHAT EVERY TOWN SHOULD DO

Trenton, New Jersey, recently gave a week to finding out its own resources. On Sunday special religious services were held. On Monday the public schools showed what industrial work they were doing, and the Public Library exhibited its treasures. On Tuesday a state convention discussed the commission form of government, and an illustrated lecture on Civic Ugliness disclosed the results of a camera tour around the city. On Wednesday attention was given to every activity connected with child welfare. Thursday and Friday were devoted to examinations into general welfare movements, existent and needed.

The amount of civic knowledge gained and the stimulus to inquire and to improve undoubtedly will start the city upon a new era. The process of self-examination is one that every town in the country should subject itself to willingly with equal willingness to profit by the information acquired.

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WOMEN IN OFFICE

Fourteen women have been elected to public positions in Colorado, the offices being those of auditor, city clerk, clerk, alderman, and treasurer. Kansas has a woman mayor. New Jersey and Wisconsin have women on education boards.

CORONATION SERVICE.

King George will omit from his coronation oath the clause anathematizing the Roman Catholic church. In all other respects the ceremonies will be practically unchanged from those that celebrated the accession of His Majesty's predecessors for some five hundred years. The Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal has entire charge of all details; the Archbishop of Canterbury will conduct the religious service.

On June 22, in the presence of peers and peeresses, members of Parliament, and foreign and colonial representatives, the King and Queen will proceed to chairs of State at the south side of the altar in Westminster Abbey. The coronation service opens with a survival of the old Teutonic custom of election, the King being escorted by the Archbishop of Canterbury and officers of State to the four corners of the Abbey, where he is presented to the people and received by them with acclamations.

Then follows the Litany and the communion service. After the sermon, which is to be preached by the Archbishop of York, the coronation oath is administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, King George kneeling before the altar and laying his hand upon a copy of the gospels which has been provided for the purpose by the university presses of Oxford and Cambridge. He will sign the oath before leaving the altar.

After the administering of the oath, His Majesty will take his seat upon the chair of Edward I which contains the famous Stone of Scone. The service continues with the singing of the anthem, "Zadok the King," the Dean of Westminster brings the consecrated oil in a golden eagle, and the King is anointed on the head, the breast, and the palms of the hands. This ceremony emphasizes the assertion of the sovereign's right to rule "by the grace of God." He is then invested with the royal surplice, pall, stole, and robe, his heels are touched with the royal spurs, and he is girt with the royal sword, which he offers upon the altar and, later, redeems for one hundred shillings. After the orb and the two scepters have passed through the King's hands the crown is placed upon his head, the "imposition" is repeated, a Bible is presented to him, he is blessed and enthroned and receives the homage of the people.

The Queen is anointed on the head only. She then receives the ring, the crown, the sceptre, and the ivory rod with the dove.

Their Majesties make offerings of altar cloths and ingots of gold, and the communion service is concluded. The King changes his robes, dons the imperial crown in place of the crown of St. Edward, and the procession re-forms.

The representatives from the United States are John Hays Hammond, (Ambassador Extraordinary,) Major General A. W. Greeley (retired), and Admiral Vreeland.

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Chautauqua Lake in the Revolution

By Obed Edson

Historian. Author of "The Eries," "The Fish that Gave Us the Name Chautauqua," "Pioneers of Chautauqua Lake" in the CHAUTAUQUAN, etc.

THE KING'S EIGHTH

FOR a long time, while the States were yet English colonies, there was stationed on the frontiers of Canada a famous regiment of foot, known as the King's Eighth. It came from England in 1768. For a portion of the seventeen years that followed, during which occurred the American Revolution, its field included not only Canada, but also that part of the wilderness region of western New York in which lies Chautauqua Lake. As some of its operations occurred upon or quite near its shore, a brief history of the regiment belongs to the annals of the lake, and to the frontier story that we are about to tell. In 1785 the regiment returned to England. Subsequently it re-crossed the sea, resumed its old station on the frontier in the woods of Canada, and took an active part in the last war between England and the States.

This regiment was organized more than two hundred years ago. Although its individual members have been killed, have died or have been discharged, others have filled their places, and the regiment has preserved its identity even to this day. It was organized in 1685 to defend King James the Second. During the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, it was styled the Princess Anne of Denmark's regiment. Afterward it fought with King William against James the Second, and was called by Macaulay, Beaumont's Foot. It is said by that writer that previous to the battle of the Boyne, it refused to admit Irish papists to its ranks. In that famous affair, which decided the fate of James the

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Second, it fought under the banner of William and took part with him in the siege of Limerick.

Upon the accession of Anne the Eighth was called the "Queen's Regiment" in honor of its distinguished services. During her reign, it took part in many sieges and battles in the campaigns of the great Duke of Marlborough, among them the famous battle of Blenheim. During the reign of George the Second it participated in the battle of Fontenoy, where the king was defeated by the French led by the great Marshal Saxe. In Scotland it fought against the Pretender at Falkirk, and also at Culloden, where Lochiel and his bonneted chieftains marshaled their clans:

> "Clan Roland the dauntless, and Morey the proud,
> All plaided and plumed in their tartan array."

But the clans of Culloden were scattered in flight, and the Highlanders were cut down by the merciless sword of the proud Duke of Cumberland, under whose banner the regiment fought.

In the reign of George the Third the regiment arrived in North America, and in October, 1771, its command was conferred upon Bijoe Armstrong. After passing several years at Quebec, Montreal, St. John, and Chambley, it was removed to the Great Lakes. One division occupied Fort Niagara, another, Detroit, and the remainder was stationed at other places upon the borders of the great inland seas. During the Revolution a portion of this regiment, under Captain Foster, was engaged in the battle of the Cedars, on the St. Lawrence. One hundred of its men participated in the siege of Fort Stanwix.

During the long period that it was stationed in Canada it saw wonderful changes along the frontier. Great inroads were made in the forests by the ax, farms were cleared up, roads constructed, and dwellings erected. The officers and men became so familiar with the region as to make their services highly valuable to the British. But what is more to our present purpose is the fact that this

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regiment, near the close of the Revolution, while engaged in one of its warlike expeditions, passed over Chautauqua Lake, and encamped for a time on the Outlet, now the Chadakoin, within the present limits of the city of Jamestown.

CLOSING EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTION

"The last blood shed in the field during the war," says Bancroft, "was at Combahee Ferry, in South Carolina, on the 27th of August, 1782, when the young and gallant Laurens fell mortally wounded." According to Lossing the last life sacrificed was that of Captain Wilmot, who was killed at Stone Ferry in the September following. The warlike expedition of which we have spoken, was probably the last entitled to the name in the war of the Revolution, at least the last that was projected in the North. It was planned in a wilderness far remote from the scenes of the chief events of the war, upon the shore of a secluded lake that a century later became one of the best known and fairest of the smaller sheets of water in the world, celebrated, also, for the distinguished institution of learning planted upon its shore. This frontier story may therefore be of interest to those who come annually to visit it and the famous Institution established there, and especially to those patriotic citizens who regard it a duty and esteem it a pleasure to observe and commemorate the most important period of the history of our country.

This marauding enterprise terminated with the burning of Hannastown, once a famous, but now almost forgotten town in Westmoreland County, in western Pennsylvania. The destruction of Hannastown occurred on the thirteenth of July, 1782, less than two months before the affair in which Colonel Laurens fell. Much more than a century has elapsed since that event, and the circumstances attending it are fast fading from recollection. Its importance as a closing event in the war for independence demands that it should not be forgotten.

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During the war of the Revolution, apprehension had been entertained by Washington and the American commandant at Pittsburg, that the British meditated a descent upon that post from Niagara. In 1779, intelligence was received that Butler and two hundred rangers designed attacking it when strawberries should become ripe. In 1781 Washington was informed that Sir John Johnson and Colonel Connelly were collecting a large force to proceed against it, and Colonel Broadhead, who then commanded there, thereafter guarded against such an attempt.

WASHINGTON INQUIRES ABOUT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE

In 1782, while Colonel, afterward Brigadier General Irvine, was in command at Pittsburg, General Washington addressed him a letter, dated January 10, 1788, to ascertain whether practicable communication could be had between the waters of Lake Erie and the Ohio, by which fur and peltry from the lake region could be conveyed to the eastern country. An interesting correspondence followed, in which the first suggestions were made, it is believed, that ultimately led to the building of the Erie Canal.* In a long and entertaining letter of this correspondence, dated January 27, 1788, General Irvine communicated some interesting facts concerning Chautauqua Lake, and the expedition of the British and Indians above mentioned. We have only space for that part which directly relates to our subject. Information respecting this armament had been communicated to General Irvine by a white man named Matthews, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians in 1777, and also by a chief of the Seneca nation, concerning which General Irvine wrote as follows:

"The Seneca related many things to corroborate and convince me of its truth. He stated that he was constantly employed by the British during the late war, and had the rank of captain, and that he commanded the party which was defeated on the Allegheny by Colonel Broadhead; that in the year 1782, a detachment composed of three hundred British and five hundred Indians was

*Young's "History of Chautauqua County," pp. 54-60.

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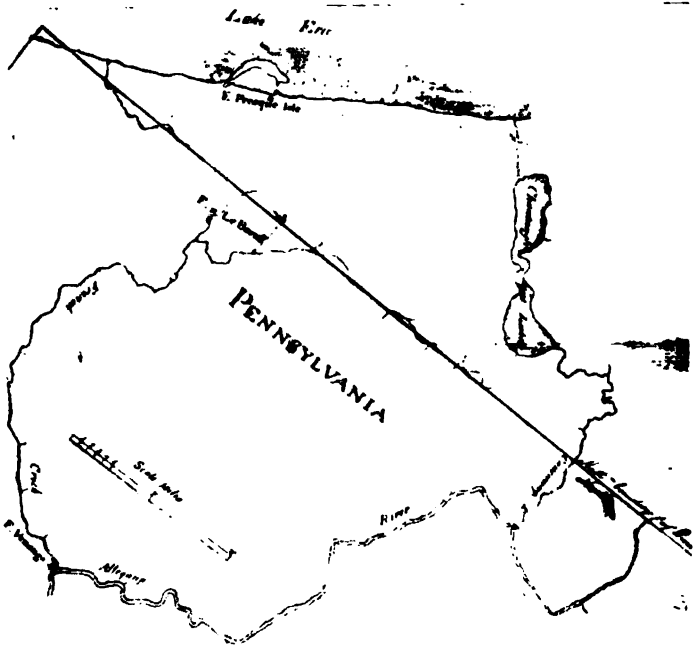

Map sent to Gen. Washington by Gen. Irvine, who was in command at Fort Pitt, at Washington's request for information of the water communication between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. The original is on file among the Washington papers in the Congressional Library

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Present appearance of the head of the rapids in the Outlet of Chautauqua Lake where a detachment of a British regiment, accompanied by Indians, drove spiles to raise the water to enable them to proceed on their expedition in 1782

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Present appearance of the place where the British cut the timber for the spiles on the bank of the Outlet at the head of the rapids, immediately in the rear of the factory shown in the opposite view

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Present site of Indian village in the time of the Revolution at Bemus Point

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formed and actually embarked in canoes on Lake Jadaqua, with twelve pieces of artillery, with an avowed intention of attacking Fort Pitt. This expedition was abandoned in consequence of reported repairs and strengthening of the post, carried by a spy from the neighborhood of the fort. They then contented themselves with the usual mode of warfare, sending small parties upon the frontier, one of which burned Hannastown.

"I remember well that in August, 1782, we picked up at Fort Pitt a number of canoes which had drifted down the river, and received accounts in June and July from a Canadian who deserted to me, as well as from some friendly Indians of this armament, but I never knew before where they assembled. Both Matthews and the Seneca desired to conduct me to the spot on the shore of Lake Jadaqua, where lies one of the four-pounders left by the French. Major Finley, who has been in that country since I was, informed me that he had seen the gun."*

In a later letter of this correspondence, General Irvine enclosed to General Washington a draft of Chautauqua Lake and of the portage between it and Lake Erie. The last letter of this correspondence, dated at Mount Vernon, October 3d, 1788, General Washington closes as follows:

"If the Jadaqua Lake, at the head of the Conewango River, approximates Lake Erie as nearly as it is laid down in the draft you sent, it presents a very short portage indeed, between the two, and access to all those above the latter."

It is interesting to know that the personal attention of Washington was directed to our lake, and that it received from him such particular notice.

VESTIGES OF ITS REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY

For a period after the first settlers came to the lake, there remained what was believed to be evidence of its Revolutionary history. The year 1822 was one of unusual drouth. The lake became remarkably low, and many citizens, while engaged in deepening the channel of the Outlet at Jamestown to increase the flow of water for the benefit of the mills below, discovered that spiles three or four inches in diameter and from three to five feet long, bearing

*Elijah Matthews was an intelligent white man and a useful interpreter. He lived from his boyhood with the Indians, having been captured at Graves Creek, Ohio. He was married to an Indian wife.

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marks of the ax, had been driven into the hard earth across the bed of the stream. Many of them were in a good state of preservation. It was believed that they had been placed there at some early day in constructing a dam to raise the water sufficiently to float some warlike armament down the Allegany River.*

Some important facts bearing upon this matter were given to the late Hon. James Prendergast by his father, Alexander T. Prendergast, who was a son of James Prendergast, the founder of Jamestown. In a letter to me, Mr. Prendergast once transmitted this information as follows:

"Jamestown, Nov. 3. 1874.

"Obed Edson—

"Dear Sir:

"In response to your request I have gleaned from my father all the information he possesses in regard to the matter I spoke of last week. He says:

"'My father first came to where Jamestown now stands in 1806. At that time he discovered a tract of land nearly an acre in extent, cleared of everything, trees, stumps, and brush, excepting one large pine tree, which stood nearly in the center, and had been burned out on one side several inches deep, though the scar had been nearly covered by the growing bark. The tree was nearly three feet in diameter. Grass was growing quite luxuriantly on the whole piece. This tract was opposite the boat landing on the west side of the Outlet, where the boat landing bridge now crosses. My grandfather found the stumps of many oak trees in the woods adjoining the cleared tract, which he judged had been cut from fifty to sixty years. These trees had been cut with an ax, and the limbs and such portions of the bodies as had not been used were all decayed. The spiles were found in the Outlet a short distance below this point.'

"My father, Alexander T. Prendergast, distinctly remembers this charred tract and the large pine spoken of, having visited it before any of the surrounding forest was cut away.

"Wishing you success, believe me, yours sincerely,

JAMES PRENDERGAST."

It seems to have been believed by the projectors of this expedition that the most practicable place for its debarkation was upon the Outlet of the lake, at a point above and near the Rapids. There were other places around the lake at the time of the first settlement in its neighborhood that

*Samuel Brown's lecture delivered in Jamestown in 1843. Warren's "History of Chautauqua County," p. 35. Dr. Irvine, son of General Irvine.

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bore marks of the former work and methods of the white man. Near its head, not far from Hartfield, on the east side of the Inlet, a fourth of a mile from its mouth, in 1810, when the pioneers, John West and Philo Hopson, first came to settle there, there were a number of large hemlock stumps that bore marks of the ax—old and moss-covered. The bodies of trees that once grew upon them had long since been removed. In explanation of these circumstances it was thought that the trees may have been cut and made into pirogues or canoes for the purpose of some armament before its departure down the lake.

CAUSES THAT LED TO THE RAID OF BRITISH AND INDIANS IN 1782

The causes that led to this expedition of 1782, and some of the events that preceded it may be concisely told. The destruction of the Indian towns and corn-fields in western New York in the fall of 1779 by the forces of Sullivan and Broadhead, had the effect of throwing their owners upon their British employers for support. The succeeding winter was remarkable for its severity. Want and suffering followed. Great numbers of these ill-fated people, particularly women and children, died from starvation, disease and exposure. The winter of 1779-1780 was long and the coldest ever known in this country. New York harbor was frozen over so that the heaviest cannon were wheeled over it from Staten Island on the ice. The snow fell five feet deep in the western woods. When it melted in the spring, a multitude of deer and other game were found dead in the forest. According to the Delaware chief, Killbuck, three hundred Indians died that winter, of the flux, at Niagara. Niagara had been the winter quarters of Guy Johnson, the Butlers, and the loyalists. It now became the headquarters of the Indians also. Gratitude to their Indian allies imposed upon the British the enormous expense of feeding and maintaining them. This impelled Guy Johnson to encourage as many Indians as possible to return to their deserted villages, or

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to establish new settlements at convenient points, and thus be able to support themselves. Some of the Indians were induced to return to their old homes on the Genesee and the Allegany, while others in May or June established themselves on Buffalo Creek and at the mouth of the Cattaraugus.*

SETTLEMENT OF THE INDIANS IN CHAUTAUQUA

It is probable that about this time the Senecas also began a settlement at Bemus and Griffith Points on the shore of Lake Chautauqua, and to a more limited extent at one or two other places within the county. They chose these points because of the excellent fish in the adjacent waters and the abundance of game in the woods around. We know of no other settlements of any account existing within the county after the overthrow of the Eries in 1656, except probably that on Kiantone Creek near its junction with the Conewango. Soon after De Celeron's expedition in 1749, the Senecas began to plant colonies along the Allegany and the Ohio, and probably this at Kiantone, located at or near the site of an old Erie town, was then established by them, or by the Delaware or Munsey Indians. The large pine trees that once grew so numerously there were gradually removed from 100 to 200 acres, and the land planted to corn. There, in 1787, the commissioners, while engaged in determining the boundary line between New York and Pennsylvania, found a small Indian village, which they called Kyenthono, said to mean "corn fields" in the Indian tongue. Near this village the Commissioners remained for fifteen days, taking the observations necessary for their survey. The treaty between the Six Nations and the State of Pennsylvania, made at Fort Hammer in 1787, distinctly recognized the existence of these Indian settlements in Chautauqua County, which were then erronously supposed to be within the boundaries of the State of Pennsylvania. Through

*"Narratives of the captivity and sufferings of Benjamin Gilbert and his family."

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the influence of Cornplanter, the treaty specifically preserved the right of the Indians living there to hunt in that territory, as they, it declares, have "no country to remove to from where they now live." The Indian town of Kyenthono or Cyantha, was in existence in 1791 when Colonel Proctor went to the Allegany River country on a mission to the Senecas, and was mentioned by him as 'one of Cornplanter's towns of the name of Cyantha.' It was still inhabited in 1795, when visited by James McMahan, the pioneer of Chautauqua County. At that time he saw their wigwams and fields of corn.*

DESTITUTION OF THE INDIANS

The treaty of Big Tree, made in 1797, compelled the surrender of the Indian privileges. The Indians, however, lingered for a while around their shabby tenements and tomahawk improvements at Bemus and Griffith Points, but had surrendered them and retired to their reservations before the first white pioneers came to settle about the lake. After that they made annual pilgrimages to their burial place near the ferry at Bemus Point, until an unfriendly hand desecrated the graves of their dead, and then they visited the place no more.† They lingered the longest at their old town in Kiantone. They were there in 1800, when John Russell passed through that region, and also when James Prendergast visited them in 1806. At the time Ebenezer Cheney came there to settle, in July, 1808, they were still living in their deer-skin tents, cultivating corn and other Indian crops, according to his grandson, Mark H. Cheney.

Little do we know of the destitution and woes of these forest exiles. Eloquent pens have described their sins and atrocities committed in times of war, to avenge what

*Samuel A. Brown's lecture delivered in Jamestown in 1843. Also Warren's "History of Chautauqua County," p. 32.

†Mrs. Kate Cheney says that Black Tom, her great-grandfather's slave, piled heaps of brush upon their graves and burned them, and that the Indians came no more to mourn; and that her grandfather, William Bemus, was indignant at the insult, and severely rebuked the wrong.

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they believed to be their wrongs. Their savageries were in fact but the crudities of a primitive people—no more flagrant or cruel than our own ancestors and those of other civilized people once were guilty of. White men, inspired by the selfish thought that they were a chosen people, and that the Indians were the Canaanites—a plea no better than that might makes right—took from them their lands. When raised to a higher civilization the white man confessed the wrong—but kept the land.

The chief faults of the Indian at the present time came from his association with the white man. Little has been said of his virtues while in his native state in time of peace. The Indians were kind to one another, hospitable to strangers, sagacious in dealing with public and private affairs, full of good sense and dignity in conducting their public councils, and their orators showed much native ability and eloquence. Above all should be remembered the genius they displayed in devising for their government the "League of the Iroquois," and in establishing a confederacy by which, through the tact of a few of its chiefs and the vigor of the handful of warriors, they were able to preserve for a century their independence and their territory intact, in defiance of all the arts and power of the English, French, and Dutch.

Overwhelmed at last by superior force, their proud spirit broken, they became for a while like nomads, wanderers in the land they were the first to possess. Within the remembrance of many now living, their vagrant bands would camp in the valleys of the Conewango and Cassadaga, and even within the present limits of Jamestown—scenes of their former exploits—again to fish and hunt. Their women, clad in blanket and moccasin and the raiment of the woods, would vend their mats and baskets. With too much reserve to advertise or commend their wares, and too much pride to haggle with a purchaser,

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these daughters of the forest would sit by the roadside in dignified silence awaiting the coming of a buyer.

THE MARAUDERS

To give further employment to those Indians who sought the shelter of Fort Niagara, the British led them in marauding expeditions against the frontier settlements of New York and Pennsylvania. One of these warlike raids was that planned on the shore of Chautauqua Lake in the summer of 1782. This marauding party was composed of British soldiers, Loyalists and Indians. It may be that some of the latter were among those who were already or eventually became the Indian settlers of Chautauqua County.

Hannastown, the ill-starred village destined to suffer the vengeance of these raiders, was then a place of importance on the border, some forty miles east of Pittsburg and three miles east from where now is the town of Greensburgh. It contained about thirty habitations, most of them two stories high, a court house and jail of like construction, and a fort stockaded with logs. It was the first place west of the Alleganies where courts were held. Robert Hanna was the first presiding justice, and Arthur St. Clair, afterwards a distinguished general of the Revolution, the first prothonotary. It was a famous gathering place for frontiersmen, and often the scene of important events.

During the spring of 1782 the peril from the Indians that threatened Westmoreland County, filled the hearts of the people with gloomy forebodings, but as the season advanced it brought with it the usual promise of plenty, and genial summer early crowned its fields with ripening grain. On the thirteenth of July a band of villagers went out from Hannastown half a league north to O'Connor's field, to gather in the harvest of Michael Huffnagle. The reapers prosecuted their labors with diligence, and when they had cut the grain in one field, one

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of their number, who had passed to the side nearest the woods, was startled by the appearance of an Indian. He gave the alarm. The harvesters fled to the village in the greatest consternation, unseen by their Indian foes. When they arrived at Hannastown, the inmates of the jail were released, and the citizens, men, women and children, were gathered within the stockade. The party included not more than twenty-five efficient men. The greater number had the year before gone to join General George Rogers Clark in his expedition against the western Indians, carrying with them the choicest rifles, leaving not more than fourteen or fifteen. Many of the women could have used them nearly as effectively as the men, had the weapons remained in the fort.

A portion of the marauding party that had assembled at Chautauqua Lake descended the Allegany as far as the mouth of the Kiskiminitas, and then ascended that river to a convenient place, where they concealed their canoes, and then proceeded by land a distance of about twenty-seven miles toward Hannastown, to O'Connor's field, where they found the reapers engaged in their labors.

BURNING OF HANNASTOWN

After the reapers had arrived at Hannastown, David Shaw, a gallant young fellow, and three others, armed with rifles, set out on foot for O'Connor's field to reconnoiter, with Captain Matthew Jack, a brave and experienced frontiersman who happened to be in town on that day, on horseback. Captain Jack was the first to arrive there, and upon being discovered by the Indians, turned his horse, and he and the others promptly proceeded to alarm the settlers. Captain Jack assisted several families in the neighboring country to escape, in one instance taking the children in his arms and the mother on the horse's back behind him.

In the meantime David Shaw and his companions, being

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informed by Captain Jack of the approach of the Indians, fled and were pursued by them. The race was for life. The Indians, lest they should arouse the townspeople, whom they believed to be ignorant of their approach, refrained from discharging their guns but followed silently, tomahawk in hand. The young men, fleet and vigorous as they were, scarcely gained upon their swift pursuers. They could hear the rapid footfalls of the savages close behind them, and as they furtively glanced backward, they could see the Indians' scalp locks tossing in the wind, and their dark and shining skins glistening among the leaves. When they had gained the open space near the town the Indians brandished their tomahawks and gave the warwhoop, but now the young men felt sure of their safety. David Shaw raised his rifle and brought the foremost Indian to the earth, and he and his companions entered the fort in safety. The Indians, exasperated at finding themselves thwarted, like demons set up terrifying yells, and commenced their work of destruction. They pillaged the houses and set them on fire, and all were burned but two that fortunately stood within the protection of the fort. One Indian was killed while parading in a military coat which he had found in a deserted house. The only disaster that befel the inmates of the fort was of a most affecting character. A child had strayed opposite an aperture in the gate, through which the bullets often whistled. Janette, the kind-hearted sister of David Shaw, ran to rescue it. As she stooped to take the little one, an Indian bullet pierced her breast.

RAID ON MILLERSTOWN

Soon after the attack was commenced, a portion of the marauders drew off towards Millerstown, a small settlement some three miles away. There, besides a principal dwelling house or mansion, sometimes called "Fort Miller," were a number of rude dwellings occupied by settlers who had fled from the dangers to which their isolated homes

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exposed them. On the day before, two young people who had sought refuge in the mansion, were joined in marriage. Among those who participated in the festivities were Mrs. H. and her two beautiful daughters, and John Brownlee, a brave and generous frontiersman, and his family, from Hannastown. On the succeeding day, while the occupants were mowing in the meadows or engaged in their ordinary duties, they were startled by the wild yells of assailants from Hannastown. Happily the occupants of the cabins made their escape. A remarkable incident is told of their flight. One man while carrying his little child and assisting his aged mother to flee, was so closely pursued as to be forced to the choice of abandoning his child or leaving his aged parent to the mercies of the savages. What influenced his action on that trying occasion we know not, nor could we if we knew justly censure an act compelled by such cruel necessity. He left the child and saved his mother. Fortune smiled upon the act. For strange to relate, when the grief-stricken father returned at the earliest dawn on the following day to seek some traces of his child, he found the little fellow had gone back through the bushes and briers to his cabin, and was curled in his own bed fast asleep.

The inmates of the mansion were less fortunate. The wedding festivities were still in progress when the guests were appalled by the warwhoops of the Indians. The surprise was so complete that they were unprepared either to fight or flee, and many were made prisoners. One strong young man made a resolute effort to get away. He caught up one of Brownlee's children and fled, closely pursued by the savages. His coolness and vigor enabled him to escape his pursuers, and secure the safety of himself and the child. This man lived to an honored old age. Brownlee, who was a brave and experienced Indian fighter, seized a rifle, and notwithstanding the odds against him, made a bold but hopeless rush at the Indians entering the

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gate. Hearing the voice of his wife exclaiming: "O, Jack, will you leave me?" he desisted and sat down beside her and submitted himself to be made a prisoner for the sake of his wife and remaining child.

All the afternoon from two o'clock, when the attack upon Hannastown commenced, Captain Jack was busy arousing the settlers and gathering the women and children to places of safety. It is said that he saved six families from captivity. When he saw the Indians moving off toward Millerstown he galloped ahead to warn the people. He rode rapidly up a long lane leading to the place, ignorant that the Indians were there before him. He had come within gun-shot when he discovered them. He quickly turned his horse in retreat. Many bullets whizzed near him, one of which cut his bridle rein; yet he galloped away and made his escape. The generous care and daring of Captain Jack made him the hero of the day. He lived long after these events near the scene of their occurrence, highly esteemed by his neighbors for his humane and gallant conduct on that day as well as for his modest bearing afterward. In his old age the legislature of Pennsylvania granted him a pension, chiefly for rescuing the women and children when Hannastown was burned.

RETREAT OF THE RAIDERS

The Indians at Millerstown now loaded their captives with spoils, and set out to return to Hannastown. With heavy hearts the women and maidens were led into captivity. With eyes filled with tears they looked, as they thought, for the last time, upon the fields and scenes that were dear to them, and with despair upon the fate they feared was in store for them. Brownlee was known to the Indians for his courage and his exploits against them. The party had not proceeded far when one of their number by a preconcerted signal stepped behind Brownlee and buried a tomahawk in his head. The same Indian killed his

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child, which he had been carrying upon his back. A woman who had screamed with horror at the deed, likewise fell to the same tomahawk. The three were buried in Machlin field. The place of burial was long preserved.

By nightfall the Indians, including those who had pillaged Millerstown, had assembled in the valley of Crabtree Creek, near Hannastown, and were preparing to renew the attack on the fort early the following morning. Thirty settlers, some on foot, others on horseback, managed to enter the fort that night. By means of the drum and fife and various artifices, they impressed the besiegers with the belief that the fort had been strongly reinforced. Although there were but forty-five rifles and fifty-five or sixty men within the fort the marauders took alarm and soon after withdrew. Their trail was followed the next morning as far as the Kiskiminetas. The route they pursued on their retreat furnishes further proof that it was a portion of the same party that embarked upon Chautauqua Lake in the summer of 1782, and jackets left by the enemy at Hannastown, the buttons of which were marked "King's Eighth," further attest the presence of a portion of this regiment at the burning.

The marauding party was estimated to have numbered three hundred Indians, under the celebrated chief Guyasutha,* and sixty white men. Their number may have been exaggerated, however. The captives they took, about

*Guyasutha's life was as worthy of remembrance as was that of Cornplanter, Red Jacket, or Farmer's Brother. In his youth he was a companion of Washington on his mission to the French, 1753, from Logstown to Le Boeuf. In 1763 he was chief of the Senecas and entered into the conspiracy of Pontiac. In 1770 Washington made a journey west as far as the mouth of the Great Kanawha. When near the mouth of the Muskingham he made a ceremonious visit to the camp of Guyasutha who was then at the head of the western tribes. Washington and Guyasutha recognized each other although seventeen years had passed since they journeyed up the Allegany. He presented to Washington a fine quarter of buffalo meat, just slain. They encamped together and much of the night was passed in friendly conversation. Guyasutha died on the bank of the Allegany, and left his name to a beautiful plain on that river, where he was buried.

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twenty in number, chiefly women and children, were surrendered by the Indians to the British in Montreal, Canada, then the place to sell prisoners and scalps. They were all released after the peace of 1783, and returned to their country except one, Marion, the daughter of Mrs. H. She, it is said, was wooed and won by a British officer, who was captivated by her beauty and bravery.

HANNASTOWN OF TODAY

For nearly a half century after these events the site of Hannastown remained unsettled. In 1826 it was purchased by John Steele, and has since been occupied by cultivated fields. William Steele, his son, afterwards owned this ancient site. With him I once corresponded with reference to the subject of this article. He then informed me that the rank growth of grain, the luxuriant crops of corn that have grown above it for many years, show that these were once fertile fields and gardens, where a numerous population must have dwelt. Copper coins of the reigns of the three Georges and other relics were then still found there. An excellent and never-failing spring of pure, cold water marked the spot where the stockade stood. Upon the hill to the west of the place, which was still known as Gallows Hill, stood an old oak tree, upon which the criminals of those early days paid the extreme penalty of the law. Upon this hill, also, were the graves of that frontier people, strewn over several acres. The rough headstones were then remaining, upon which were rudely carved quaint but dim inscriptions. May the ancient cemetery where these rude forefathers sleep long be preserved undesecrated! There, it is probable, rest the remains of the kind-hearted, unfortunate Jannete Shaw. There also lies brave Brownlee, his child, and the poor woman who fell by the same tomahawk.

Not a stone or mound of earth now marks the spot where Hannastown stood. Not a vestige remains of the

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fort and court house, once the place of such stirring events. The habitations of the bold frontiersmen, if any escaped the Indian's torch, have long since gone to decay and the plow has passed over their hearthstones.

"All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark ravens' sheltering tree,
And traveled by few is the grass-covered road
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior strode
To the hill which encircles the sea."

The memory of these events abode long in Westmoreland, for this was the most important expedition ever dispatched against the pioneers of western Pennsylvania. Among the chroniclers of that olden time was Sallie, the venerable sister of David and Janette Shaw, the hero and heroine of that well remembered Indian tragedy. She was in the fort and saw and heard all that occurred. Long down in the century that followed, with a zest and detail worthy of Walter Scott, she would thrill and delight her young hearers with reminiscences of her girlhood days, with tales of frontier life and border war, chief among them the story of the burning of Hannastown.

THE KING'S EIGHTH'S LATER HISTORY

For a period after the Revolution, while the King's Eighth was stationed in Canada, it was commanded by Bijoe Armstrong, who subsequently became a general in the British army. He was succeeded by Ralph Dundas, who gave his name to Dundas Bay, on Lake Ontario. After the regiment arrived in England in 1785, it was engaged in various wars in Europe. Having returned to Canada, it fought the Americans in the war of 1812, and then its field of operation was substantially the same as it had been during the Revolution. When, in 1782, this warlike force was encamped in the shadows of the pines at the Outlet and the Rapids at Jamestown, Chautauqua was buried in the depths of a silent and unbroken forest, seldom visited by white men. The waterfowl gathered unmolested

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on its bosom, and wolves prowled nightly along its shores. A little over thirty years later the King's Eighth crossed the Niagara River at Black Rock to meet at the battle of Buffalo the pioneers of this very region, who, after the burning of Hannastown, had broken its solitude and established homes. It is recorded that in the battle of Buffalo the King's Eighth had seven killed and eight wounded.

In this war the regiment also participated in the taking of York, and was at Sackett's Harbor, Stony Creek, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Fort Erie, and Plattsburg. In June it again left America. Its colonel, Ralph Dundas, became a general in the British army. He was succeeded in the colonelcy by Edmund Stevens, and he by Sir Henry Bagley. What distinguished services the King's Eighth rendered in the succeeding wars in which England was engaged, we are not informed. We will close its history with a description of its regimental colors.

Its banner bore the white horse on a red field, within the garter, with the crown over it, and with the motto, "Nec aspera terrent." In the second, third, and fourth corners were the royal cipher and crown, also the words "Egypt and Sphinx," to commemorate its services in Egypt in the year 1801; the word, "Martinique," for the capture of that island in 1809; and the word, "Niagara," for its distinguished conduct on the frontier of Canada in 1814.*

*Following are some of the authorities consulted and not heretofore cited, for facts stated in the foregoing article:

"History of the King's Eighth Regiment of Foot," by Richard Cannon. Account of the burning of Hannastown contained in the Greensburgh *Argus* in 1836, written by Hon. Richard Coulter, once a member of Congress from the State of Pennsylvania, and afterwards a judge of its supreme court. Albert Dallas, a well known attorney-at-law and historian of Westmoreland County. An interesting communication to the writer received many years ago from Thomas J. Bigham, of Pittsburg, a former president of the "Old Residents' Association of Pittsburg and Western Pennsylvania." Mr. Bingham was born near Hannastown, where his grandfather had lived even before the town was burned. He was well acquainted with Captain Matthew Jack, and learned from him and others, especially from the lips of Sallie Shaw, with whom he was personally acquainted, some of the facts related in the foregoing story.

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Chautauqua—A Center of Popular Education

By Mrs. C. von Koch in "Social Tidskrift," Stockholm, Sweden

Translation by L. L. Thurslove

EDUCATION has a high value in the United States. The price of an article depends on its rarity and the price of education was fixed when all the energies of the people were concentrated upon the material development of the country and when the intellectual development necessarily had to be sacrificed. The sacrifice was felt by many and hence we see former New England colonists founding educational meetings to prepare for their children the joys of education and in our day the poor immigrants make it the goal of their efforts to send their sons and daughters to the colleges and seminaries. That development of culture which always has followed a great material development of a nation will surely take place also in America. May we not see its approach in that educational hunger which here has reached proportions much larger than in other countries and which is now craving to be satisfied. The wonderful library movements and the organizations for popular education are the results of this craving. Although the number of academically educated is greater in the United States than in any other country, and although thousands of young men and women do not hesitate to work as waiters, etc., during the summer vacations in order to defray their college expenses, yet the great majority of the people stand outside the privileged ground of higher education.

The movement of popular education has a large and profitable field in this country and it has in its spirit and organization many characteristically American features. It is about this movement that President Roosevelt has said

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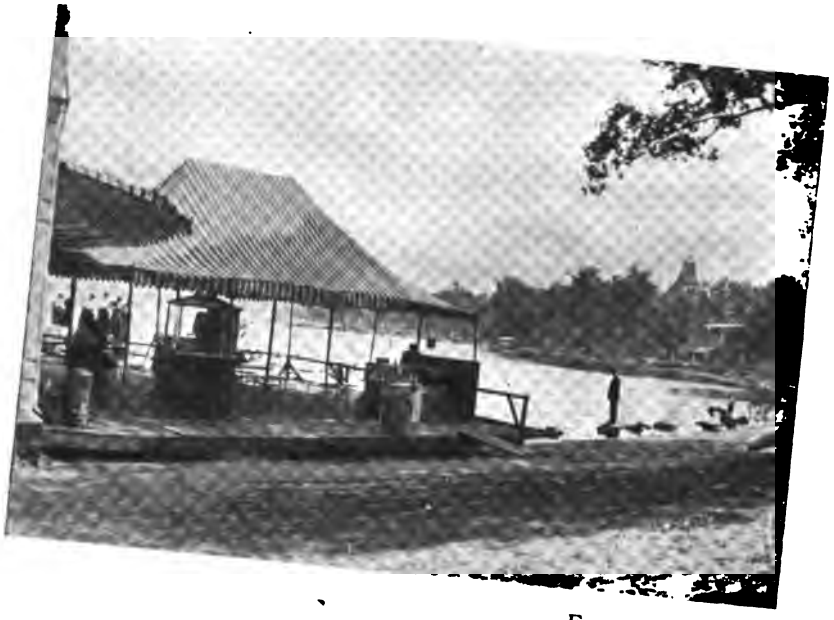
A Pageant on the Hotel Lawn at Chautauqua, New York



From Pier to Hotel

Across the Point

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Through Miller Park

Through Miller Park

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The Hall of Philosophy

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Hall of Philosophy in Winter

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C. L. S. C. Graduates Passing the Arches on Recognition Day. Flower Girls in foreground

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The Golden Gate

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The Hall of the Christ

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Higgins Hall

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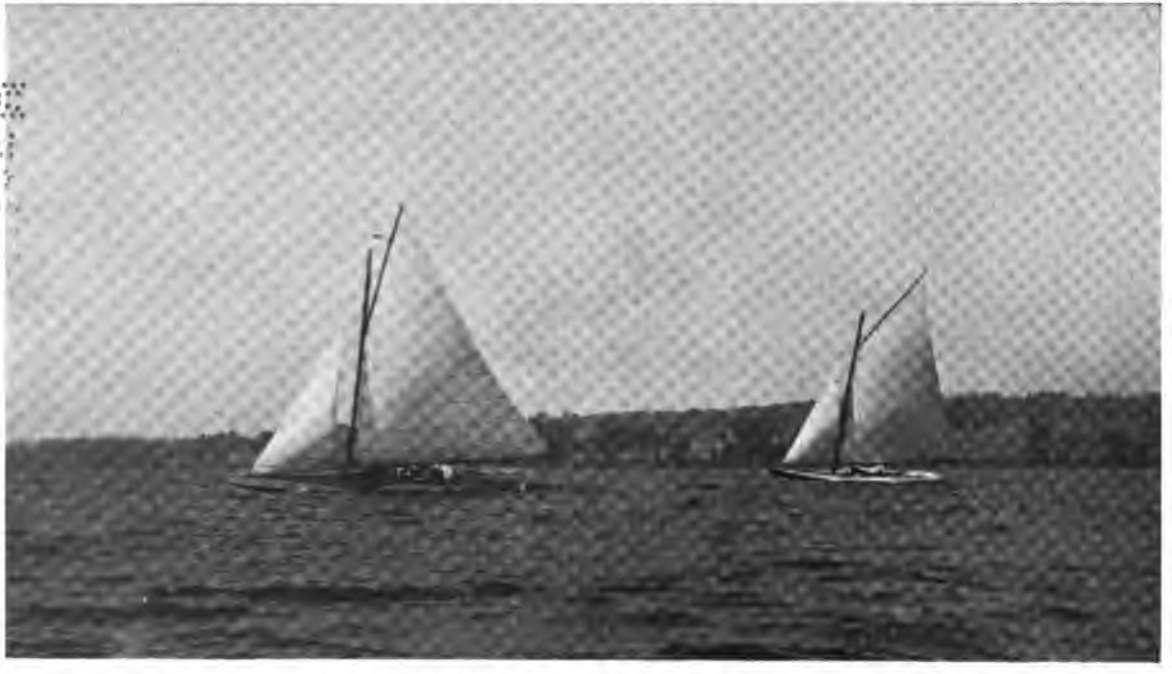

A Sailing Race on Lake Chautauqua

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One of the Roque Courts

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Pleasure Boats on the Lake Shore

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Chautauqua Athletic Club

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The Children's Temple. Front View. Erected 1878

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The Children's Temple. Rear View. Razed 1911

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Interior of the Summer Schools Commons

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that it means more than any other organ of popular education to the future development of the country.

Like almost every strong institution in this country the movement of popular education has grown from unpretentious beginnings. It was set going by two unselfish men, John H. Vincent and Lewis Miller, the former a Methodist minister and the latter a business man. The purpose was to give a general education to Sunday School teachers. During the summer of 1874 a small group of teachers and students went to the extreme western corner of New York State and on the shores of Lake Chautauqua started a summer school during twelve days to teach, learn, and get inspiration for the next year's work. Since this beginning the institution has been rapidly progressing. Mr. Miller is dead but Bishop Vincent is still leading the work of the Institution as Chancellor. His still unbent figure is seen on the platform daily and his voice is still strong enough to reach thousands of listeners. He is the best proof of the truth that a life spent on the realization of a great idea is in itself part of the secret of Eternal Youth.

Chautauqua is today a village of hundreds of villas, situated along the shore, all of them surrounded by heavy foliage. During the season, July-August, this little city contains from twenty to twenty-five thousand people while during the winter it is vacated except for a few hundred. The houses are owned by individuals and the lots are leased for 99 years. Chautauqua Institution is now a self-supporting institution which is recognized by the State. It has its own water plant and electric plant, it gives licenses to dealers, the number of which is limited to the smallest possible. It taxes the property and the business men and is responsible for the order and for the health conditions at the place. It has all the functions of a municipal administration. The administrative board consists of 24 trustees, of which four are elected by the property owners of the place. The president is Bishop Vincent's son, George E.

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Vincent, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago [now president of the University of Minnesota]. The administration is divided into several departments of which the educational is the most important. All fees from the public for courses or individual instruction go direct to the Institution, which calls and pays the instructors. Without this strong centralized system the Institution would not have the financial standing it now has. The expenses and the total income of the Institution is about $200,000 annually. Any surplus is used for the development of its work. By donations a reserve fund has been founded; and by subscriptions new buildings are erected and the work of the Institution extended. One evening of the season is given up to the taking in of such subscriptions and with real American "smartness" they can within less than an hour get the desired sum, ten to fifteen thousand dollars. All the buildings of Chautauqua have been built in this manner, including the Amphitheater with a seating capacity of 7,000, and a fine organ; the Hall of Philosophy, an open Greek temple with ceiling of oak supported by large Doric stone columns; and the Hall of Christ which is also in Greek style, containing a library exclusively devoted to Christ, and a large lecture room where lectures on ethical and philosophical subjects are to be held.

One gets to Chautauqua either by boat or by electric railway either from the surrounding railroad lines or from Jamestown, a small city largely inhabited by Swedes. As one arrives at the place one is struck by its originality because one is not admitted to the grounds without paying a gate fee for the day or for the season. But once on the grounds one may hear all the lectures and in the evenings a concert, illustrated lecture, or perhaps some dramatic selection. One may also for a small added fee get instruction in any subject from literature and languages to sloyd, gymnastics, health culture, and Swedish folk dances.

For the stranger Chautauqua is a cool resting place

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during the hot American summer. Here come the most prominent speakers and teachers from all corners of the republic, and the lectures are exclusively on subjects of public interest.

Reality is probably the most important feature of this popular American education whose center is at Chautauqua. It is this side of it which should and ought to be copied in other countries. Even the liberal arts courses are so planned as to give a better understanding of our time. And here is the immeasurable importance of this institution for the American nation. It is a slow but progressive education to independent solutions in the ethical, political, and social problems, an education which is especially necessary in America, ruled as it is entirely by the majority and the parties.

It is a curious fact that this awakening to free thought and criticism also applies to religion at this institution. * * * To understand this rightly one must have witnessed how little merely "orthodox" Christianity prevails here. * * * One studies here life and not creed. * * This explains the fact that one may hear from the same platform at Chautauqua on the same day a missionary, an ethicist, and a scientist give their respective explanations of life. This also explains how we here have so-called devotional meetings which are led by a minister or a professor and which often take the character of social discussions about the problems of industry and labor and their probable future solution, discussions which in a smaller state would be considered socially dangerous.

Chautauqua has a more direct influence on political education by means of lectures on new laws which closely concern the public, as for instance the "Pure Food Law." These lectures make the carrying through of such laws much more effective. Politicians of high repute and higher officials often lecture before Chautauqua audiences on contemplated or recently enacted legislation and arouse co-

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operation of the public in carrying through reforms. Illustrated lectures are also given of structural undertakings of national importance, as the Panama Canal, with the result that in the public is created a sympathy and good will for their successful completion, a popular appreciation of such works which cannot be attained by abstract notices in the press. Important foreign movements are also lectured upon.

Every evening there is given some sort of entertainment, ordinarily music and there is enjoyment of the most serious, as opera and oratorio. The soloists are specially engaged for these entertainments but the choir and orchestra consists of summer guests, an arrangement which requires patience and energy as well as skill in the conductor. Among other subjects of entertainment may be mentioned the reading of drama which is always given by one of the best talents in this line in the country. Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck and others are thus made living for those who are as yet not sufficiently trained intellectually to obtain and understand a dramatic masterpiece and who are not in a position to see such given on the stage. It would seem that the value of the dramatic form of exposition in popular education ought to be considered more in other countries.

Perhaps some one would ask what kind of people go to Chautauqua. It is not so much the university men and the academically educated, and not the workingman, but is mostly representatives of the large middle classes, men and women who have been compelled to leave their educational hunger unsatisfied for financial reasons, teachers, and often whole families. Chautauqua is not only a school, it is a place for summer recreation. It is this feature, the combination of summer schools with summer recreation, which so favorably characterizes popular education in America. The children are here well cared for. There are a Kindergarten, Boys' and Girls' Clubs, opportunity for play,

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gymnastics, sport, and swimming. Nobody need feel out of place at Chautauqua, for here are clubs and headquarters of almost every color and description; every denomination has its own headquarters, and so have the Men's Club, the temperance organizations, the farmers', teachers,' sportsmen's organizations, etc. That this is a place for rest as much as for work is at once apparent when we see during the beautiful summer evenings thousands of summer-dressed people move along the shore, or, lying in the grasses, enjoy the band music while hundreds of row boats and motor boats glide on the smooth surface of the lake. Regular excursions from Chautauqua are arranged, as, for instance, twice a week to Niagara Falls; and sometimes there is a mimic circus or an evening entertainment with special illumination.

It is true that Chautauqua does not constitute the whole movement of popular education in America—but it has been described here in detail on account of its being the origin and center of the movement in America, there being not less than six hundred "Chautauquas," i. e., summer-course centers, in America. Many of these are, however, a combination of lectures and popular entertainment on a commercial basis and do not deserve the name. There are, however, about fifty copies of Chautauqua which are really taking a place in the movement of popular education. These have no organic connection with the mother institution, although working on lines very similar to it. The influence of the Institution does not confine itself to the courses alone. It has an extensive activity in publications, producing one monthly, one quarterly, and one weekly. Besides these there is published during the summer season a daily, which contains programs and very satisfactory reports of the lectures. There is still another important activity of the Institution, namely the Home-reading circles in which several thousand persons have participated during the last thirty

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years. This work and the ceremonies connected with it I will discuss in a later article.

During one month's stay at Chautauqua I received several impressions which, without claiming infallibility, I may recite here. They concern several of these movements which with increasing power seem to carry almost everybody with it. Without doubt they stand at the beginning of a terrible social strife, a fight for the extinction of the new slavery, the economic, which has grown up within the boundaries of this free country. It is not at the present time the mentioning of the stars and stripes, nor the descriptions of the enormous industrial productivity of the country, which causes the applause. The applause from the great audiences are given when mention is made of the national responsibility in regard to the millions of lives which are annually lost in the cause of private greed. The applause of the masses is also given when each citizen is asked to support the fight against corruption in politics. Political corruption has no doubt seen its most prosperous days in America. The reason why it has so long ruled is that the strongest personalities in the country have long been busy with economic reforms. Now when these talents have finished the most pressing work in this line they turn their powers towards the cleansing out of political corruption of which the official administration has so often been guilty. But alongside of the political awakening goes the ethical and religious. The ideals of religious freedom have, especially since the support of the great thinkers of the last century, spread to such an extent that creeds and opinions which were unsafe to proclaim publicly fifty years ago are today taught as axiomatic truth from every "respectable" pulpit. That the stand of the church must be with the depressed in the social strife if it desires to live at all, is becoming more and more evident. The war cry is Life and Action instead of Faith and Conversion. And while a quiet but steady revolution is taking place within

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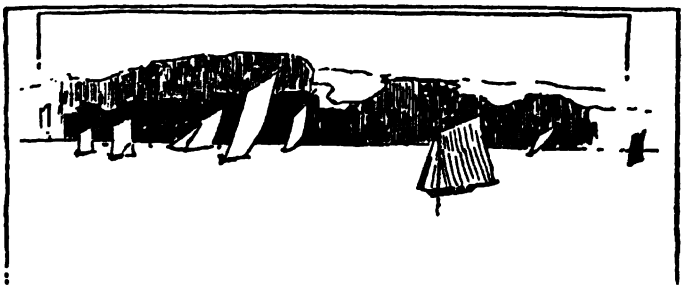
the walls of the church itself, educators and thinkers are fighting outside against mysticism and implicit faith in authority, teaching the supremacy of the freely thinking human soul, and the great and difficult art of living. The fact that a lecture series on "Personal Ethics," such as that which was given to thousands of listeners by Edward Howard Griggs, one of America's most prominent thinkers in Moral Philosophy, even *could* be given inside the "orthodox" Chautauqua, is certainly as surprising as it is promising. With a brilliant line of reason and with an impressive personal sincerity he struck at the root of many of our cherished and traditional superstitions, the admiration and continuance of which misleads even in the case of many human problems, the solution of which they delay. A strife for spiritual freedom, without which sociality would become impossible, is taking place out here; more and more people begin to participate in it, and who knows if the New World, which has long been sympathetically considered by the superior age and wisdom of proud Europe, will not some day take the lead in modern Thought, as it has already done in the field of modern Technique.



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America in Earnest*

By G. C. Ashton Jonson

"WHY, no," drawled the booking-clerk (who would call himself the "clurk") at the little trolley station of Mayville, "you cert'nly can't get into Chautauqua on Sunday; the cars aren't allowed to stop at the gates, even, and the steamboats don't touch, either;" but he obligingly telephoned the superintendent of the grounds of the Chautauqua Institution and discovered that a special permit was awaiting us at the entrance gates.

Now, the casual reader of the average telegram or column of American news might easily be excused if he regarded the United States as a land where nothing but tornadoes, lynchings, skyscrapers, society divorce scandals, freak dinners, and railway accidents of an ingeniously harrowing description happened all the time, a land wholly given over to a sordid hustling to get rich quickly, a place where vulgar millionaires manipulate the price of pork for their private ends, and where plain living and high thinking are at a discount. Nothing could be really further from the truth.

I wish the casual reader of American news could have been with us when the electric-car deposited us with our hand-baggage at the "switch," or points, a discreet distance from the gates of the Chautauqua Institution. Having established our identity, we entered the closely fenced grounds with the liveliest feeling of curiosity and interest. A broad tree-shaded avenue, with small, detached, wooden houses and cottages, led down to an open square, on two sides of which were long colonnaded red brick and stone buildings surrounding large grass lawns and beds of bright flowers. There was no one about, and we walked across the square and along another wide avenue till suddenly we heard a burst of sound. In a great amphitheater hollowed out of

*From the *Westminster Gazette*.

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the slope of a gentle hill, covered by a flat roof with sheltering eaves and sides open to the air, some five or six thousand people were singing a well-known hymn, supported by a fine organ.

We tip-toed silently to the edge and listened to a portion of a broadly catholic, unsectarian address, and then made our way to the Athenæum Hotel, which was to be our headquarters for the two-months' stay we were proposing to make.

The Chautauqua Institution is a unique and intensely interesting example of the growth of an idea. Founded in 1874, by Lewis Miller and Bishop John H. Vincent, and originally intended as a place where, in an annual summer meeting, Sunday school teachers might, by means of lectures and short courses of study, obtain a broader outlook on life, it has developed into a large summer assembly, where all sorts of subjects can be studied in delightful surroundings, in special classes, whilst at the same time a varied program of lecture concerts, readings, ethical and religious addresses is open to all comers.

The surrounding country is beautiful and interesting; there are steamboats on the lake, and the bathing and boating are excellent. There are a gymnasium, a baseball ground, tennis courts, and croquet grounds, a club house for men, and clubs for boys and girls.

About 500 people live there all the year round, but in the summer people begin to arrive, and for the two months of July and August some 20,000 people throng the hotels, boarding houses, and cottages. The grounds—about a mile long by a half mile broad—are entirely enclosed, and a charge is made to all who enter, 2s for a single day, but 30s. covers the entire season, with admission to everything except the special classes.

The life of the place centers round the huge amphitheater. Here Mr. Alfred Hallam, formerly of Rugby, presides with the many-sided energy characteristic of Chau-

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tauqua over a large voluntary choir and an orchestra of twenty men. Ably supported by Mr. Henry Vincent at the organ, he produces every year oratorios, cantatas, sacred song services, and miscellaneous concerts of a very high degree of merit when all the difficulties under which he labors are taken into consideration.

The sound of fresh voices, or the pealing of the fine organ rising at all hours of the day from the amphitheater, is one of the delights of the place.

Only intelligent people come to Chautauqua. There is nothing to attract the silly, frivolous, vulgar, or fast element. Card playing and dancing are not allowed; Sunday is very strictly observed; and no wines or spirits are permitted to be sold or brought into the gounds under any pretext. These rules are loyally obeyed by the whole community, for the Chautauqua spirit is very powerful. The feeling of devotion to the Institution is like that of the inhabitants of a medieval town of old for their cathedral. Each generation contributed something to the edifice which was the symbol of their corporate life; those who built the choir did not see the nave completed; those who built the nave did not see the stained-glass windows nor the carved stalls. Over five hundred thousand students have passed through Chautauqua in thirty years, and have helped the founders and trustees to build up this fascinating and unique institution. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was organized in the early years of the Institution by Bishop Vincent. Its aim was to promote habits of reading and study, especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited, to develop the habits of close, connected, persistent thinking, and to secure something of the general outlook of the college student upon the world and life. The college spirit is fostered by the use of college ceremonies. Each summer a class of that year is formed, the course of reading lasts for four years, and then an annual graduation ceremony is held on Recognition Day. The members of

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the various classes walk in procession through the wooded avenues and along the lake front to the Hall of Philosophy, a beautiful building modeled like an open-sided Greek temple, standing in a grove of fine trees. Each class has a banner with a motto, and its "class song;" also, in imitation of University life, its "class yell," the rhythmical, lilting, shouted refrain, in which the energy of American youth finds such characteristic expression.

Life is intellectually very strenuous at Chautauqua. Lectures and classes begin at eight in the morning, and go on till ten at night, when the chimes are sounded from the belfry on the Pier building, and silence falls on the busy throngs.

The best lecturers in the States and leading professors from the universities come every year to give courses of lectures or classes, and distinguished men and women of all nations consider it an honor and a privilege to address a Chautauqua audience.

Chautauqua is very democratic. Many wealthy people have houses there, but life is specially kept as simple as possible, and a large proportion of those who come every year are teachers from the schools and academies of the States.

This year Chautauqua was honored by a visit from the British Ambassador, Mr. James Bryce, who holds a unique place in the estimation of the American people. He delivered a scholarly and most interesting address on "Social Ideals of Politics" to an audience that must have numbered nearly 8,000 people.

The grounds are very beautiful. The hotel stands in a lovely park of maple and other foliage trees, with grass lawns sloping to the lake front. The scene on a fine summer evening, from the broad veranda of the hotel, when the slopes are dotted with groups of people, girls in many colored light dresses, and little boats and canoes flitting backwards and forwards on the water, forms a decorative effect that reminds one of the Elysian Fields in a fresco by Puvis de Chavannes.

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Chautauqua is an educational institution, and its success has led to the founding of some hundreds of smaller institutions developing on similar lines. Our own National Home Reading Union, indeed, is modeled on the lines of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

To visit such a place is a real inspiration, and in these days of rapid and increasing travel it is astonishing that so few English people find their way to so unique and attractive a place. One hears there the most advanced political and economic thought, and one gets an idea of the enormous uplifting forces at work in American life, of the earnest endeavor and intense desire to know and recognize the best in Literature and Art that exists in the American people as a whole, the spirit and life that makes a visit to the United States one of the most vitalizing and inspiring of experiences.

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Art Aspects of Chautauqua*

By George W. Eggers

Director, Department of Graphic Art, Chicago Normal School.

IN the rolling hill country just where the Appalachians spread to the west and north to disappear in the Mississippi Plain and the vine-growing slopes of Lake Erie, lies the County of Chautauqua, the westernmost county of New York State. Nowhere on all its retreat did the perishing Indian race leave a chain of more melodious names than here: Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Conewango, Cassadaga. Even today these names still cling to lakes and streams and wooded hills like the scent of forgotten camp fires, the memory of a race which has long since folded its tents.

All through the year two climates strive here to rule the air; one when the wind blows from the north, one when it blows from the south. There are days upon days at a time in summer as well as in winter when the cool green sky of the Canadas holds overhead and the eyes of water among the hills grow keen and blue as the blade of a hunting knife. The evergreens stand clear-cut and mosaic-like against the slopes of the farther uplands, and in the villages down the hills like those in Parrish's fairylands, every separate color of wall or roof or window or chimney gleams like a separate jewel. Painters would disagree on days like these when the air is a crystal and not a veil. These are the days for Winslow Homers and Prendergasts. And with what magnificence these days end! It is an experience to look but over the breadth and depth of the plain with the thin line of Canada sixty or seventy miles away, the sunset climbing the dome to the zenith above, gilding the vineyards and woods laid out below, filling the northern and southern skies, and flaming out on the thunderheads in the west in a full orchestration of color!

*Abridgment of article in the "School Arts Book."

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And then there come other days—days when the eyes of water among the hills are silver and the blue of the sky is the tenderest. A film of white and pinkish cloud has been pulled across it and somewhat torn in the pulling, so that at moments the sun comes through, and at moments goes, and by slight persuasion comes again. On these days the air is like the air of Tuscany, perfumes are borne to us of regions farther south, and the key of the landscape is pearl. These are the days for the painters of old Lyme, the Tryons and Comans and Lathrops.

To the art world at large the whole region is still an undiscovered country. Painters of reputation, however, have summered here. A. T. Van Lear and H. R. Poore are some of those who have conducted classes here in the past and among the early residents Frank and Dan Beard are fondly remembered.

The widespread Arts and Crafts movement struck Chautauqua in 1902. A group composed mostly of enthusiastic young students, some of whom have since won places for themselves in Art or Education, took charge of the classes in The Ark. This was the most ancient and venerable building at Chautauqua. By 1903 The Ark had been cut in two, other buildings of various sizes had been pulled together from many parts of the grounds and this quaint cluster, disreputable enough in appearance but somewhat picturesque too, remained for six years the abiding place of one of the most serious-minded and hard-working summer schools in the country. The aim and spirit of the school at that time was expressed in the homely motto which appeared upon its sun dial in the courtyard and at the head of its weekly bulletin, The Blue Print: *"To Avoid the Commonplace and Beautify the Common."* The bulletin, whose name tells its story, expressed in its modest way the aim of finding the ideal among limiting conditions: the tottering buildings, as summers passed, burying their crudenesses deeper under the native vines and shrubs which careful

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hands were training, declared in their own way the same ideal, while adequate shops were hoped for.

But today at Chautauqua the long dream of the Arts and Crafts is being adequately realized. The days of The Ark are gone. Crowning College Hill, where it overlooks the Lake, the new shops rise. In 1909 the first section of the school was completed. A building of long, restful lines, it is shingle-clad, shaded on the west by broad eaves, and on the east protected by a colonnade two hundred feet in length, with floor of red tiling and the roof carried on twenty white massive columns. But Twostack Hall with its two wide chimney places and room for some ten score students, and a hundred feet of shops to right and a hundred more to left, forms only about a fourth of the scheme. This much is already inadequate, and work on two more sides of "Da Vinci Quad" has been begun. Within the Quad is to be a splendid garden planned and maintained by the Agricultural College of Cornell University. Those whose pathways lay through the perfume and color of last summer's garden on the hill, well know what this may mean for morning's inspiration and all day's joy. Dominating the whole Quad is the "spreading chestnut tree" which one has called "the symbol of all those things which are good enough to survive to our time and of which the Arts and Crafts is one." From this the green slopes to the lake. Was ever Art school dropped into more perfect setting—the garden for intimate acquaintance, and always the lake beyond—a salver of precious metal where every passing cloud by day and every star in the wheel of night may drop a shimmering token of its visit?

And as to the work of the school, you ask? With its increase in facilities, its broader educational vision and its realization of a greater era opening before it, has come no loss of pioneer earnestness and intensity. In the meetings of those who guide its policies today assertions seem to be as positively made and as vigorously argued as in the first years

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of the school. Meanwhile it has grown, and men and women of more tried experience have been available in its service. The plan was begun last year of obtaining teachers of nation-wide reputation for limited engagements in special lines. This proved so successful that it will be carried farther the coming summer.

A plan peculiar to this school was put into practice last summer of opening each day with a half hour's illustrated talk on fundamental aspects of the arts. This was free to all students and teachers of the school and through it all the work of the shops and studios was unified and filled with deeper significance. These talks were illustrated sometimes by the lantern, sometimes in chalk, sometimes by masterpieces of music exquisitely played and sometimes by masterpieces of Art and the Crafts procured for the occasion. Given by a man whose grasp of the philosophy of art is of the broadest and completest, and whose eloquence is such that those who once have heard him respond to every opportunity of hearing him again, they were of such beauty and interest that scores who were otherwise not of the school sought admission to "Twostack Hall" for these alone.

The curriculum of this school has changed from time to time. For some kinds of work once taught it no longer has a place. It holds activities which do not involve skill, unworthy the name of Craftsmanship—those which do not involve thought and feeling, unworthy the name of Art. On the other hand it does not hesitate to stand, regardless of popularity or its absence, for arts which it deems worthy of the craftsman's study. Last year one class was carried through the entire term with one student. This course will be continued this summer.

Few schools have preceded Chautauqua in the teaching of printing as an art. Such a course was inaugurated in 1909. The new-old art of pen craft was given a place in the school last summer, and words of appreciation show that this course has not only given inspiration but more

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View of Hotel Athenaeum, Chautauqua, New York

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Summer Schools Scholarship Holders in 1910

Library School

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Weaving Room, Arts and Crafts

Corridor of Arts and Crafts Shops

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Group at School of Physical Education

measurable results to those who followed it. The study of the Figure, Landscape, Still-life, Composition, Design in the Arts, and of Bookbinding, Woodworking (including carving), Chair-seating, Weaving, Metal-working, Leather-modeling, Basket-making, in the Crafts, cover the chief lines of work.

With such a curriculum and such a spirit underlying its operation, with almost every teacher of the Arts or Crafts throughout the country ready and eager to participate in its work, with a student body drawn from the length and breadth of the United States, from families already accustomed for generations to look to Chautauqua as a summer home, and with its location in the midst of some of the most beautiful and paintable of America's scenery, the extent of the sphere of influence now open to the Chautauqua Summer School of the Arts and Crafts can only be guessed. With the opportunities which it now has, rightly used, it would not seem too much to prophesy for it a place among the highest.

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In Old Chautauqua*

By Levi Gilbert

"CHAUTAUQUA" has become a common noun and stands definitely in the public mind for a fascinating scheme of combined summer recreation and study. There are Chautauquas all over this land, in England, and in remote points like India and Australia. It was some twenty-four years ago that we first visited this spot—about ten years after the inception of the enterprise, following the inspiration which came on the old-time camp-ground to Lewis Miller and J. H. Vincent. Things were in their beginning then. Ten years later we took a cottage for the summer and spent, with the family, a season on the grounds. But, in the interval since then, marvelous changes have been effected. There have been several fires, with the usual improved reconstruction following. Few of the old-style cottages remain. Their places have been taken by houses of more tasteful architecture. Still, some of the old-timers remain, "Noazark" among them. There are in all some five hundred cottages and boarding houses, and the summer population is estimated at some ten thousand. Counting those constantly coming and going, it is said that seventy-five thousand people visit the grounds during the season. The Athenæum Hotel still maintains its supremacy. It is well-built and well-conducted, and its reputation is established. There are some fifty boarding houses. There are plentiful rooms to rent for (what one sign singularly reads) "light housekeeping." One can get good meals at the popular restaurant.

Chautauqua evidently aims to carry out the theories of its lecturers as to model city government. It is "spotless town" indeed. No litter is tolerated. No peanuts in shell are sold. Every scrap of paper or otherwise is deposited in handy baskets. The streets are macadamized and the dust

*Extract from an article in the *Western Christian Advocate*.

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laid with sprinkling carts. The garbage is carefully collected each morning. The main sidewalks are concrete. An excellent sewerage system has been installed, and fine drinking water can be drawn from numerous wayside spigots. The public buildings are growing in attractiveness. While the old College building, the Administration building, the C. L. S. C. building, need to be replaced sometime with more modern structures, much has been accomplished in other directions. These old structures, however, serve their purpose, and the crowds are easily handled through the Information Bureau, railroad and baggage offices, with equipment quite perfect. The successive improvements of the immense Amphitheater have left that commodious auditorium, accommodating some five thousand, a model edifice of its kind. The postoffice is modern, pleasing, and surprising in its size and conveniences. In the basement there is a printery, a press room, and bindery. Then, nearby, is the "Pergola," where all the chocolate creams, ice-cream sodas, sundaes, and marshmallows any sweet-toothed damsel could ever long for, are sold. An adjoining booth deals in pictures and bric-a-brac. Next to it is a counter for every form of breads and tempting cakes. Just beyond is "the Colonnade." Under one roof, but in separate stores, one can find dealers in dry goods, groceries, vegetables, fruits, meats, fish, milk, stationery, magazines, papers, picture-postals, drugs. Everything is "of the best." Downstairs one can get a bath and a barber. Upstairs one can find a book store, a circulating library, a kodak establishment, an emporium for the sale of arts-and-crafts products, a tea-room, and the commercial department, under the charge of our old-time friend, the Rev. W. D. Bridge, well known to all Methodists as for many years the chief of the staff of reporters at the General Conference. The familiar building at the boat-landing begins to show signs of age. Upstairs there is a sales-room for oriental goods, a Japanese bazaar, and a museum of curios and ornaments.

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The chimes up in the belfry sent us off to sleep each night at ten as Mr. Paul Vincent made them peal out their mellow notes on the still air to the well-loved tunes of Auld Lang Syne, Blue Bells of Scotland, Suwanee River, Sweet Hour of Prayer, How Firm a Foundation, Nearer My God to Thee, and many others.

It took some considerable reflection to bring us to the conclusion of going to Chautauqua for vacationing. We have a theory that a man whose vocation all the year is mental needs the solitudes and the wild woods. If a man who needs mental rest is sensible, he can get it at Chautauqua, as well as anywhere else. True, there are a good many people there; but they are not at all turbulent or noisy, but very well-behaved, and there is no distraction. At night it is as quiet as the Adirondack woods. Any time one can wander off and be by himself, alone. And there is no end of shade and coolness. We went to a few lectures and musicales, just to keep from stagnation. Meanwhile, there were the quoit fields, under the spreading elms, and pitchers who made "ringers" and "leaners" right along, as their arms and muscles worked like well-oiled machinery. Then there is an excellent bowling alley, which tempted us. Then, at sunset and in the still of the evening, a row on the lake was most enjoyable and beneficial. Sometime we hope to own a launch and go puffing and sputtering over those blue waters. Then one can wend his way to the bathing houses and join the swimmers. The beach is safe and clean. There is a high diving board, but we let the young fellows pitch off from that. Also one could play scientific croquet on shaded grounds rolled and perfectly level and graded for the average and expert players. Or we could go to the baseball field and see the Chautauqua nine—mostly college boys—play the semi-professional teams from Mayville or Jamestown. The players were good sportsmen. They never disputed the decision. They showed the best spirit toward one another. It was only the ubiquitous small boy, with

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his shrill voice, who, between yells of his wares of "chu-chu" and crackerjack, guyed the umpire. To look across the field and through a clump of trees across the lake to the hills in the distance was idyllic. The spectators disported themselves on the grassy slopes or sat in the grandstand.

Almost every evening saw us down in Miller Park, where there is an abundance of settees, enjoying the fresh breezes, gazing at the glorious sunsets making the western skies a mass of gold, looking at the rowers and the dancing light-reflections of the steamers, and drinking in the calm and restfulness of the scene. Some were paddling gracefully in canoes, but the craft is a little too tipsy for folks with avoirdupois. A little later one might see the races of the cat-boats and other sail. Some years ago, lying on Mount Moriah in Palestine Park, we watched the fairy fleet, all illuminated, sail by in the night, a scene of enchantment. Palestine Park attracts many and is instructive. It reproduces the Holy Land in miniature, the lake standing for the Mediterranean. Children have no end of fun playing in the Jordan (generally dry), and in the shallow waters of the Dead Sea (rather too fresh), and lovers can sit and enjoy their ecstasy on the top of the Mountains of Lebanon with none to molest or make them afraid. One could fish if so inclined, and we saw some very pretty catches of bass brought in. Or, if one is lively enough, he can lead an active existence an the several tennis courts. Surely this is a pretty good program for diversion and physical recuperation. But if it does not suffice, one can visit the gymnasium.

Chautauqua is the place of all places for boys and girls and little tots. To see these latter small fry doing their kindergarten stunts or, dressed in their appropriate negligée costumes of rompers and jumpers, playing in the numerous sandpiles made for them, or sailing their tiny boats on the water's edge, or wading, or catching crawfish,

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or skipping stones, was enough to remind one of the heaven to which Jesus likened them.

Abundant provision has been made for the social side of life in connection with the intellectual. There are clubs of all kinds. We joined the Press Club, where the knights of the quill meet occasionally to talk over newspaperdom and listen to some eminent representative. Bengough, cartoonist and versifier, of Canada, gave one of his spiels during our stay. Then we also connected ourselves with the Men's Club, on the lake front, in the organization of which our former parishioner, prominent in First Church, Cleveland, Mr. W. F. Walworth, was particularly interested, and found there on the piazza congenial society, lawyers, physicians, clergymen. There one is provided with magazines, correspondence tables, shower baths and, right adjoining, a sulphur spring, which, if not quite as plutonic as the one on the Ohio Wesleyan campus, is still pleasant to drink from and well patronized. Besides, there are the women's clubs, where constant lectures and discussions are going on concerning household economies and the ideals of the home. There is the Outlook Club for young women with much ado about current history. There is another club for the girls, and still another for the boys—each with its club house and a big assortment of "doin's"—an athletic club and buildings, and headquarters for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union ladies and the D. A. R.'s. Lawyers have their club and Masons theirs, and school superintendents and principals theirs.

Then the various denominations have homes which form convenient rallying places for their adherents. The Methodist House faces the Auditorium. Other church houses are the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Disciples, Congregational, and Unitarian.

Naturally there was much interest for us in the Chautauqua publication department, which has developed into no inconsiderable proportions. That admirable and most

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instructive magazine—THE CHAUTAUQUAN—is published the year round on the grounds. Besides THE CHAUTAUQUAN, there issue from this press a daily, a weekly, and a quarterly; bulletins each morning; advance flimsies for newspapers; the various hand-books for. the C. L. S. C. and Home Reading Courses, and nearly fifty text-books on special courses. Pamphlets and information booklets of all sorts are multiplied, and the presses are kept busy enough.

The C. L. S. C.—Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—is getting quite venerable. On Baccalaureate Sunday this year Bishop Vincent gave a most interesting address, in which he emphasized the leading ideas of Chautauqua life—self-discovery, self-mastery, self-adjustment, self-enrichment, and culture for social service.

But Chautauqua has quite outgrown the dimensions of its earlier days. From a camp-meeting to an Assembly, and from an Assembly to a great Institution is the pathway of its progress. The pioneer of summer schools, it still remains the greatest of the popular universities for mid-year work. Hundreds of school teachers and other serious-minded folk—the flower of the land—come here for special and thorough study during July and August. There's nothing superficial about it, either. The work is as strong and scholarly as that done in any of the schools of the land. Instead of asking what one can get in this summer school, it would be easier to tell the few things one could not get. There is a selected teaching-force of some seventy professors, the cream of many college faculties. There are some fourteen different elective courses offered—from a half-dozen to a score of subdivisions in each—courses in English, the modern languages, the classics, mathematics and science, nature-study and agriculture, psychology and pedagogy, elementary and kindergarten education, religious teaching, library training, domestic science, vocal and instrumental music, arts and crafts, expression, normal train-

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ing, physical education, health and self-expression, business instruction, shorthand and typewriting, parliamentary law—and, "if you don't see what you want, ask for it." It is a vast and comprehensive scheme.

Deservedly the most popular feature in Chautauqua is the music. Mr. Alfred Hallam is a leader of national reputation, and his rehearsals gave the best kind of drill to the big chorus. We have never heard the oratorio of "The Messiah" better rendered than by that chorus and orchestra, and the quartet in concert and as soloists were undoubted artists. At other times the anthems were from "Elijah," or some other classic, and always the selections were of superior grade. Mr. Henry Vincent handled the massive and sweet-toned organ with great skill, and once Clarence Eddy of Chicago—leader in the profession—showed how melodiously it could speak. One most amusing night was devoted to a spelling-match. There were some fifty contestants, divided into two squads. The judges were a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman, and the pronouncer an Irish French-Canadian.

In company with the Director and Mr. Clark we took a carriage drive around the grounds one morning and visited the arts-and-crafts schools (where much wood-carving, metal work, weaving, book-binding, etc., was going on). These buildings are in mission style, and it is proposed to extend them so as to make a quadrangle. Mr. Brooks was especially interested in the Grange building and the benevolence of the New York granges in sending rural school teachers to Chautauqua on free scholarships. They live in a Grange cottage, and board in "Commons." One evening we entered the Hall of Christ—"Aula Christi"—fitted up at present as a chapel. It is a solid and attractive brick edifice. Ultimately it is to be a unique memorial, through paintings, engravings, and literature, of the Savior.

Several times we called upon Bishop Vincent. To have conceived such a grand idea which has embodied itself so

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successfully and magnificently in its original center and propagated itself so fertilely elsewhere, ought certainly to immortalize its originator forever in our human annals, It is glory enough for one man, though in the Sunday-school field before and in the bishopric afterward he has won supreme laurels.

Intensive Work

From the Chinese we learned intensive farming and now the man of small holdings is making his few acres yield as much profit as does the large farm of his neighbor who works in the old way. The secret lies in continued labor and abundant fertilization. From the success of the man who cultivates the soil the man who cultivates his mind may learn a lesson. He must work patiently and perseveringly, not growing weary of going over the same ground again and again, and he must enrich his mind by the thought and discussion that increase the powers of the understanding. Reading helps, talking helps, above all, thinking helps.

The Winter Assembly

Other communities will be interested in the success achieved by the Second Annual Chautauqua Assembly of Bridgeport, Connecticut. This Assembly was held February 2-7, 1911, under the auspices of the Bridgeport Pastors' Association, and was announced as "Seventeen hours of concerts, entertainments, and lectures by the best talent available—a genuine Chautauqua Assembly at your door in the winter-time."

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Following is the

SCHEDULE OF DAYS, HOURS, SPEAKERS AND SUBJECTS

Thursday February 2	7:45 p. m. Opening Concert by the Lotus Glee Club, assisted by Mrs. Minnie Marshall Smith.			
	11 o'clock	2:30 o'clock	4:00 o'clock	7:45 o'clock
Friday February 3	"New Light upon The Old Testament" A Lecture by Camden M. Cobern	"Oliver Cromwell and the Story of the Common People" A Lecture by Newell Dwight Hillis	"Afternoons with Great Men" Camden M. Cobern	Illustrated Lecture by Herbert K. Job State Ornithologist
Saturday February 4	"The New Testament in the light of Recent Discoveries" Camden M. Cobern	"The House that Jack Built" A Popular Lecture by Ward Beecher Pickard	Concert by The Aida Quartet	"The Might and Mystery of Ancient Egypt" Illustrated Lecture Camden M. Cobern
Sunday February 5	2:30 Mass Meeting for Men addressed by Dr. Cobern on "The Twentieth Century Man." Music by the Aida Quartet and others. A collection will be taken.			
Monday February 6	Chautauqua Address by Daniel W. Howell	"Abraham Lincoln" A Lecture by S. Parkes Cadman	"What are You Worth?" Lecture by Ward Beecher Pickard	"The Modern Babylon" A Lecture by S. Parkes Cadman
Tuesday February 7	Chautauqua Address by Daniel W. Howell	"The Fall of Quebec and the Founding of America" A Lecture by R. Stuart MacArthur	Concert by The Aida Quartet	"The New Era in Old China" A Lecture by R. Stuart MacArthur

Sessions were held in Colonial Hall, seating some 1,400 persons; morning audiences ranged from 300 to 600, evening

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audiences in some cases overtaxed the capacity of the hall. Doors were open thirty minutes before the hour. Lunch rooms and rest rooms were available for those who wished to remain throughout the day.

Season tickets were sold at $1.00. A ticket for one day and the same evening was 40 cents. Single admission was 25 cents. A limited number of reserved seats, with the season tickets, were sold for 50 cents. Tickets could be secured of the pastors or at the book stores. Nearly 1,100 season tickets were sold and the committee was able to report a good margin above all expenses. The special Chautauqua addresses appealed to many loyal Chautauquans and aroused wider interest in the C. L. S. C. as an important phase of the educational work of the Assembly in the community.

The assembly supplied first page newspaper features every day for the local newspapers which gave full reports and commended its attractions as good in every way for the town.

Management of this successful enterprise was in the hands of Rev. George M. Brown, now pastor of the First Methodist Church at Bridgeport, widely known among Chautauquans for former field work in behalf of the C. L. S. C.

The idea is so good and the plan so practicable that other communities will doubtless see ways of doing likewise. The scheme could be carried out by local circles, the public library, the town federation of clubs, or any live local organization with the higher educational interests of the community at heart.

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The Round Table at the Assembly*

By Daniel W. Howell

THE first essential for a successful Round Table at any Assembly is a capable leader. Too many times managers have acted as though they expected the Round Table would almost run itself. The result of this neglect has been the decline and in many places the death of what could be made a valuable assembly asset.

The platform has been made lucrative enough to induce aspirants to seek a place among the favored, popular ones, but no incentive has been given to develop Round Table leaders. Let us go back to fundamentals and ask: Who or what is it that really founds a Chautauqua in any community? Is it popular clamor which insists upon some Moses to lead the people out of the wilderness to the beneficent blessings of this great modern institution for popular education? I think not. My observation is that a few public-spirited citizens get together and decide that they think the community needs a Chautauqua and then they proceed to give what they think is needed. As managers created Chautauquas and made platform attractions, so they can grow up Round Table leaders. The Round Table will be made by having capable leaders. There are now more efficient men and women ready to enter this field than there are managers willing to give them place on Chautauqua programs.

There must be a difference between the public platform and the Round Table. One is to give out to attentive ears stored-up and cultivated resources; the other is to draw out what the attentive ears have retained in mind and heart. The one is the lecture and entertainment time; the other is the genuinely educational time. The Round Table is a

*Abridged from article in the *Lyceum World*.

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conference for general free discussion, for rubbing of mind with mind, for practically applying theories to real life. It is the people's hour to talk over religious, national, and local topics, to discuss men and times, to hold up for argument opinions and policies, to gain and fasten the values of literature, in short to study great subjects under the guidance of a leader. These are not all to be brought forward promiscuously every day but one well selected idea or topic for each day of the Assembly session. The Round Table should be a general field but every day some one place in the field should be clearly seen; begin somewhere and reach some conclusion.

How to conduct it? That is a hard question to answer. A minister in New England was asked to conduct a funeral about seven miles from his home. A driver was named to conduct him over the mountain to the house where services were to be held. The minister asked the man how long it would take to reach the house and received this reply, "Somethin' depends upon the goin', somethin' upon the horse, and somethin' upon the driver." So it is with a Round Table; something depends upon the topic, something upon the audience, and something upon the leader. These three brought into unison will develop a helpful Round Table at any assembly. Helps can be found, such as "Round Table Subjects" published yearly by Chautauqua Institution."

My contention is that managers can encourage the growth of Round Tables by making a demand for capable leaders; that there is a rich field, undeveloped; and that under proper conduct there can be brought back again this most influential feature of the genuine Chautauqua Assembly. That a well conducted Round Table will find appreciation among the patrons of any good assembly I am convinced by repeated observation.

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Where the Chautauqua is Leavened*

One of the power stations on the grounds is the tent labeled "C. L. S. C." There is no noise of exhaust, however. It is a soothing place with fans and rockers. It invites the soul. Here are books and papers to read. The old women sit down in this tent, because the lady who runs the tent knows how to talk about sewing and canning fruit. The young girls and lads like to drop in here, because this lady can tell them a good story. The preacher sits down in the tent to talk with her because she can give him new ideas. Everybody is welcome, and everybody comes and gets introduced to everybody else. Here the Chautauqua dough is mixed. Rather, the leaven is stirred in, for the conversation invariably drifts over into the reading circle work for the coming year. We are surprised at the good things we have been missing because we haven't been reading the C. L. S. C. Course and getting ready to go through the Golden Arch. We are surprised at what a little systematic reading each day can accomplish. It means a college and university training in a few years. Every person on the platform should put the circle books and CHAUTAUQUAN Magazine in his suit case as an important part of every tour, a first aid to the injured days—days that are maimed and killed waiting around dinky depots and on slow, dirty trains. This is learning to live within yourself, which is the happy life, the independent life, the life not dependent on music, flowers, and flubdubs for heart action. This is the way to crystallize waste time into eternal diamonds.

But back to that tent. The lady who does the fusing is Meddie O. Hamilton. She used to be a literature teacher in the Kansas City High Schools. She has presided over a

*From an article on "Platform Pilgrim's Progress" in *Lyceumite and Talent*. The author is speaking of the Ottawa Assembly.

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good many of these western assembly Round Tables for from five to ten years. Now she is giving all her time to promoting C. L. S. C. Chautauqua Institution is run by people with eyesight, as is proven by this latest move—engaging Miss Hamilton to be traveling secretary. She goes to the Chautauquas both north and south, and when these are not running she presents the work to clubs and other organizations in need of straw for their brickyards. Miss Hamilton will again be at the I. L. A. Convention representing the cause.

The Chautauqua Reading Circle was organized in 1878, and since then near half a million have read the courses. Four years of it and you get a diploma. Then you can go right on reading year by year, and the Institution keeps sticking seals on your original diploma.

Corrected Impressions*

By George Saintsbury

THERE are few comparatively recent writers about whom it is more difficult to write at the present moment than it is to write about Dickens. Current public opinion about him seems to have got into a kind of tangle, and there are as many as four or five distinct views regarding him, all of which are held by considerable parties, each including some who deserve consideration quite independent of the numbers of their companions. There are—perhaps least numerous at the moment, but including, I fancy, a larger genuine number of genuine adherents than some of the other parties would admit—the old thorough Dickens worshippers, who more or less represent the public that Dickens himself took by storm. These have a relish for his fun, and are not too critical over his pathos; they are not revolted by, or at least can pardon, and sometimes they

*From "Corrected Impressions. Essays on Victorian Writers." By permission of Dodd, Mead and Company.

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directly sympathize with, his eccentric and ill-reasoned politics and sociology; they do not care to inquire too curiously into his formal peculiarities of plot and management; they do not cavil at, perhaps they enjoy, his style. Some of them indeed, who have literary gifts, follow him more or less directly to this day. Then, to take as nearly as I can their chronological successors, there are those who, admitting that he was a genius, feeling a genuine enjoyment of his humor, and allowing him a great amount of credit for marvelous inventive power, dwell strongly on all the excepted points just hinted at, and in addition resent not merely the extraordinary topsy-turvyness and the sharp limits of his power of delineation of character, but also that quality in him which can only be called vulgarity, though I admit all the objections which are often urged against the use of that word as itself vulgar. This class is not by any means a homogeneous one, and the degrees in which its members allow the positive credit side to overcome the negative or debit in their general estimate are extremely various.

But independent of these two parties, at least three more, among men mostly, but not always younger than the members of the other two, admit of definition more or less exact. There are those who are simply "tired of Dickens," who resent the frequency with which his characters have passed into the range of newspaper quotation and parallel, who would like to "turn the page," who are, in fact, bored by him. There is a still larger body among the very young who think him out of date in more than time, and who wonder how anybody can even think of Dickens when he might read Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith. And there is a small body again, very heterogeneously composed, but including some persons of wit if also of crotchet, who would if they could exalt Dickens as a great democratic genius, as one who made his way without and in spite of education, fashion, powerful connections, and so forth, and vindicated the rights of the faculties of genius pure and simple.

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There is something of an egg or sword-dance in the attempt at a criticism of Dickens amid these delicate and dangerous differences of opinion. But perhaps we shall find that adherence to the personal and historical side of the matter here, as elsewhere, will help us not a little. It has, I believe, been held by the fanciful, that a man of tolerably healthy mind, who does not allow himself to be hampered by prejudice or crotchet, usually goes through a kind of microcosm of all possible opinions about this subject; and though this may be something of an exaggeration, it is also something of a truth.

I began myself very young (at ten or twelve years old, I should think) with "Pickwick," and I own that I should not to this day think much of anyone who began at about that age with "Pickwick" and did not adore it. I will add, that I should not think very much of anyone who materially altered his opinion of "Pickwick," however many years he might live and however many times he might read it afterwards. Years will, indeed, bring the philosophic mind to the extent that one perceives more and more the extremely artificial character of the Pickwickian world. But then a boy does not take the Pickwickian world for a natural one. He simply does not think of it either as natural or unnatural; and when the sense of its artificiality comes on him, it destroys nothing, it brings about no disillusion, it only adds a certain condition to his view. I do not think that to this day I ever allow more than a year or two to pass without reading "Pickwick" through from beginning to end; and I cannot perceive any marked diminution in the satisfaction with which I do so. As Mr. Boswell, in one of his inimitable compromises between the simpleton and the sage, somewhere remarks, "I seldom experience less disappointment in any scheme of happiness I trace out." And this, I think, is the very hardest test to which anything, literary or other, can be put. It is all very well to say that youthful enjoyment induces a strong delusion, and that we

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rather refuse to acknowledge a diminution than actually experience an equality. If this be so, why do other things in which I used to take quite as much delight as in "Pickwick" fail to give me the same pleasure now? No; I shall maintain that this impossible and burlesque epopee of the four friends has a quality in it which belongs only to the literature which is preëminently good in a kind just short of the highest.

But, it will be said, "Pickwick" is not all Dickens, and all Dickens is not "Pickwick," both of which propositions are most undeniably true. In leaving them one leaves the only spot of ground in the subject where a perfectly fair and equal fight is possible between admirers and contemners. You like "Pickwick" or you do not, and there's an end on't. Except as regards some of the inserted stories, it is all of a piece. But this could never be said again of any of the author's later works. I am not old enough to have been contemporary, at least in a state of intelligence, with any of the greater of these as they are generally reckoned. I do, indeed, remember seeing the parts of "Bleak House" in the booksellers' windows; but I did not read it till long after. I remember distinctly failing to appreciate "Hard Times," which I think rather better of now; and "A Tale of Two Cities," which I like worse every time I manage to read it. Of "Great Expectations" I thought as a boy, and I think as a man, much better than most people did, or, I believe, do; and though I cannot believe that we lost much by the non-completion of "Edwin Drood," there is no doubt "the true Dickens" in parts of "Our Mutual Friend." But look farther back even than "Bleak House." He achieved indeed in the latter days with Louisa and Estella something more like live girls than the wax models which under the names of Rose Maylie and Kate Nickleby, and so forth, he had been contented to exhibit in the earlier. The life philosophy of "Great Expectations," though not very extensive or thorough, is the sanest and the truest he has expressed. The

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dreary mannerism which appears in "Bleak House," which simply floods "Little Dorrit" and "Hard Times," and which seldom retires for long in any of the later books, is relieved by Mr. Guppy and his friends, by Affery Flintwinch, by Joe Gargery and by Herbert Pocket, by the dolls' dress-maker, by a dozen other persons and a thousand or a myriad touches and flashes. But when we think of Dickens and do not think of "Pickwick" only, we do not think of these. It was in the forties and earliest fifties that he made his fame with "Nickleby" and "The Old Curiosity Shop," with "Barnaby Rudge" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," with "Copperfield" and "Dombey," and it is with these that he must keep or lose it.

And yet how difficult it is to arrive at any settled and connected view, much more at any view that shall command anything like a general assent above even these books! In looking, for instance, for a date just now, I found in a most respectable book of reference the statement that "Agnes is perhaps the most charming character in the whole range of fiction." *Agnes!* No decent violence of expletive, no reasonable artifice of typography, could express the depths of my feelings at such a suggestion. It is an observation almost too hackneyed to be repeated that our fathers thought Little Nell and Little Paul almost excruciatingly pathetic, while the whole of my own generation has chiefly yawned over them. I am told that the weeping time is coming again soon; but this I take leave to doubt. As a terrorist and a manufacturer of Villains with a capital V, Dickens has, I believe, from the first been exposed to the doubts and sneers of callous heretics. Marks and Ralph Nickleby, Barnaby Rudge's rather incomprehensible and very murderous father, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Carker the impossible, have never had the first good fortune of Paul and Nell, though they have fully shared their later decadence.

And the case of the novelist's social satire is not very different. Dickens was so essentially the middle-class Englishman of his own generation *plus genius,* that he could

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not fail to carry great numbers of his readers with him in his onslaughts on workhouses and public offices, on Chancery and the manufacturing system. But some, at least, of those readers would have been abnormally stupid if they had not perceived from the first the exaggeration and the one-sidedness which pervaded these attacks, and the astonishingly vague and unpractical character of the optimism which inspired such alternatives as the novelist suggested or seemed to suggest. Reading in parts might obscure the frequent incoherences and the improbability of the stories. But except among those readers who had themselve no more knowledge of the subject than their author, it was impossible that many, even from the first, should not be struck with the almost inconceivable ignorance of all the upper and a large part of the middle class of society which his books displayed. The so-called lower classes and part of the shop-keeper rank he knew, as the French say, "like his hand." Of actors he could tell and of attorneys, and he knew a barrister in court, though hardly out of it. But his soldier-officers, his clergymen, his scholars, his miscellaneous gentlemen, much more his baronets and his peers, were nothing that lives and moves on any part of the earth except the boards of the stage. And so from the very earliest times there was dissidence about him, dissidence from which I must if I can endeavor, if not to extract some argument, at any rate to make clear my own view.

I remember reading a good many years ago in a description (doubtless intended to be sarcastic) of an academic critic by a critic who was not academic, the item, "He likes the fun of Dickens." A person who only "liked the fun of Dickens," it was hinted (indeed I am not sure that it was not subsequently inculcated explicitly), was a nasty cynic, a superfine and unsympathetic disdainer of pathos and popular sentiment. I am afraid that I underlay then, and must still underlie, the ban of this condemnation. I should indeed not be disposed to deny now that Dickens has other

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claims besides mere fun. I say "now," because there was a period when I was younger and more unbalanced in judgment, and when, reserving appreciation of "Pickwick" and the Pickwickian parts of its fellows, I was disposed to place their author unduly low. At this period I once sold a complete set of the paper-bound issue of the works which came out in the late sixties, for half a crown—ostensibly and to some extent really as a testimony of opinion as to the literary value of the matter. This was fantastic, if not positively foolish; but it was even at the time not quite sincere, and such sincerity as there was in it vanished very soon.

What may be said, I think with perfect critical truth, about Dickens is, that although he has a good deal besides "his fun," nothing that he has is of unalloyed excellence except that fun. I have seen him praised for it; but I should say that when he is really funny he is always humorous, but never witty. When he attempts wit it is apt to land him in the dreary regions of the Circumlocution Office and other dry places wherein an overstrained satire prowls and barks. But in his own region of partly observed, partly exaggerated humor of the fantastic kind, his felicity is astonishing. Although his subjects are often technically "low" enough in all conscience, he never here deserves the epithet "vulgar" from those who know how to use that dangerous adjective. It is only when he approaches the delineation of gentility or attempts the attitude of philosophic satire that he exhibits traces of the one unpardonable thing; and his vulgarest book, his one book tainted with incurable and hopeless vulgarity, is his "Child's History of England."

But though this terrible fault—a fault awkward to speak of inasmuch as the mere mention of it infuriates those who do not themselves feel its presence—does exist in Dickens to a most unpleasant extent, the strange alloy which, as has been noted, pervades all his work except that in pure fantastic humor, is by no means wholly due to it. The cause thereof, however, is perhaps something which aggravated

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his vulgarity, to wit, his unfortunate want of early education and training except of the most haphazard and self-helping kind. He appears to have been, as an editor, an extremely severe critic of other men's work, and he certainly did not take his own lightly. Yet he seems to have been more destitute of the faculty of self-criticism than any other person of whom I can think who possessed anything like his powers of creation. It is evident from the storm passage in "David Copperfield," and some others that he was quite capable of writing a kind of half sober, half ornate, and distinctly old-fashioned style, which has very considerable merit and is not justly exposed to any reproach on the score of tawdriness, want of elegance, or absence of proportion. Yet for once that he will content himself with this he will indulge a score of times in a kind of trumpery, strained melodramatic rant, which is as little impressive, as completely disgusting, as the antics of a North Asian or North American sorcerer. He will spoil the admirable vigor of his descriptive faculty at crises by plastering and daubing this rant over the scenes, and change a shudder to a yawn by simply overdoing it. It is this inability to know where to stop which, in like fashion, has brought discredit on his pathos. He really had pathos; but he could not be content with a moderate dose of it, and he must needs froth and whip and be-devil it till it becomes half insipid, half fulsome. Just the same, again, may be said of his mere mannerisms of style and figure, though it is fair to allow that in his very last years, unless we may suspect a probable relapse in "Edwin Drood," he made a rather remarkable recovery from the depths to which he had fallen in "Little Dorrit" and "Hard Times." In these the damnable iteration about Panks the "tug," and the figure of Louisa as Mrs. Sparsit sees it going down the descent, and other similar things, are almost enough to make the gorge rise. In his political and social satire, in his amiable optimist life-philosophy, in his marvelous egotism, in a dozen other char-

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acteristics of his, this same utter absence of the sense of limit appears, and is the secret of his failures. He will put on the stage a clumsy lay figure like Sir John Chester and a perfectly human being like Mrs. Varden with equal composure, and with an equally undoubting faith that both are quite as they should be.

There are, I believe, some people who would extend this unreality even to his humorous creations. I cannot do this. Of course in his later years the stream naturally ran with a good deal less of volume and with somewhat less sparkle and sprightliness than it showed at first. But I, at least, can discover no very great decline in strict quality between Mr. Jingle and the dolls' dress-maker's papa, between Dick Swiveller and Joe Gargery. There may be something of the "irreparable outrage of years" in the later figures, but they are of one kith and one kin with the earlier. No doubt such things as the machinations of Mr. Boffin, and the exclamations he utters in the effort to carry them through, are inexpressibly tedious and dull. But then it is a graver error to class these with the efforts of Dickens's own native humor at all. They belong to the Panks business noticed above,—to the strange, mechanical, wooden-legged method of dot-and-go-one progression with which he chose at all time to alternate the easy flight of his natural wings. They belong to the late Dickens, the black horseman, the Mr. Hyde of the organism, as distinctly as do the Markses and the Ralph Nicklebys, the washy pathetics and the windy politics, the leather-and-prunella peers, and the good-young-person heroines.

It is quite different with the group, or rather army, of immortal grotesques, who, with the elder Mr. Weller for their general, and his son for chief of the staff, have now traveled the journey from this World to the Next for a good many years, and are, I think, tolerably safe of their journey's end. Although, or because, extravagance is of their essence, we seldom—I hardly ever—feel them to be

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extravagant. So unerring has been the genius of their author, so perfectly has he arranged them in the particular key to which they belong, that the jars and false notes which alone could throw them out never occur. It is true, and is perhaps a necessary complement and corollary of this other truth, that they are never completely human. They have admirably human traits, they utter the wisest saws and the most modern instances, the touches of nature, which their author gives them and which they exhibit are of the finest. Certainly they are not inhuman, but they are, I think, decidedly extra-human. They belong to a world not much, but definitely and unmistakably, different from the actual. It has been pointed out before now that the two great contemporaries, Dickens and Balzac, each possessed this singular gift as it may be called from one point of view, this singular failing as it may be called from another. They both draw with unerring faithfulness characters which they have themselves invented; they fill a universe which they have themselves created. The creation of Dickens is indeed somewhat fantastic and shadowy beside that of Balzac, a magic lantern show rather than a human comedy; but, on the other hand, individual figures of the English master's have a vividness and vigor of life exceeding anything in the French. Yet in Dickens, even more than in Balzac, we feel the constant presence of the theater, of the boards and the lamps, the property man and the prompter. Take, for instance, the guests of the immortal "swarry" in "Pickwick," one of the greatest and liveliest things that Dickens has done. They have the most delightful touches; they act their parts with remarkable *verve;* and yet we feel that they are not real footmen. None of them—nobody at all like them—ever opened a door to us or took away a coat from us. Whereas Thackeray with much less elaborate effort has created more than one of their brethren.—J. J.'s papa, the precious footman of Sir Francis Clavering who objected to and avoided a "holtercation,"

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and others—whom we know to have been—to be—alive. They are hanging on behind carriages at actual drawing-rooms, and carrying, with or without a sense of offended dignity, actual coals to real fires. Those about Mr. John Smauker never did anything of the sort except in the Theatre Royal, Kennaquhair.

Yet this, as it seems to me, has a certain advantage. I was surprised to see it suggested the other day that "Pickwick" is losing its propriety of atmosphere. I should have thought that, except to the very oldest men now living, it had long lost all that it ever had. I am not young, and, as I have said, I began to read "Pickwick" very early. But, by that time, the coaches and the hackney coaches, the domestic suppers and the London taverns that were not mere gin palaces, were things of the past. Nor even when they were not can I think that "to close observers" Dickens can ever have seemed a realist. He was too glaringly fantastic, phantasmagoric, theatrical, for that. Save in a few externals and in his politics, which, thank Heaven, hardly appear in "Pickwick" itself at all, he is of no particular time, though his knowledge of part of human nature is enough to make him sufficiently of all. His peculiar variety of humor has often been described as, or attributed to, animal spirits. This does not seem to me fully adequate, for there is something much more than mere animal spirits therein. There is a quaint and fantastic habit of brain, an immense observation of the ways of men, even a certain though a limited sense of the irony of life. And the zest and character of this are perhaps heightened by the exclusions and the short-comings which accompany it. There is no sense of poetry, none of mystery, hardly any of religion, in Dickens. Passion has a merely rudimentary and infantile expression; art and literature next to none; philosophy none at all; history, science, many other things, hardly any. And perhaps these lacks, these absences, helped to concentrate the force and presence of what is present, so as to intensify its marvelous humoristic quality.

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The Vesper Hour*

Conducted by Chancellor John H. Vincent

From Tolstoi's "The Kingdom of God Within You"

FOR the majority of men Christianity, as its Teacher has expressed it, could not be comprehended at once, but was to grow, like unto a huge tree, from the tiniest seed. "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, . . . which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree." And thus it has grown and continues to grow, if not in manifestation, then in human consciousness.

It is no longer reserved for the minority of men, who have always understood Christianity by its veritable truth; but it is acknowledged by the great majority, who, if we are to judge by their social life, are far removed from it.

Look at the private life of individuals, listen to their estimation of human actions as they pronounce judgment on each other; listen not only to public sermons and orations, but to the precepts which parents and teachers offer to their charges, and you will see that, however far removed from the practice of Christian truths may be the political or social existence of men who are in bonds to violence, yet Christian virtues are admired and exalted by all; while, on the contrary, the anti-Christian vices are unhesitatingly condemned as harmful to all mankind. Those who sacrifice their lives in the service of humanity are looked upon as the better men; while those who take advantage of the misfortune of their neighbors to further their own selfish interests are universally condemned.

There may still be men who, insensible to Christian

*The Vesper Hour, conducted in THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of the Chautauqua Vesper Service throughout the year.

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ideals, have set up for themselves other ideals, such as power, courage, or wealth; but these ideals are passing away; they are not accepted by all, nor by the men of the better class. Indeed, the Christian ideals are the only ones which are recognized as obligatory for all.

The position of our Christian world, looked at from without, with its cruelty and slavery, is indeed appalling. But if we consider it from the standpoint of human consciousness, it presents a very different aspect. All the evil of our life seems to exist only because it always has existed from all ages, and the men whose actions are evil have had neither the time nor the experience to overcome their evil habits, although all are willing to abandon them. Evil seems to exist by reason of some cause apparently independent of the consciousness of men.

Strange and contradictory as it may seem, modern men hate the very order of things which they themselves support.

I believe it is Max Müller who describes the astonishment of an Indian converted to Christianity, who, having apprehended the essence of the Christian doctrine, came to Europe and beheld the life of Christians. He could not recover from his astonishment in the presence of the reality, so different from the state of things he had expected to find among Christian nations.

If we are not surprised at the contradiction between our convictions and our actions, it is only because the influences which obscure this contradiction act upon us. We have but to look at our life from the standpoint of the Indian who understood Christianity in its true significance, without any concessions or adaptations, and to behold the barbarous cruelties with which our life is filled, in order to be horrified at the contradictions in the midst of which we live without noticing them.

One has but to remember the preparations for war, the cartridge-boxes, the silver-plated bullets, the torpedoes, and

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—the Red Cross; the establishment of prisons for solitary confinement, experiments with electrocution, and—the care for the welfare of the prisoners; the philanthropic activity of the rich, and—their daily life, which brings about the existence of the poor whom they seek to benefit. And these contradictions arise not, as it might seem, because men pretend to be Christians while they are actually heathens, but because they lack something, or because there is some power which prevents them from being what they really desire to be. It is not that modern men merely pretend to hate oppression, the inequality of class distinctions, and all kinds of cruelty, whether practised against their fellow-men or against animals. They are sincere in their hatred of these abuses; but they do not know how to abolish them, or they lack the courage to alter their own mode of life, which depends upon all this, and which seems to them so important. . . . But there is nothing that demonstrates so vividly the degree of contradiction to which human life has attained as the system that embodies both the method and the expression of violence,—the general conscription system. It is only because a general armament and military conscription have come imperceptibly and by slow degrees and that governments employ for their support all the means of intimidation at their disposal—bribery, bewilderment, and violence—that we do not realize the glaring contradiction between this state of affairs and those Christian feelings and ideas with which all modern men are penetrated.

This contradiction has become so common that we fail to see the shocking imbecility and immorality of the actions, not only of those men who, of their own accord, choose the profession of murder as something honorable, but of those unfortunates who consent to serve in the army, and of those who in countries where military conscription has not yet been introduced, give of their own free will the fruits of their labor to be used for the payment of mercenaries and for the organization for murder. All these men are either

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Christians or men professing humanitarianism and liberalism, who know that they participate in the most imbecile, aimless, and cruel murders; yet still they go on committing them. But this is not all. In Germany, where the system of general military conscription originated, Caprivi has revealed something that has always been carefully hidden: that the men who run the risk of being killed are not only foreigners, but are quite as likely to be fellow-countrymen, working men, from which class most of the soldiers are obtained. Nevertheless, this admission neither opened men's eyes nor shocked their sensibilities. They continue just as they did before, to go like sheep and submit to anything that is demanded of them. And this is not all. The German Emperor has recently explained with minute precision the character and vocation of a soldier, having distinguished, thanked, and rewarded a private for killing a defenceless prisoner who attempted to escape. In thanking and rewarding a man for an act which is looked upon even by men of the lowest type of morality as base and cowardly, Wilhelm pointed out that the principal duty of a soldier, and one most highly prized by the authorities, is that of an executioner,—not like the professional executioners who put to death condemned prisoners only, but an executioner of the innocent men whom his superiors order him to kill.

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Two Old Etiquette Books

Count d'Orsay, considered the glass of fashion by the young men of Dickens's day, was the author of a book on etiquette whose title-page and preface, with some extracts, follow:

ETIQUETTE:
or, A Guide To
The Usages of Society.
with
A Glance at Bad Habits

"Manners make the man"

By Count Alfred d'Orsay.
To which is added,
The True Theory of
The Rhenish or Spanish Waltz,
and of
The German Waltz A'Deux Temps,
Analysed and explained for the first time.
Waltzing is the art of a gentleman, and never yet was taught or understood by a dancing master.
New York:
Published by Wilson Company
162 Nassau Street
Stereotyped by
Redfield & Savage
1843

PREFACE.

This is not written for those who do, but for those who do not, know what is proper, comprising a large portion of highly respectable and estimable people, who have not had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the usages of the (so termed) "best society;" therefore, do not let the "select" sneer, and say, "Oh, everybody knows that; there is nothing new here." Even they may be mistaken, and

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many may profit who will not choose to own how much they are indebted to this little book.

It would be absurd to suppose that those persons who constitute the upper ranks of the middle classes in London are ignorant of the regulations here laid down: but in the country (especially in the mercantile districts), where the tone of society is altogether lower, it is not far otherwise, although country people may not feel inclined to acknowledge what is, nevertheless, strictly true.

If the publication of this work saves the blush but upon one cheek, or smooths the path into "society" of only one honest family, the object of the author will be attained.

London, August 20, 1843.

EXTRACTS.

It is a matter of regret that table napkins are not considered indispensable in England; for, with all our boasted refinement, they are far from being general. The comfort of napkins at dinner is too obvious to require comment, while the *expense* can hardly be urged as an objection. If there be not any napkins, the man has no alternative but to use the tablecloth, unless (*as many do*) he prefer his pocket handkerchief—a usage sufficiently disagreeable.

At every respectable table you will find *silver* forks; being broader, they are in all respects more convenient than steel for fish or vegetables. Steel forks, except for carving, are now never placed on the plate.

At family dinners, where the common household bread is used, it should never be cut less than an inch and a half thick. There is nothing more plebeian than *thin* bread at dinner.

Ladies should never dine with gloves on—unless their hands are not fit to be seen.

Nothing indicates a wellbred man more than a proper mode of eating his dinner. A man may pass muster by

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dressing well, and may sustain himself tolerably in conversation; but if he be not perfectly "au fait," *dinner* will betray him.

As snuff taking is merely an idle, dirty habit, practised by stupid people in the unavailing endeavor to clear their stolid intellect, and is not a custom particularly offensive to their neighbors, it may be left to each individual taste as to whether it be continued or not. An "elegant" cannot take *much* snuff without decidedly "losing caste."

"Doctor," said an old gentleman, who was an inveterate snuff-taker, to a physician, "is it true that snuff destroys the olfactory nerves, clogs, and otherwise injures the brain?" "It cannot be true," was the caustic reply, "*since those who have any brains never take snuff at all.*"

Never affect the "ruffianly" style of dress, unless, as some excuse, you hold a brilliant position in society. A nobleman, or an exceedingly elegant and refined man, is sometimes foolish enough to disguise himself, and assume the "ruffian," as it amuses him to mark the surprise of people at the contrast between his *appearance* and his *manners;* but if *you* have no such pretensions, let your costume be as unostentatious as possible, lest people only remark that "your *dress* is as *coarse* as your *mind.*"

If a lady should civilly decline to dance with you, making an excuse, and you chance to see her dancing afterward, do not take any notice of it, nor be offended with her. It might *not* be that she *despised you*, but that *she preferred another*. We cannot always fathom the hidden springs which influence a woman's activities, and there are many bursting hearts within white satin dresses; therefore do not insist upon the fulfilment of established regulations "de rigeur." Besides, it is a hard case that women should be compelled to dance with everybody offered them, at the alternative of not being allowed to enjoy themselves at all.

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Be very careful how you "show off" in strange company, unless you be thoroughly conversant with your subject, as you are never sure of the person next to whom you may be seated. It is a common occurrence for young gentlemen of very shallow pretensions indeed, to endeavor to astonish country society, never dreaming that experienced London men *may* be present, when an expose most probably follows as a penalty for their presumption. For instance—never talk largely of the "Opera"—"Pasta, Grisi, Lablache," etc., on the strength of having been there once or twice only, lest you unwittingly address some old frequenter of the theater, who has for the last twenty years been accustomed to hear all the "primi cantanti, servi e buffi," and who will, most likely, have every opera, its "casts," and music, at his tongue's end: Neither talk learnedly of pictures—"bits," "effects," or of "masters,"—"Titian," "Rubens," etc., from the very slight information to be obtained from copies or engravings, for fear some sly old fellow, who is conversant with all the "collections" from "Dan to Beersheba," should be malicious enough to analyze your knowledge; indeed, as the consciousness of ignorance is apt to make people peculiarly sensitive, it would be as well to avoid all subjects with which *you know* the generality of persons present *cannot* be *acquainted;* for, as the mere introduction of such topics will be considered and resented as an assumption on your part, should you happen to be vanquished on your own ground, your defeat will be relished proportionately. Remember, that if *you are quiet in society,* you will, at least, have credit for discretion, and be more likely to escape annoyance; it is display alone that creates publicity and provokes criticism. It would astonish and frighten the mock brilliants we so often meet, could they but know how quickly and infallibly the practised eye will detect their position in the world, in spite of the gaudy lacker spread over (in the hope of concealing) a homely material; in such cases, gorgeous vestments act as conductors to the coarse shirt, and clumsy

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ill-made boots—such *as a gentleman could not wear;* the vulgar pronounciation of one word—or an awkward undrilled walk, is sufficient to render more than doubtful the legitimacy of the most captivating exterior.

Never allow any person above the rank of a shopman to leave the room without your ringing the bell for the street door to be opened. Thousands have been immediately offended by having been suffered to quit a room unattended, and to "let themselves out." This deserves particular notice, as it is a very common omission with persons, who, having assumed a little wealth and set up for "somebodies," would be exceedingly annoyed to have it whispered that they could be guilty of such gross ill-breeding.

"The Book of Curtesies"

From a quaint volume written in both prose and verse, and of the date 1430 A. D., the following extract is taken:

The Book of Curtesie
That is clepid
Stans Puer ad Mensam

Midere sone, first thi silf able
With al thin herte to vertuose discipline,—
A-fore thi soueveryn stondiage at the table
Dispose thou thee aftil doctryne—
To al nortur thi corage to encline.
First while thou spekist, be not recklees;
Kepe bothe fyngir and hond stille in bees.

(When you stand before your sovereign, speak not recklessly, and keep your hands still.)

Don't stare about, lean against a post, look at the wall, pick your nose, or scratch yourself.

When spoken to, do not lumpishly look at the ground.

Walk demurely in the streets and don't laugh before you're old.

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Clean your nails and wash your hands. Sit when you're told to and don't be too hasty to begin eating.

Don't grin, shout, or stuff your jaws with food, or drink too quickly. Keep your lips clean, and wipe your spoon.

Don't make sop of your bread or drink with a dirty mouth. Don't dirty the table-linen, or pick your teeth with your knife.

Don't swear or talk ribaldry, or take the best bits; share with your fellows. Eat up your pieces, and keep your nails clean.

It is bad manners to bring up old complaints. Don't play with your knife, or shuffle your feet about.

Don't spill your broth on your chest, or use dirty knives, or fill your spoon too full. Be quick to do whatever your lord orders.

Take salt with your knife; don't blow in your cup, or begin quarrels. Interrupt no man in his story.

Drink wine and ale in moderation. Don't talk too much, but keep a middle course. Be gentle and tractable, but not too soft. Children must not be revengeful; their anger is appeased with a bit of apple.

Children's quarrels are first play, then crying; don't believe their complaints; give 'em the rod. Spare that, and you'll spoil all.

Young children, pray take heed to my little ballad, which shall lead you into all virtues. My mistakes I submit to correction.

Thus eendith the book of curtesie that is clepid *stans puer ad mensam.*

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"Why is a Fly"*

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson

THE first thing that we must get clear in our heads is that we must not blame God for the fly, for man made him. He is not a dispensation of Providence at all. He is the resurrection, the reincarnation of our own dirt and carelessness; he is merely one of our own unsanitary curses coming home to roost. He is a domestic animal. We are not proud of him; we do not raise him to the level of a pet, but at the same time he is domestic just as much as a dog, cow or sheep, and he cannot live outside of the special and peculiar surroundings which we and our dirtiness and the dirtiness of our barn yards and our domestic animals provide for him. The fly, *musca domestica,* is absolutely unknown in the uninhabitated forests and wildernesses, and if there were no *domestica* there would be no *musca* to speak of. He is absolutely the reincarnation of our own dirt. To paraphrase the Good Book, "A man's flies are they of his own household"—and if we would clean up and keep clean we would have no necessity to preach any gospel, or conduct a campaign against the fly. Everything for his sustenance we have to provide for him. We feed him on the same things that we eat; for that matter we eat at the second table to him most of the time. He is the most affectionate and most intimate of our domestic animals. He goes to bed with us; he wakes up in the morning before we do usually, as most of us can testify. The bard of Hoboken has touched upon this with his usual felicity, "Early to bed, and early to rise; there is a reason, the answer is Flies." And I believe that some of the unwholesome and savage habits of early rising that still prevail in rural

*From an address before the American Civic Association, Washington, D. C., which is conducting a remarkable Anti-Fly Campaign. Particulars on application.

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communities may be due to this pest. I cannot bring myself to believe that it is pious and one of the virtues to rise early whether you have anything to do or not during the day. Civilization always comes after nightfall; all the progress of the world has been made after candle lighting. Early hours are the most unprofitable, except for worms and hens and birds that feed on them and that class of creatures.

What does the little busy fly? Much and all of it bad. We do not know a single thing good to be said about the fly. Everything that we know of is against him. He can occupy that consoling and comforting position which Satan used to in the older theologies. We can blame anything on him we like, and the probabilities are that it will be somewhere near true. He is the best and most active advance agent of pestilence that we have. He goes about perpetually, a traveling man carrying samples of all kinds of pestilence, and he has six legs and a dozen hairy grips on each leg in which he can carry samples, which he distributes lavishly everywhere. Some of you may remember during the early days of the Middle West a creature known as the "tree peddler," who sold us all kinds of things and seeds, and told us they would come out something wonderful. Sometimes they did and sometimes they did not. But the fly's seeds always come true, marked C. O. D., "Death on Delivery." Sometimes they blossom on this side of Jordan, sometimes on the other side, and they translate you over there to see them.

He is the most dangerous animal, infinitely, that walks upon the face of the earth. We have a most extraordinary faculty for recognizing our real enemies. Harmless little coyotes, who eat chiefly jack rabbits and mice, are warred upon by highly-paid experts to accomplish their destruction, and yet we provide places for the fly to breed and feed in. The fly and the mosquito have destroyed more human beings since the world began than all the wars and all the

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famines and all the other pestilences and wild beasts upon the face of the earth. The real enemy of civilization in the tropics is not the climate, nor the Indian, nor the natives, nor the rattlesnake, nor the cobra, but it is the mosquito, the malaria carrier—he is the real enemy of civilization wherever you find him; and he, again, curiously enough, is coming to be regarded as a domestic animal. He is not to be found in the open swamps, but the mosquito that carries malaria is found in the pools made by man and by his agriculture, that he keeps for drinking places for the stock and that kind of thing. We dread the malaria mosquito; we dread the yellow fever mosquito. I do not know whether you noticed the interesting report from New Orleans or not. They got after the mosquito; they screened the cisterns, cleaned up the pools and drained the gutters; and still the yellow fever mosquito appeared in certain houses. He was not in the cistern; he was not in the pools. They found he was actually breeding in the water pitchers in the bed rooms. The careless negro servants—and they are not the only ones that have that cheerful habit—just poured the fresh water in and never took the trouble to pour out the old, the stagnant water. That was just the place he wanted to breed in, and he took it; and that is the sort of thing that we are bringing upon ourselves. If we will drain our surroundings we will get rid of the malarial mosquito; if we will clean our surroundings, we will get rid, absolutely, of the typhoid fly and of all the diseases which he carries. It is unnecessary to tell you what those diseases are; you are all familiar with them—typhoid, tuberculosis, the summer diseases of childhood, particularly those latter, a certain amount of smallpox; the plague can probably be s ocarried, and trachoma, a disease of the eye; a considerable share of our wound infections; boils and so forth, that comes upon the surfaces, all are unquestionably carried by the feet, by the proboscis, of the domestic fly. So that if we can wipe them out of existence—and there ought to be in the case of the

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fly the sentiment which was attributed, rightly or wrongly I know not, in regard to the Indians, to General Custer—"There should be one more Indian war and then no more Indians." That is the attitude we must take towards the domestic fly.

Our accurate knowledge on any large definite scale of the work the fly was doing, or the most of it, dates to the campaign—the Spanish-American campaign, Cuban campaign, in 1898. You remember that in our camps, upon our own soil, we killed by typhoid fever something like five times as many men as died in battle or from wounds or of bullets or by the hardships of the field or of war. The men began to die of typhoid in camps upon our own soil. The water was inspected and found to be pure; the food was inspected and found to be good. There did not appear to be any definite source of contagion, and the surgeon in command of one of those campaigns began to think it was time to begin to make an investigation. He looked about and he found among the volunteers in his regiment two or three young second and third year medical men, who had some little training with the laboratory methods and the microscope. He proceeded to equip a tent laboratory and proceeded to find out what was the cause of that trouble. * * * That was our first illumination as to the nature of the work the fly was doing—that he was spreading typhoid. Now, we have been advancing from that to the swift methods which can be carried out in the efficiency of the community, by lopping the action of his spreading of disease and by diminishing the pestilence that he carries on every hand. There is one consoling feature about the fight, and that is what I call most every other genuine and well-directed manifestation of human energy—it is doing more than one good thing—the whole campaign against the fly is a campaign against dirt; it is a campaign against unsanitary conditions; it is a campaign against carelessness and indifference and things that ought not to be tolerated for a

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moment in any community calling itself civilized. We must clean up all deposits of dirt, deposits which have accumulated in our barn yards, around our stables, around our houses—not just the ordinary dirt that is scattered abroad over the community.

Some rather interesting work has been done in that respect by my friend, Dr. K. McCormick, Health Officer of Asheville, N. C., in testing the capacity of the house fly for breeding in different kinds of manure. He found that practically cow manure is almost safe from it, on account of first, its liquid condition and then of the fact that the firm hard crust rapidly forms over it, which the fly cannot penetrate in order to lay its eggs. He also found, that, to his surprise, the fly would only breed in manure from horses fed upon grain or other forms of starch. It required a specially rich and selected and fertile place in order to breed, so that the fertilizer which is deposited upon the open pastures and by animals living only upon grass is practically free from danger as far as the breeding of flies is concerned.

We have not to clean up all out-doors. All we have to do is to clean up around our door yards and barn yards, and if we do that we shall be rid of it. The thing is perfectly practical. I have seen the matter successfully taken up not only in cities, not only in towns and villages, but also on farmsteads and in the open country.

Again, like every good thing, it is an economic success as well as a philanthropic and a sanitary success. The best method is not to accumulate the manure in piles and allow it to remain and putrefy there a year until ready to take out, during which time it either has to be covered with a roof and becomes a stench, or if left open to the weather is all leached out by rain and snows and the best of it lost. The manure should be shot right into a wagon standing there, and as soon as the wagon is full taken right out and distributed over the fields, and when once on the fields the manure is then per-

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fectly safe. I don't know whether Lord Bacon had that idea in mind, but he certainly expressed it in one of his aphorisms: "Money, like muck, is not good unless it be spread," and the problem with the muck of today is to spread it, and as soon as spread and dried it becomes perfectly safe and free from danger as far as the source of the breeding of flies is concerned. The method is practical and one that may be carried out by any community. As to the other methods or places of accumulation, horse manure is the main plain in which the fly can breed; and even horse manure if well wet down and well tramped will become so dense that the larvae cannot get the air that they need for their development.

As far as garbage is concerned, of course, that is a more difficult problem; but if it can be collected in cans and covered and the traps put upon it or if it is taken well out into the country and clear outside of the limits, Prof. Hodges figures that the condition can be very largely obviated, except in places where garbage is fed to pigs or to chickens. But I should just like you to go as I have had to go as health officer and visit one of those filthy farms where the garbage is fed to chickens and pigs. You have only transferred an abominable nuisance out of the city and placed it in the country. I believe that we as sanitarians are getting to a point where we will not permit any garbage or any manure to go outside of a town of ten thousand inhabitants in any form except as ashes—absolutely incinerated and destroyed. It is not fit for any kind of human use, as of neats-foot oil or lubricator oil, or soap grease. Anything that you get from garbage you get back in the shape of disease or the possibility of breeding disease, and garbage-rendering factories are only nuisances permitted by law. That matter can be readily disposed of, by destruction, and it will take away one of our difficulties in dealing with the problem.

In dealing with manure we have another method, that of

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sprinkling upon it powdered arsenic—arsenic mixed with plaster of paris, or lime. I know one progressive health officer who kept his little town out in Oregon absolutely free from flies and absolutely free from typhoid season after season. I asked him how he accomplished that, and he said: "Oh, I simply have one of my men go around with a little sprinkler or box containing arsenic and lime, and sprinkle every manure heap, every privy, every garbage dump, every garbage can, and the whole thing is poisoned everywhere for purposes of feeding or breeding and that is the end of the fly." And that we can do with the garbage can, as well as with the manure heap, if we do not intend to make some dirty, secondary use of that garbage, and the sprinkling with black oil, kerosene, arsenic, chloride of lime—though that is not so strong—and of course with mercurial solution and formalin. Those things will keep the fly under, always provided we do not intend to use the stuff for food. The manure so treated is just as good for fertilizer as before, except in the case of kerosene or black oils.

We should be especially particular to kill off the first few flies in the spring, for they are the individuals who carry the breed through the winter, and all that are out in the open are usually destroyed in cold climates by the frost; and if we can manage to capture in some way the early flies much might be accomplished. It is easy enough to kill a fly when you have caught it, but not so easy to get it into a trap or net that you may set for it. I am afraid the trap would be used by some opponents of public movements as a justification for letting manure heaps and garbage places alone, and it might thus do almost as much harm as good. Still, it is an excellent additional weapon. The fly takes something like fourteen days between the time it is hatched and the time it lays eggs and becomes reproductive so Nature has provided us with another safeguard. If we re-

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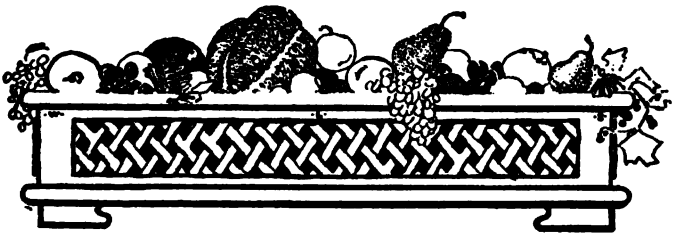
move all accumulations of manure every ten days he cannot hatch.

As to the methods of attacking the fly and who is to do it, it is our duty to enlist the services of the whole community, and I want to make one suggestion that I think will be perhaps of some practical value, and that is that we should utilize this recrudescence of military spirit called the "Boy Scouts" in this crusade. You cannot hide dirt from a boy; if there is any dirt, "putrescent, organic material" in any neighborhood he will find it and he is not a bit afraid of it, and indeed would just as soon play in it. He would just as soon play at killing the eggs or maggots and thoroughly enjoy it. And he is not afraid. He would just as soon go right into the back yard of the richest or orneriest man in town as into the dooryard of the day laborer. I believe that we could utilize an enormous amount of good enthusiasm and good human activity going to waste under the name of mischief, if we could take the enthusiasm of a boy and his delight of getting into mischief and put him to work on the fly problem I believe it could go far towards putting any community into a practical process of cleaning. It is only a question of time when the fly will become as rare and as disgraceful as the bedbug, and I hope it will only be a very few years when we shall find that situation of affairs! It is now, but we don't know it yet.



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SUMMER

Then came jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, colored green,
That was unlined, all to be more light,
And on his head a garland well beseene.

—*Edmund Spenser.*

AUGUST 16, 1911

Recognition Day at Chautauqua, New York, always comes on the third Wednesday of August. This year the date is August 16. It is well for any C. L. S. C. reader who has but a short holiday to spend at the Assembly to choose Recognition Week for his vacation. This is especially true of the members of the Class of 1911, who, naturally, are eager to appear in goodly numbers to receive their diplomas. A little planning, with the date—August 16—in mind, may prove all that is needful to add another genial face to the Recognition Day procession.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Pendragon would like to have photographs of any scenes or buildings at assemblies where the C. L. S. C. plays a part this summer. Everybody enjoys seeing them in the Round Table and those who contribute them are adding to the pleasure of all readers.

AN AMERICAN COLLECTION

The Metropolitan Museum in New York recently has come into possession of a houseful of the belongings of

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two sisters who were members of the old Ludlow family, famous in the city's annals. There are fine examples of furniture of the early nineteenth century, of fire irons, of china—Crown Derby, Wedgwood, Lowestoft, and silver luster—of glass, of silver, and of costumes dating from 1750 to 1860. This last collection is wonderfully complete, showing as it does, the dress of both men and women, and including footwear, headgear, fans, gloves, laces, and ornaments, interesting not only for the purposes for which they were intended, but also as illustrating textiles and fashions. Much of the material of the entire exhibition is of American manufacture and is an aid to the Museum's desire to feature American productions. A further instance of this purpose is shown in the fact that another room in the Museum has just been added to the number set aside for the showing of American pictures, and that paintings by Sargent, Hunt, Childe Hassam, Gari Melchers, and Wilton Lockwood have been purchased recently.

THE INDIVIDUAL READER

The individual reader does not work for himself alone. He cannot help giving to all others with whom he comes in contact the advantage of any betterment in himself. He gives forth this help most actively and most usefully, however, when he consciously applies himself to the help of his family or his neighbors.

SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR HARRIET MARTINEAU'S BIRTHDAY, JUNE 12

1. *Explanation* of the influence of physical misfortune and of environment upon Miss Martineau's career.
2. *Talk.* "Miss Martineau and America." Illustrated by readings from her writings on her travels.
3. *Book Review.* "Deerbrook," a novel.
4. *Paper.* "Miss Martineau and Philosophy." Illustrated by readings from her philosophical stories and treatises.
5. *Sketch.* "Miss Martineau and History." Illustrated by readings from her historical writings.
6. *Reading* from "Feats on the Fjord."

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C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst.
"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—Febrary 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN MAY MAGAZINE

1. Feudalism was based on land tenure, fiefs being given by the King to his nobles as rewards for military service, and by them divided into allotments given or subject to their retainers in payment for similar service.

1. A parchment from which writing has been erased to give place for new writing. 2. In East London. 3. November 5th. 4. Gog and Magog.

1. "Grey towers of Durham—
Yet well I love thy mixed and massive piles
Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,
And long to roam these venerable aisles
With records stored of deeds long since forgot."

2. Each canon of a cathedral held a certain estate or prebend. Those who had no separate title such as dean or precentor were known by the names of the estates belonging to them. Prebend was merely a property title. Canon indicated special position. 3. Introduced the use of A. D. and B. C. instead of A. U. C. 4. Alfred the Great. 5. The origin of Durham College at Oxford is obscure. Its connection with Durham monastery caused it to be dissolved under Henry VIII, but the revenues were preserved. Under Cromwell the project of a college at Durham was considered and after his death it was established, but at the Restoration and under the opposition from Oxford and Cambridge it was dissolved. It was again founded in 1832 by the Bishop and Dean, and endowed from cathedral funds and those of the bishop who gave up Durham castle. It now has schools of arts and divinity at Durham and Christian Science and medicine at Newcastle on Tyne. Women have recently been admitted. 6. John B. Dykes, author of "Lux Benigna," "Nicaea," "St. Cuthbert," "Vox Dilecti," "Rocky Ages," "Hollingside," St. Agnes," "St. Bede," "St. Oswald," "St. Sylvester," "Melita," "Alford," "Vox Angelica."

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NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

"'THE CITIZENS OF ELWOOD TOWNSHIP HAVE JUST REASON TO FEEL PROUD OF THIS MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE,'" read Pendragon from the headlines of the Ridgefarm, Illinois, newspaper. "A new library?" someone asked. "Here is its picture, and it is indeed an attractive looking building. It was opened with appropriate celebration of music and feasting, and everybody in the township was thankful that ten or a dozen years ago the Chautauqua Circle began to gather together a few books. They housed them in a store. Socials and entertainments were given to raise an expense fund and the 'dividends' were invested in more books until the rustic shelving was filled. Years passed on, the public became more eager for wholesome brain food and their wants were supplied in the best possible way until the space in the rear of another store (where the library was later moved) was found to be inadequate and at this juncture through the efforts of a public-spirited woman who was a C. L. S. C. reader, Mr. Carnegie was interested. The people submitted to a two-mill tax and the result was so satisfying that Mr. Carnegie gave $9,000 instead of the $6,000 for which he had been asked. They have 1,400 volumes on the shelves and more in prospect." "Another star in Chautauqua's banner," exclaimed an eager listener.

"I want to tell the Round Table about our informal C. L. S. C.," said a reader from Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. "In the fall of 1899 I began my reading, taking the whole course for four years and receiving my diploma with six seals. Since 1901 we have met regularly on Monday evenings, for some years only four of us, but now we have seven members. Because we are very busy people, for several years we have done only the magazine work thoroughly, although nearly all of us have the books and are trying to keep up. We meet at the homes of the readers, taking one article in the magazine, asking the questions and discussing them informally. We then spend a half hour in reading

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poetry, and the last ten minutes we try to each have a current event." "That sounds like a jolly, informal set of people, doesn't it?" commented Pendragon. "And it is evident that they are applying real Boston thoroughness to their magazine for all their modesty about it."

"I want to tell the Round Table about our work at Benton Harbor," said the member from Michigan. "As a pointed supplement to Mr. Alden's articles we had at one of our meetings a capital description of a model city, Dusseldörf on the Rhine. Our lecturer told us that

"'This city owns its urban and interurban railways, electric and water plants, three banks, opera house, museum, art gallery, public baths, hospitals for all kinds of diseases, beautiful and well-equipped school buildings, a school in the woods for weak children; eighteen medical officers supply free advice, and every pupil is carefully examined before entering school. Beautiful parks and playgrounds abound everywhere. The income from the city's improvements helps pay the running expenses of the city. The city officers are well paid university men, who have made a study of the work they are to do.'"

"They ought to be experts on municipal ownership, at any rate," said Pendragon. "At another meeting," went on the Benton Harbor delegate, "we had a Parade of Nations. Each member wore the costume of the country she represented, and brought food such as is eaten there." "Here is a word of truth from a member of the Annville, Pennsylvania, Circle, who is stirring up the drones in his hive," said Pendragon.

"Let us not forget that everything worth the while requires some self-denial. Things that come to us without effort or exertion or self-denial do not amount to much. And the greater the effort and self-denial, the greater the resulting benefit. Some persons are willing to be carried along by the current, but handling the oars is worthier and more beneficial."

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Public Library, Ottawa, Kansas

Headed for Big Stone Lake Chautauqua

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A Group of Summer School Students on the Steps of Academic Hall, Colorado Chautauqua

An Art Class at Work, Colorado Chautauqua

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Sunset, Mountain Lake Park, Maryland

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Durham Cathedral

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C. L. S. C. ANNUAL CERTIFICATE

The view of Durham Cathedral seen on the opposite page is appropriately the subject of the Annual Certificate for the C. L. S. C. Course of 1910-11. This is one of the most beautiful of cathedral pictures and was secured by Miss Kate Kimball, Executive Secretary of the C. L. S. C., for her series of articles on English Cathedrals which have been a striking magazine feature of the reading course this year. For the Annual Certificate this view has been enlarged to 6½x9½ inches and printed on heavy ivory paper 11x15, suitable for framing, with space for the name and class of the reader and signature of John H. Vincent, Chancellor.

HOW TO APPLY FOR THE ANNUAL CERTIFICATE

Answering Review Question Papers or "memoranda" is not a required part of the C. L. S. C. plan, but is strongly recommended and those who have carried out this feature of the work are enthusiastic in their approval of it. There are many members, however, who read the course thoughtfully, but who through limitations of various sorts find writing a difficult task. The C. L. S. C. has anticipated this difficulty and its requirements make due allowance for it. Every member who has read the entire prescribed course for the current year is entitled to the Annual Certificate. To secure the certificate write answers to the following questions on blank sheets of paper, numbering your answers to correspond with the numbers of the questions. Always retain a copy of your written work. Send your answers to C. L. S. C. Department, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y. This should be done even if Review Question Papers are also sent in.

1. Write at the top of your answer paper the titles of the four books and three series of required magazine articles in the course which you have read. Write the word "Read" after each, to indicate that you have actually done the reading.

2. Are you reading alone or as a member of a Circle?

3. What articles or series of articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN have you found most suggestive and helpful in the work of the year? Enumerate three in order of preference.

4. What comment, favorable or otherwise, have you to make upon the books of the year?

5. Upon receipt of the magazine, to what part of it do you first turn?

6. Please specify any improvements in the appearance or contents of THE CHAUTAUQUAN which seem to you desirable.

N. B.—Give your name in full, your postoffice address, your occupation, the population of your town, and the C. L. S. C. Class to which you belong. To wrap and mail this certificate costs 6 cents, which, if you choose, you may enclose with your application.

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Classified Chautauqua Program

38th Annual Assembly, June 29-Aug. 27, 1911

ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENTS

No announcement is here made except of engagements actually completed, and the final list cannot be definitely announced until the official Program Quarterly is issued. Copies mailed on application to Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, New York.

Sermons, Devotional Hours, and Religious Lectures

Sermons: July 2, to be supplied. July 9, Bishop E. E. Hoss, Methodist Episcopal South. July 16, Dr. John T. Stone, Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago. July 23, Prof. Shailer Mathews, University of Chicago. July 30, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee. August 6, Dr. Charles F. Aked, First Congregational Church, San Francisco. August 13, Bishop John H. Vincent, Methodist Episcopal. August 20, Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, Presbyterian, Bryn Mawr, Pa. August 27, Rev. Sylvester Horne, Whitfield Central Mission, London, England.

Devotional Hours: June 29, 30, Bishop John H. Vincent. July 10-14, Bishop E. E. Hoss. July 17-21, Lessons from the Early Church, Dr. John T. Stone. July 24-28, Prof. Shailer Mathews. July 31-August 4, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. August 7-11, The Lord's Prayer; Its Meaning and Message for Today. 1. Thy Kingdom Come; 2. Thy will be done, as in Heaven, so on Earth; 3. Give us this day our daily bread; 4. Forgive us our debts as we also have forgiven our debtors; 5. Bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, Dr. Charles F. Aked. August 14, 15, Bishop John H. Vincent. August 17, 18, Dr. Lucius H. Bugbee, Malden, Mass. August 21, 22, Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross. August 23, E. J. Ward, Adviser Civic and Social Center Development, University of Wisconsin.

Religious Lectures: July 21, Religion and the State, Mr. Charles Zueblin, Boston, Mass. August 3, Religion; August 4, The Use of the Bible in Religious Education, Rev. A. E. Lavell, Ontario, Canada. August 16, The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play (illustrated), Rev. Henry R. Rose, Newark, N. J. August 21-25, Lecture Series on Church Problems; Conference Series for Clergymen on Church Advertising, Mr. Charles Stelzle, Labor Temple, New York. August 25, Christianity in China, Prof. E. A. Ross, University of Wisconsin. August 21-25, Reading Hours on Biblical Themes, Miss Alice Chapman, Boston, Mass.

Literary and Musical

Literary: July 10-15, Literary Interpretation of the 19th and 20th Century Political Ideals in England. 1. Dickens; 2. Carlyle and the Ideal Leadership; 3. Ruskin and the Ideal Co-operation; 4. Kipling and the Ideal Imperialism; 5. Chesterton

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and the Ideal Democracy, Prof. Stockton Axson, Princeton University. July 24-28, Interpreters of American Life. 1. Franklin and Crevecoeur; 2. Irving and Cooper; 3. Thoreau and Emerson; 4. Whitman and Mark Twain; 5. W. D. Howells and the Contemporary Novelists, Prof. Percy H. Boynton, University of Chicago. July 31-August 5, Lecture Series on English Literature. 1. The English Coffee House; 2. The Poetical Associations of the Quantock Hills; 3. Ancient Customs at Oxford; 4. The Personality and Art of G. K. Chesterton; 5. Stephen Phillips as a Poet, Prof. Frank C. Lockwood, Allegheny College. August 5, The Strongest Man on Earth; August 9, William Ewart Gladstone: His Legacy of Inspiration to Mankind, Dr. Charles F. Aked. August 7-11, Shakespeare Lecture Series. Shakespeare's Theater, Prof. Percy H. Boynton; Comedy, Prof. S. H. Clark, University of Chicago; Edwin Booth and Henry Irving in Shakespeare Interpretation, Charlotte Cushman and Shakespeare's Women, Shakespeare and Conscience at the Beginning of the 17th Century, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Armour Institute, Chicago; The Playing of Shakespeare, Mr. Charles D. Coburn of the Coburn Players. August 11, Browning and Conscience at the Beginning of the 20th Century, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.

Musical: July 3-7, Lecture Series with musical interpretation, The Story of the Symphony. 1 and 2. Beethoven; 3 and 4. Tschaikowsky; 5. Brahms, Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette, New York. August 3, 5, Lectures illustrated with stereopticon views and musical selections on the Auxetophone. 1. Verdi, The Most Popular of Italian Composers; 2. The Legend of the Holy Grail, Mr. N. J. Corey, Detroit.

Sociological, Historical, and Pedagogical

Sociological: July 17-21, The Common Life. 1. Business and the State; 2. Labor and State; 3. Family and the State; 4. Government and the State; 5. Religion and the State, Mr. Charles Zueblin, Boston, Mass. July 18, Social Justice and Legal Justice, Roscoe Pound, Harvard Law School. July 24-28, Lecture series. The Rivalry of Social Groups, President George E. Vincent, University of Minnesota. August 2-5, Symposium on Financial Reform. 1. What is a Bank? 2. Story of National Banks; 3. Safeguards against Panics, Hon Frank A. Vanderlip, President National City Bank, New York, and Congressman E. B. Vreeland, Vice-President National Monetary Commission. August 19, The Future of American Agriculture, Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Westchester Normal School, Pa. August 21-26, China. 1. The Struggle for existence in China; 2. China's Grapple with the Opium Evil; 3. The Changing Position of Woman in China; 4. Christianity in China; 5. The New Education in China, Prof. E. A. Ross, University of Wisconsin.

Historical: July 10-12, Lecture Series. Mexico. 1. Aztec Mexico; 2. Indian Mexico; 3. Modern Mexico, Prof. Frederick Starr, University of Chicago.

Pedagogical: July 24-28, Lecture Series. Problems in Educational Advance. 1. The New Philosophy of Education; 2. The Place of the School in the Community; 3. The Demands of Industrial Education; 4. The Country's Need for Sound Men and Women; 5. The School Plant of the Future, Mr. Earl

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Barnes, Philadelphia. July 31-Aug. 4, Religious Education, Rev. A. E. Lavell. August 14-18, Lecture Series. American Students of Nature. 1. Audubon; 2. Agassiz and the Biologists; 3. Gray and the Botanists; 4. Thoreau, Prof. S. C. Schmucker.

Illustrated Lectures

June 30, Prof. R. W. Moore, Colgate University. July 5, Aerial Navigation, Mr. C. L. Harrington, Brooklyn Institute. July 13, Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, Editor School Arts Book. July 18, 19, Lyman H. Howe Moving Picture Company. July 27, Mr. Henry Turner Bailey. August 8, Mexico, Peter MacQueen of Charlestown, Mass. August 10, Shakespeare's England, Mr. H. H. Powers, Bureau of University Travel, Boston. August 17, Ober-Ammergau, Rev. Henry R. Rose. August 21, Impressions of China, Prof. E. A. Ross. August 23, With Roosevelt in Africa, J. Alden Loring, Field Naturalist of the Roosevelt Expedition.

Reading Hours, Recitals, and Dramatic Presentations

Reading Hours: June 29, The Hippolytus; June 30, The Trojan Women, Miss Dorothea Spinney, London, England. July 3-7, 1. Southern Folk Lore; 2. Dramatic Readings from Southern Literature; 3. Readings from Paul Laurence Dunbar; 4. Selected Program; 5. A Blot on the 'Scutcheon, Emily Farrow Gregory, New York. July 10-14, Prof. S. H. Clark. July 17-21, Stories of American Life, Miss Mary Agnes Best, New York. August 21-25, Readings on Biblical Themes. 1. Women of the Bible; 2. David and King Saul; 3. Dramatic Readings from the Bible; 4. Selections from Pilgrim's Progress; Isaiah and Revelations; 5. The Life of Paul, Miss Alice Chapman, Boston.

Recitals: June 29, Just Between You and Me; July 1, As It Was Written, Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke, Cleveland, O. July 4, The Man from Home; July 6, David Copperfield, Prof. C. Edmund Neil, University of West Virginia. July 11, Prof. S. H. Clark. July 15, Crayon and Comedy, J. W. Bengough, Toronto, Canada. July 25, Vanity Fair; July 26, Fun and Fancy in Form and Color, Mr. Alton Packard. July 29, The Shaughram; July 31, Bleak House; August 2, The Prince and Gregoire, Mr. Leland Powers. August 16, Prof. S. H. Clark. August 22, Lincoln Character portrayal, Benjamin Chapin, New York. August 24, 26, Mr. Phidelah Rice, Boston.

Dramatic Presentations: July 15, Bardell vs. Pickwick, Mr. J. W. Bengough. August 11, 12, As You Like It; Much Ado about Nothing; Macbeth, The Coburn Players.

Music

Sacred Song Services: Every Sunday, 7:45 p. m., general congregational singing, with special selections by the Chautauqua Choir, Orchestra, Soloists, and Organist.

Midweek Concerts: Occur regularly on Monday and Friday evenings at 8:00 p. m. and Wednesday afternoons at 2:30. Special Programs include the following: July 12, Solo Quartet Song Cycle, "The Morning of the Year," Charles Wakefield Cadman. July 17, "Gallia," Gounod; "Stabat Mater," Rossini. July 21, "The Creation," Haydn. July 28, "Moses in Egypt,"

Rossini. August 2, Solo Quartet Song Cycle, "The Divan," Bruno Huhn. August 4, "The American Flag," Carl Busch; Symphonic Ode, "Man and Peace," Parry. August 7, 9, Shakespeare Concerts. August 14, "Hiawatha," Longfellow, music by Coleridge-Taylor.

Organ Recitals: August 4, Mr. N. J. Corey. August 6-19, Dr. Samuel A. Baldwin. Henry B. Vincent.

Artists' Recitals: (a) Seven Piano and Violin Recitals by Messrs. Ernest Hutcheson and Sol Marcosson, Tuesday afternoons in Higgins Hall, and (b) Six Vocal Recitals by Messrs. Frank Croxton and Charles C. Washburn, on Thursday afternoons in Higgins Hall. A fee is charged.

Miscellaneous

July 7, Among the Masses, or Traits of Character; July 8, If I could Live Life Over, Col. George W. Bain of Kentucky. July 31, Human Nature, Rev. A. E. Lavell. August 19, The Friends of Yesterday, Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett, widow of General George Pickett, C. S. A.

ANNUAL EVENTS

Opening Day 38th Annual Assembly.....Thursday, June 29
Opening of the Summer Schools.....Saturday, July 8
National Army Day.....Saturday, July 15
C. L. S. C. Rallying Day.....Saturday, July 29
Old First Night.....Tuesday, August 1
Denominational Day.....Wednesday, August 2
C. L. S. C. Recognition Day.....Wednesday, August 16
Grange Day.....Saturday, August 19
Closing Day.....Sunday, August 27

SPECIAL WEEKS

New Nationalism Week.....July 16-22
Modern Education Week.....July 23-29
Shakespeare Week.....August 6-12
Recognition Week.....August 13-19
Church Problems Week.....August 20-26

Chautauqua Summer Schools Season of 1911

DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTION

ARTHUR E. BESTOR, Director. GEORGE E. VINCENT, President
JOHN H. VINCENT, Chancellor. PERCY H. BOYNTON, Secretary.

The Chautauqua Summer Schools open July 8 and close August 18, 1911. A complete catalog describing each course, fees etc., will be mailed on application to Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, New York.

THIRTEEN SCHOOLS

I. English.
II. Modern Languages.
III. Classical Languages.
IV. Mathematics and Science.
V. Psychology and Pedagogy.
VI. Religious Teaching.
VII. Library Training.
VIII. Domestic Science.
IX. Music.
X. Arts and Crafts.
XI. Expression.
XII. Physical Education.
XIII. Practical Arts.

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PARTIAL LIST OF INSTRUCTORS FOR 1911

Mrs. R. D. ALLEN, Kindergarten
Louisville, Ky.
Prof. STOCKTON AXSON, English
Princeton University
Miss C. A. BABBITT Leatherwork
Hill Institute, Northampton, Mass.
Dr. JAMES A. BABBIT, Boys' Club
Haverford College
Mr. H. T. BAILEY, Arts, Crafts
North Scituate, Mass.
Miss ANNA BARROWS, Dom. Sci.
Teachers' College, Columbia University.
Mr. M. A. BICKFORD, Man. & Guit.
New York City.
Mr. JAMES BIRD, Pub. Sch. Music
Marietta, Ohio.
Prof. PERCY H. BOYNTON, English
University of Chicago.
Miss EMILY BRADSHAW, Ele. Ed.
Rochester, New York.
Miss MABEL C. BRAGG, Story Telling
New York City.
Mr. W. D. BRIDGE, Typewriting
New York City.
Mr. A. E. BROWN, Sch. Music
Lowell (Mass.) Normal School.
L. L. CAMPBELL, Physics
Simmons College
Prof. L. P. CHAMBERLAYNE, Lat.
Univ. of South Carolina.
Dr. R. G. CLAPP, Athletics
University of Nebraska.
Prof. S. H. CLARK, Expression
University of Chicago.
Mr. W. H. COVERT, Bus. Tr.
Syracuse.
Mr. FRANK CROXTON, Voice
New York City.
Prof. F. A. CUMMINGS, English
Hollins Institute, Va.
Rev. T. F. CUMMINGS, Rel. Ed.
New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss MARY E. DOWNEY, Lib. Trng.
Public Library, Columbus, Ohio.
Miss GERTRUDE DUNTZ, Sewing
Mechanics Institute, Rochester
Miss LURA DUNTZ, Sewing
Mechanics Institute, Rochester.
Prof. E. J. FLUEGEL, German
Cornell University.
Miss SARAH FREEMAN, Girls' Club
Englewood, N. J.
Mr. JAMES HALL, Life Drawing
Ethical Culture School, New York City.
Prof. W. C. A. HAMMEL, Crafts
Normal College, Greensboro, N. C.
Miss A. VAN STONE HARRIS, Ped.
Richmond, Va.
Miss MARY D. HILL, Kindergarten
Louisville, Ky.
Mr. GEORGE HUNT, Metal Work
Boston.
Dr. J. L. HURLBUT, Rel. Training
Bloomfield, N. J.
Mr. ERNEST HUTCHESON, Piano
Peabody Institute, Baltimore.
Prof. ANSON E. KENT, Tutor
Chautauqua.
Miss ANNA J. LAMPHIER, Basketry
North Adams, Mass.
Mr. FRANK P. LANE, Construction
Hill Inst., Northampton, Mass.
Rev. ALFRED E. LAVELL, Rel. Teach.
Norwich, Ont., Can.
Dr. N. J. LENNES, Mathematics
Columbia University
Mrs. JOHN F. LEWIS, Par. Law
Buffalo, N. Y.
Prof. F. C. LOCKWOOD, English
Allegheny College.
Mr. SOL MARCOSSON, Violin
Cleveland, Ohio.
Miss BESSIE E. MERRILL. Lace
Lincoln, Neb.
Miss MAUD MINER, Expression
Chicago Sch. of Phys. Ed. & Expression.
Mrs. CLARA Z. MOORE, Delsarte
New York City.
M. BENEDICT PAPOT, French
Chicago.
Mrs. L. VANCE PHILLIPS, Ceramics
New York City.
Dr. H. H. POWERS, Art
Bureau of University Travel.
Mr. J. O. PYLE, Mathematics
Chicago.
Mr. CHARLES E. RHODES, English
Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
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Yale University.
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Penn Charter School.
Mr. F. G. SHATTUCK, Singing
New York City.
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Cleveland.
Mr. CHARLES C. TAYLOR, Printing
Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, N. Y.
Mrs. E. T. TOBEY, Piano
Woman's Building, Memphis, Tenn.
Mr. H. H. VAN COTT, Chemistry
High School, Schenectady, N. Y.
Mr. HENRY B. VINCENT, Organ
Erie, Pa.
Miss DOROTHEA WARREN, Ceramics
New York City.
Mr. CHARLES C. WASHBURN, Voice
Vanderbilt University.
Mr. FREDERICK WHITNEY, Drawing
Salem (Mass.) Normal School
Miss ELIZA McC. WOODS, Piano
Peabody Institute, Baltimore.
Miss ELEANOR WOODWARD, Design
Tulane University.
Prof. WM. WOODWARD, Fine Arts
Tulane University.
Prof. C. S. YOAKUM, Psych.
University of Texas.

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SUBJECTS OF COURSES

Agriculture
Algebra
American Literature
Aquatics
Arithmetic
Arts and Crafts
Basketry
Beauty, Elements of
Biblical Literature and History
Bird Study
Blackboard Drawing
Block Printing
Book Binding
Bookkeeping
Boys' Club
Caesar
Ceramics
Chair Seating
Charcoal Drawing
Chemistry
Chemistry, Household
Church, Development of
Classes for Boys and Girls
Construction
Cookery, School Room
Cookery, Home
Cookery, Institutional
Design
Domestic Science
Drama, Masterpieces of
Drawing, Blackboard
Drawing, Freehand
Drawing, Life
Drawing, Mechanical
Drawing Public School
Dyeing and Weaving
Education, Elementary
Education, History of
Education, Psychology Applied to
Elements of Beauty
Elementary Hand Work
Elementary Methods
Embroidery
English Composition
English, High School
English Literature
Expression
Expression, Normal Course
European Travel Extension
Food and Dietetics
French, all courses
Gardening, School
Geometry
German, all courses
Girls' Club
Goethe
Grammar Grades, Methods for
Grange Scholarships
Gymnastics, Normal course
Gymnastics, Medical
Hand Work, Elementary
Health and Self Expression
High School English
History of American Literature
History of Education
History of English Literature
Household Management
Jewelry
Kindergarten courses
Kindergarten, Children's
Kindergarten, Nursery
Lace Making
Latin, Beginning
Latin, Composition
Leather Working
Library Training
Literary and Dramatic Interpretation
Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo
Manual Training
Mathematics and Science
Metal Work
Missionaries, Phonetic Course for
Modern Languages
Music
Music, Public School
Nature Study
Nursery Kindergarten
Organ
Outdoor Sports and Games
Painting, Oil
Parliamentary Law
Pedagogy and Psychology
Pen Craft
Photography
Physical Education
Physical Ed. Normal Course
Physics
Piano
Poetry of the 19th Century
Practical Arts
Primary Grades, Methods of
Printing and Lettering
Printing, Stenciling and Block
Psychology and Pedagogy
Psychology, Elements of
Psychology in Education
Public School Art
Public School Music
Religious Teaching
Schiller
School Gardening
Science, Domestic
Sewing
Shakespeare
Sketching, Blackboard
Sketching, Outdoor
Stenciling
Stenography
Story Telling
Sunday School, Teacher's class
Sunday School Organization
Textile Decoration
Trigonometry
Typesetting
Typewriting
Virgil
Violin
Vocal Culture
Voice
Weaving and Dyeing
Woodworking
Wordsworth

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DATES FOR CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION AND OTHER ASSEMBLIES, 1911

State	Name of Assembly	Dates	Recognition Day	Final Report
Calif.	PACIFIC GROVE.....	July 10-22	July 18.....	June 20....
Conn.	FORESTVILLE	July 22-Aug. 1...	Aug. 1.....	July 10...
Ill.	HAVANA	July 29-Aug. 13..	.....	July 5....
"	DIXON	July 18-Aug. 8..	.....	June 25...
"	LINCOLN	Aug. 9-23	.....	July 20...
"	LITCHFIELD.....	Aug. 6-20	.....	July 20...
"	OTTAWA	Aug. 18-27	.....	July 25...
"	PONTIAC	July 22-Aug 6....	.....	June 30..
"	COLUMBUS	Aug. 4-13	.....	July 15...
Ind.	KOKOMO	Aug. 4-13	Aug. 10.....	July 20...
"	WABASH	Aug. 18-27	.....	July 25...
"	WINONA	July 2-Aug. 20...	Aug. 15.....	July 25...
Iowa	CLARINDA	.....	.....	July 10...
"	COLFAX ,.....	Aug. 3-13	.....	July 10...
"	CRESTON	Aug. 4-13	.....	July 10...
"	FT. DODGE	Aug. 20-27	Aug. 26.....	Aug 1....
Kans.	CAWKER CITY	Aug. 5-20	.....	July 25...
"	OTTAWA	Aug 1-11	Aug. 10.....	July 20...
"	WATHENA	Aug. 5-13	.....	July 25...
"	WINFIELD	July 6-16	July 10.....	June 20...
Md.	MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK.	Aug. 8-29	Aug. 25.....	Aug. 1....
Mass.	NORTHAMPTON	July 10-29	July 19.....	July 1....
Mo.	MAYSVILLE.....	Aug. 13-20	.....	July 20...
"	MEXICO	July 23-Aug. 3...	.....	June 30...
N. Y.	Chautauqua	June 29-Aug.27 ..	Aug.16	July 5 ...
N. Mex.	MOUNTAINAIR	Aug. 2-13	Aug. 11.....	July 10...
N. Dak.	DEVIL'S LAKE	July 1-16	July 8.....	June 15...
Ohio	BELLEFONTAINE	July 21-30	.....	July 5....
"	MARION	July 22-30	.....	July 5....
Penna.	MT. GRETNA	July 1-Aug. 2....	July 20.....	July 1....
S. Dak.	BIG STONE CITY.....	July 1-9	July 7.....	June 15...
Tenn.	MONTEAGLE	July 3-Aug. 26....	.....	June 20...
Wash.	WHIDBY ISLAND	July 19-31	.....	June 25..

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Leonardo da Vinci, B.-1452, D.-1519 Italian School.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. 63 JULY, 1911. No. 2.

Trusts and Trust Law in New Light

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case, anxiously awaited for many months, came at last in the middle of May. It was not sensational in so far as it affected the direct issues of the case. It had been "discounted;" the great corporation, fearing a decree of dissolution, had taken steps to prepare itself for an adverse decision. But there were dicta and arguments in the opinion of the court, from which Justice Harlan alone dissented, which seemed for a while to put a new face on the whole industrial situation. Men of affairs declared that they could breathe again and do business under modern conditions without terror. The court, they said, had answered the appeal of legitimate commerce and given the trust act a new and reasonable interpretation.

What actually happened was this: The court ruled against the Standard Oil combination and ordered its dissolution within six months. It found that the evidence, the presumptions and previous litigation established the fact that the company was an unlawful combination in injurious and unreasonable restraint of trade. But, in considering the contentions of counsel, the court said that the Sherman act was not an act directed against any and all combinations in restraint of trade, and that Congress in passing it intended to prevent and punish only such restraint of trade as was serious, harmful in its effects, undesirable and obnoxious

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to trade ethics and the public good. In other words, the act really embodied the common law as to monopolies and adapted it to modern conditions. To hold that it outlawed all contracts and combinations which in any degree or manner restrained trade, even if no injury could be shown, was to abandon all reason and make an impossible and unenforceable statute which, instead of protecting freedom and contract, would paralyze and destroy these rights. The court admitted that in previous cases loose and more sweeping language had been used, language which denied the distinction between reasonable and unreasonable, due and undue, restraint of trade. But it also asserted that this loose, broad language had not furnished the *basis* of any decision. No trust had, as a matter of fact, been dissolved on purely technical grounds; in every case undue and harmful restraint had been shown by the government, so that the spirit of the previous decisions was not at all in conflict with the spirit of the latest decision. The trust act is re-defined and re-interpreted, but it is not changed in any material sense; the policy of Congress stands, and its purpose is given effect now as always, in the deliberate opinion of the court.

The decision in the oil case was followed, two weeks later, by that in the case of the tobacco trust. That combination, too, was held to be an illegal trust in restraint of trade. The "rule of reason" did not save it; it was ordered to dissolve and "honestly" reorganize within six months. The court—Justice Harlan again dissenting—reiterated and amplified its views as to the Sherman act, denied that it has "legislated," and affirmed that its interpretation really verified and strengthened the law, or made it potent and practical.

Around this feature controversy rages and will continue to rage. Some Democrats and Republican insurgents accuse the court of usurpation and judicial legislation, agreeing with and citing Justice Harlan's vigorous dissenting opinion. Already there is a strong demand for legislation

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expressly prohibiting even due and reasonable restraint of trade. Such an amendment would nullify the effects of the Supreme Court's decisions and dicta, but it would raise the very serious question of the constitutionality of the amended act, which, according to the court, would then be unenforceable and destructive of freedom and property rights. Moreover, could the act then be made a practical and enforceable one? Would any administration attack reasonable combinations or harmless ones? Would not the executive use discretion and "the light of reason" in any case?

There are many who think that what is really needed is an amendment of the trust act making it clear that only undue and injurious restraints of trade are prohibited. In other words, Congress would then do by legislation what the Supreme Court has done by "interpretation." But that solution raises other difficulties and doubts. Could men be punished criminally for violating an indefinite statute? Could not trusts claim that they thought they had been reasonable in their restraints, and would it not be impossible to prove criminal intent?

The oil and tobacco decisions, in spite of the new light, have failed to clear up the situation either politically or industrially; they have but emphasized the complexity of the trust and monopoly problem and given Congress, the executive and the courts many hard nuts to crack. There are other cases before the court, and the disposition of them is likely to furnish further commentaries on the trust law.

Peace Through "Financial Neutrality"

At the recent meeting of the American Peace Congress the developments which were dwelt on with particular satisfaction were, naturally enough, those connected with the proposed Anglo-American treaty of "unlimited arbitration." Although it is admitted that war between England and this country is improbable and almost unthinkable in any case, the conclusion of a model, ideal treaty of arbitration be-

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tween such world powers will be a wonderful step forward in civilization. It will not fail to affect other nations, to energize public opinion in favor of arbitration, to discredit further the Jingo gospel of waste, frenzied, unprofitable, irrational preparation for war, crushing taxation of industry.

But other important and highly encouraging contributions to the peace movement were made or noted by the meeting. For the first time the idea of "financial neutrality" as a means of preventing or shortening warfare was brought forward by leading American bankers. What is financial neutrality? Simply this—that no neutral power permit its bankers and financiers to float or participate in floating bond issues of belligerents. In Europe the bankers are already in a measure guided, not to say controlled, by foreign offices or cabinets in making loans to outside governments. France lately prevented its bankers from floating a Turkish loan because it objected to certain aspects of Turkish policy. England does not hesitate to make its wishes known to banking houses in matters of this kind, and these wishes are respected. The suggestion is that the nations which are sincere in their advocacy of arbitration might with much greater propriety and benefit to mankind prohibit the making of war loans to aggressive, reactionary, obstructive powers that stand in the way of arbitration or limitation of armaments. In presenting and developing this idea, Mr. Speyer, the New York banker, said at the meeting:

> In case two nations went to war without first submitting their grievances and differences to arbitration or judicial settlement at The Hague, why should the other neutral powers not bind themselves not to assist either of the belligerents financially, but to see to it that real neutrality was observed by their banks and bankers? There is little doubt that this could be done. If no financial assistance could be obtained from the outside, few nations would, in the face of this most effective neutrality of the other powers, incur the peril of bankruptcy. Some wars would probably not take place at all, and those that could not be avoided would certainly last a much shorter time.

It is clear that "financial neutrality" in this sense would force governments to arbitrate in nine cases out of ten.

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The resources of few powers are equal to great and protracted conflicts under modern methods of warfare. In the last great war Japan and Russia both had to borrow hundreds of millions abroad; Germany could not fight France without foreign loans, nor could she fight England or any other first-rate power on the money raised at home. It has been objected that poor nations fight in order to acquire territory, markets or indemnity payments, but this is specious. No doubt not all wars would be prevented by strict financial neutrality, but that many would be prevented is too obvious for serious discussion.

The idea was approved by the conference and the resolutions recommended that the government submit it as one of the questions to be taken up at the next international conference at The Hague. Action on it may seem remote, but the idea is a vital and fruitful one, and that bankers, most practical of men, favor it, is sufficient proof of its weight as a contribution to the peace-arbitration movement.

Law and Conservation

It has been recognized that the great conservation movement has a number of legal knots to unravel. State and individual rights, or claims, are affected by national control of reserves and other public lands. In two recent cases the United States Supreme Court rendered decisions which appear to settle the fundamental legal problem of the conservation movement. The direct issue was the right of cattle men to graze sheep upon reserves without permission, or contrary to regulations, of the Department of Agriculture. In one of the cases the reserve land had not been fenced, and under a state law there could be no trespass where there was no fencing. Thus there was a conflict between state and federal regulations. The practical issues, moreover, raised the greater and general issue whether the national government had the power to protect the timber supply, regulate the flow of streams, and prevent the grabbing of power sites. The

unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court was highly favorable to the government and sweeping in its language on the main question. We quote:

> The Nation is an owner and has made Congress the principal agent to dispose of its property.
>
> The United States can prohibit absolutely and fix the terms on which its property may be used. As it can withhold or reserve the land, it can do so indefinitely. It is true that the United States does not and cannot hold property as a monarch may for private and personal purposes. But that does not lead to the conclusion that it is without the rights incident to ownership, for the Constitution declares that "Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or property belonging to the United States."
>
> All the public lands of the Nation are held in trust for the people of the whole country. And it is not for the courts to say how that trust shall be administered; that is for Congress to determine. The courts cannot compel it to set aside the lands for settlement; nor to suffer them to be used for agricultural or grazing purposes; nor interfere when, in the exercise of its discretion, Congress establishes the forest reserve for what it decides to be National and public purposes. In the same way and in the exercise of the same trust it may disestablish a reserve and devote the property to some other National and public purpose. Those are rights incident to proprietorship, to say nothing of the power of the United States as a sovereign over the property belonging to it.

Two Constitutional Amendments

We have had much talk about needed or impending constitutional changes, but most of it is general and vague. Public sentiment seems to favor definitely only two amendments to the federal Constitution. One relates to the mode of electing United States senators, the other has to do with the taxation of incomes.

An income-tax amendment, empowering Congress to impose a direct tax on incomes without apportionment among the states on the basis of population, has been submitted to the states by Congress. Many legislatures have taken action thereon, but it is not likely to be ratified this year. Under the Constitution it needs the approval of 35 states, and after the admission of Arizona and New Mexico the number of states necessary to ratification will be 36. The re-

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jection of the amendment by 12 legislatures—or by twelve halves of legislatures, since adverse action by one branch of a legislature amounts to rejection—means delay and struggle for an indefinite period. It has been held that a legislature or state may reverse itself and ratify within a reasonable time an amendment it has begun by rejecting, while a formal approval of a pending amendment cannot be withdrawn. This doctrine has been assailed as illogical and irrational, but it is firmly established by certain precedents. Hence the rejection of the income tax amendment by 12 states means not final defeat, but postponement and further agitation in the states that say "No."

At this writing 11 states, through their legislatures, have rejected the amendment. The list is as follows:

Louisiana,	Virginia,	Vermont,
Massachusetts,	Arkansas,	West Virginia,
New York,	New Hampshire,	New Jersey.
Rhode Island,	Utah,	

There is some uncertainty as to the number of states that have properly and duly ratified the amendment, but Senator Brown, its chief sponsor, declares that the number is 29. The states that have surely ratified are 24:

Alabama,	South Carolina,	Michigan,
Georgia,	Texas,	Missouri,
Illinois,	California,	Montana,
Kentucky,	Colorado,	Nebraska,
Maine,	Idaho,	Ohio,
Maryland,	Indiana,	Oregon,
Mississippi,	Iowa,	South Dakota,
Oklahoma,	Kansas,	Tennessee.

That sooner or later the amendment will be ratified and will become law is admitted even by its opponents. State income taxation is a melancholy failure, and only a federal tax could be uniform, fair and evasion-proof.

The amendment providing for direct popular election of senators is less vital, for in many states the people now indirectly dictate the choice of senators, and in others progressive-insurgent sentiments are in the ascendant, so that only popular men have any chance of election. Still,

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the people undoubtedly prefer direct election of senators and the change is actually impending. The old arguments for election by legislatures are now seldom made. If the people can be trusted to elect presidents, governors, congressmen, judges, mayors, why is it dangerous to intrust them with the power of choosing federal senators?

Tory Plan for Reforming the Lords

The liberal anti-veto bill, which very greatly restricts the power of the British House of Lords, does not attempt to change the composition of that chamber. Its preamble contains a promise of a bill dealing with the question of the composition and organization of that house, but actually the liberals have not elaborated or formulated any scheme looking to such re-organization. For the present, they contend, the bill regulating the relations between the two houses of parliament, establishing the supremacy of the Commons and depriving the lords of their "final" veto, is sufficient, meeting as it does the only vital and urgent political question before the country.

But the tory opposition long ago promised an "alternative" to the liberal anti-veto bill, which they declare to be revolutionary and unfair, and such an alternative has at last been presented by Lord Lansdowne, tory leader in the upper house. The tories believe in a "strong" and efficient second chamber, but they recognize that it must be representative and reasonably responsive to democratic sentiment—which the present second chamber has never been. To a reformed and modernized second chamber, they say, the anti-veto bill ought not to apply, as such a chamber is entitled to full power over legislation—except money bills, perhaps—and there would be no danger to normal progress in giving it such power.

It is admitted by leading liberals and radicals that the Lansdowne plan is more advanced, modern and "helpful" than they had expected it to be. It is an earnest effort to

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"mend" the lords and concede the claims of democracy and modernity. The changes proposed are these: Reduction of the membership to 350; abandonment of the hereditary principle; representation of the peerage in the house by 100 elected members of the order, each member to possess statutory qualifications, such as a public record, experience in legislation or administration, etc.; the appointment of 100 peers by the crown on recommendations of the cabinet of the party in power; the election of another section of 100 by bodies made up of representatives of the people in districts created by statute for that purpose.

A house so formed, it is claimed by the tory leaders, could not have a permanent majority of partisans of one class or alliance of groups and interests. It would be duly affected by waves and tides of democratic opinion, and, as a rule, prove fair as between the parties.

Of this, however, the liberals, radicals and laborites are not at all sure. They will persevere in their own course, limit the power of the lords, and in good time prepare a scheme of their own for reforming and reorganizing the second chamber. That they will be more radical in their scheme than Lord Lansdowne is in his scarcely needs saying.

Constitution and Judiciary in Australia

In the Commonwealth of Australia, as in the United States, the judiciary exercises the power of interpreting the constitution and passing upon the validity of statutory legislation. There, as here, it is contended by some public men that the judiciary has stretched its power in this direction and acquired a "veto" prerogative which it was never intended it should possess. There, as here, courts have been criticised for "killing" laws on insufficient grounds out of certain social and moral prejudices or by reason of excessive conservatism in dealing with property interests versus human rights and popular needs.

The labor ministry of Australia, dissatisfied with a

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number of adverse decisions affecting trade unions and reforms, has submitted amendments to the voters for the expressing clearly in the constitution the intent of the parliament and popular majority with reference to the annulled acts, the judicial "veto" itself not being directly attacked at this time. The referendum on this important issue will test under peculiar circumstances the strength of organized labor and radicalism in the Antipodes. Premier Fisher is appealing to the voters in the name of "democracy" and social reform, in the name of self-government. If he and his party succeed, the judiciary will find itself in effect overruled by the electorate, although the language of the constitution will be changed.

The cases in which the High Court of Australia annulled legislation are, briefly, these:

The New South Wales arbitration case, in which it was held that the hour of closing stores is not an "industrial matter"—a decision which, it is said, killed the arbitration act as far as it affected shop employees.

The decision in another arbitration case that a labor dispute cannot be taken to court unless there has been a strike or lock-out.

The decision that no preference can be given to union workmen over non-union workmen in arbitrating a case.

The decision that arbitral courts lack power to attach persons for non-payment of fines inflicted on them by such courts.

The decision that arbitration legislation cannot be made applicable to employees on state railroads.

The decision that parliament cannot require certain wage standards as a condition of extending tariff protection to manufacturers, or withdraw protection once granted for shortcomings and bad treatment of employees.

These are illustrations of the nature of the controversy between the federal judiciary and the radical-labor majority now in power. Other cases may of course arise of like character. The militant progressives believe that the constitutional amendment needed is one depriving the judiciary of the "veto" altogether and conforming to the British practice, which makes parliament supreme, rather than to the American, which clothes the judiciary with the power of killing statutes as unconstitutional.

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Jubilee of Italian Unity

The fiftieth anniversary of Italian unity has been celebrated at Rome, Florence, and Turin. Several international exhibitions, industrial and artistic, are being held to mark Italian progress. That progress has in truth been very remarkable. The statistics of population, production, foreign commerce, revenue, incomes and wages all show growth and advance. If the seven states out of which men like Cavour, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Victor Emmanuel succeeded, after heroic struggles, much bloodshed, and astute diplomacy, in forming a new Italian kingdom had remained separate and divided, aggressive neighbors would long since have annexed some of them, and Europe would have known no peace or quiet. The Italy of today, though by no means a homogeneous and morally united country, is a power to reckon with, a power not unworthy of the Roman Empire of antiquity. In the words of the mayor of Rome, Ernesto Nathan, who has contributed an article on industrial Italy to the *Century*: "Every day marks a strengthening of the unification. A uniform system of elementary instruction, uniform military education for all who serve in the army or the navy, the transfer of northern governmental functionaries to the south, and *vice versa*, carrying out the nation's laws, meting out justice and teaching in the schools, have brought the various ethnological groups into touch, while industrial and commercial enterprises have contributed to the same end and brought about an interchange of thoughts, habits, and language."

Italy is comparatively poor even now, and her wealth is badly distributed. In the south extreme poverty prevails, and emigration is heavy. It is freely recognized that the golden stream of American dollars flowing Italy-ward have re-invigorated certain sections of Italy and made life tolerable there. Over-population, excessive competition for land and work, unemployment and heavy taxation have largely been obviated or mitigated by emigration. But to say this

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is not to disparage the labors and achievements of the Italians at home in improving agriculture, extending manufactures and utilizing science and skill in industry. In the fine arts as in science and industry Italy is distinguishing herself.

Grave problems still confront her. She is restive in the Triple Alliance, from which she now derives small benefit; she is forced to maintain a larger navy than she otherwise would consider necessary; her poorer inhabitants are overtaxed, and violent strikes are frequent. Politically Italy is governed by an effete senate and an inefficient, unstable chamber in which there are many groups and interests, but no solid majority. Ministries are short-lived; the warfare between the Vatican and the state prevents proper alignment of men in accordance with their political ideas. The radicals and socialists, the conservatives complain, have greater power in parliament than their mere numbers entitle them to, and they owe this excess of power to abstention of strict, devout followers of the unreconciled Pope. Ripe social, fiscal, educational, and other issues cannot, under existing circumstances, receive the sober consideration they demand, and evolution is slower than in other parts of Europe.

Still, in spite of thick clouds and severe handicaps, Italy is advancing and giving new evidence of wonderful vitality. She regards Austria as the real obstacle in her way, for Austria still rules over territory claimed by Italy and prevents a complete triumph of Italian nationality. In foreign commerce, too, Italy is hampered by Austrian rivalry in the Balkans and elsewhere. She may decide to retire from the Triple Alliance upon the expiration of the present treaty with Germany and Austria-Hungary, and possibly seek membership in another alliance. Her good understanding with France and England gives her certain freedom of action in this direction. Militarism is her greatest curse,

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and she would doubtless welcome arbitration and an agreement for the limitation of armaments.

Just now she prefers to dwell, not on outstanding troublesome questions and dangers, but on greater dangers and troubles unification has enabled her to escape.

Great Social Reforms in England

We have heretofore referred to the plans for insurance against sickness, disability, and involuntary unemployment which Mr. Lloyd-George, the British chancellor of the exchequer, had announced in general terms. The measure as elaborated and introduced in parliament surpasses expectations and is in truth "gigantic" and "revolutionary." Mr. Lloyd-George, as has been said, "has out-Bismarcked Bismarck," and has proposed the most comprehensive and remarkable measure against poverty, anguish, pauperism and despair ever brought into a parliament.

The measure is properly divisible into several parts. It is, with some exceptions, compulsory and "contributory." It deals with unemployment in the building and engineering industries—which are believed to need insurance most and to present the most favorable field for experiments in what is admittedly a new enterprise. It deals with sickness and disability in all industries. It applies to some 18,000,000 persons. The cost to the state is estimated at over $12,000,000 for the first year, and at about $36,000,000 ultimately. Critics of the scheme assert that the burden to be placed on the general taxpaying public will in reality be much heavier. Heavier or not, say the friends of the measure, it is wise and true benevolence for the state to aid employers and employees in establishing such insurance, for it means national vigor and national hope, the removal of just grievances and of causes of social friction. In any case, the argument for the scheme runs further, the nation must pay for sickness, relief of paupers, disability. It now pays it indirectly, but

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it pays. Why not pay with dignity and efficiency, and breed thrift and self-respect instead of dependence and demoralization.

As already stated, the scheme is compulsory and contributory. All workers who earn less than $800 a year are to pay for sickness and disability insurance the small sum of eight cents a week each. The employer will contribute for each worker six cents a week, and the state four. Out of the fund thus collected the sick will get a weekly allowance of $1.25, with free medical attendance, good drugs, and other attention in addition. Women will be paid a maternity allowance, and part of the money will be used to establish and maintain hospitals for consumptives and otherwise to carry on warfare against the "white plague." There are many interesting details in the scheme which reveal deep study, understanding of existing conditions in poor homes, and great concern for the welfare of those, who, lacking skill or steady employment, find life hardest.

The insurance against unemployment is limited to about 2,500,000 workmen. The rate per week is to be $1.75 for a certain number of weeks, but no payment will be made to men on strike or to "locked out" men.

Throughout the scheme care is shown to encourage self-help and avoid pauperization. To do too much is to incur serious moral risks, but to do a little is to foster independence and self-respect, to give men and women faith, confidence and energy.

Mr. Lloyd-George frankly says that he will need all the progressive and unselfish sentiment of the kingdom to put his "revolutionary" measure on the statute books. The tory party will not oppose it in principle, for many of its leading men and organs believe in social and economic reform, while others realize that it would be "bad politics" and "bad tactics" to offend all the millions whom the measures will benefit. Still, particular features will be attacked,

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the debate will be spirited and progress will be slow. Large employers say that the bill subjects them to undue taxation, and threats of wage reductions have been made. "Socialism" is of course the cry of some writers, who think the measure will make the middle classes and more prosperous workmen support the "lower classes." However, its passage is a practical certainty, and time will disclose its real effect on the physical and moral welfare of the United Kingdom.

The Negro in Canada

Dissatisfaction of black men with Oklahoma legislation and policy against their race has caused a movement of negro farmers and laborers into Canada. Before our Civil War Canada was a haven for fugitive slaves; the American negro was welcomed there, encouraged to stay and become a free, self-supporting citizen. Today, however, Canadian sentiment is changed. We say "Canadian sentiment," although it is said by some observers that it is the newer American element in the Dominion that is hostile to the negro and determined to deny him there the opportunities and decent treatment he is seeking. The general question of the proper policy toward the negro was recently raised in the Dominion parliament and in the course of a lively discussion no disposition was manifested to defend the rights of the black man. The Laurier government, it is true, indicated that it was not ready to bring in any measure providing for the exclusion of negroes as such, but, at the same time, it refrained from declaring any intention of favoring the negro emigrant in the interpretation of the very severe laws controlling the admission and exclusion of aliens. Those laws have been very strictly construed against negroes, and even the possession of considerable capital, agricultural experience, intelligence, and evidence

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of entire respectability have not prevented the exclusion of bodies of them numbering 200 or more.

It is plain, indeed, that the negro is not wanted in Canada. Chambers of commerce and other organizations have adopted resolutions against negro immigration, basing these, however, not on color or "previous condition," but on alleged physical weakness. It is asserted that the negro cannot endure or thrive under the rigors of the Canadian climate, and that therefore sooner or later they would lose their apparent qualifications, degenerate, and become paupers or public charges. This mere "possibility," it seems, is deemed a sufficient ground for exclusion under the immigration law; at any rate, it has been advanced in several cases as sufficient ground. The negroes have been advised to appeal to Canadian courts and test the soundness of the construction of the law thus applied to them. Meantime their movement Canadaward has been checked. The United States, of course, owes them protection and is entitled to protest to Canada and England against any "discrimination" against its black citizens in violation of existing treaty rights; but the charge of discrimination would be strongly denied, and, moreover, for our government to protest insistently and loudly would savor of hypocrisy. The world would ask why the American negro farmer or thrifty laborer should be driven to emigrate to Canada—and not only from southern states but from expanding and new western and northwestern states that have barely scratched their natural resources and that profess advanced ideas of social and political organization. The question would be embarrassing, to put it mildly.

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American Art Extension

GROWTH in the appreciation of art is one of the encouraging signs of the times in the United States. Newspapers have made a good deal of the purchases of famous masterpieces by wealthy Americans and frequently quoted foreign protests against the depletion of European galleries for the enrichment of American collections. The rapidity with which this country has been taking rank as a World Art Center is startling to anyone who has not kept track of the acquisitions and surprising even to those interested in such achievement.

The introduction of courses in art history and art appreciation by universities and colleges records the demand upon the conventional institutions of higher education for art instruction in recent years. New art galleries and museums are constructed each year in our towns and cities through gifts or appropriations. Exhibitions of paintings in museums and galleries constantly increase in number and popularity, fostered, doubtless, by the success and undoubted educational value of such special art exhibitions as marked the Chicago World's Fair, the St. Louis Exposition, and other Expositions from the Centennial to the Alaska-Yukon. Art exhibits in connection with public schools range all the way from ambitious and important loan collections to traveling exhibits of photographs of paintings. Art clubs or art societies, either for the study of art or for building up local artistic standards, multiply yearly. Art schools are developing talent and taste. Among such organizations as the Women's Clubs the subject of art is one of the most popular. The remarkable revival of interest in what is called the Arts and Crafts is contributing very

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largely to art appreciation, the concrete standpoint of home decoration appealing first to many, who are thus led to the consideration of the relations of art in its larger sense. Readers of the Chautauqua Course hardly need to be reminded of the fact that year after year the subject of art in various forms has been a part of its work of popular education.

This partial recapitulation of some of the current evidences of art interest in the United States indicates a gratifying development and points the opportunity for further educational service.

The following pages contain exceptional aids to the appreciation of art. Remarkable color prints of some of the World's Masterpieces of Painting are accompanied by detailed studies or "appreciations" and biographies of the artists. Comprehensive illustrated sketches of the Great Schools of Painting represented by the color prints are supplemented by definite programs for individual or club study. Another expert gives practical suggestions on How to Appreciate Pictures. Here is the needed kind of systematic study material, information, suggestion, and authoritative art criticism of a popular nature.

For the study of art, color prints mark a great advance over material heretofore available at any price, and these highest-grade reproductions are striking examples of modern progress in color printing. Within the past year, moreover, methods have been perfected by which masterpieces of painting are reproduced on canvas in the exact colors and size of the original. This achievement means that for a moderate price one may have a fac-simile in color of a world's masterpiece for study and enjoyment here,

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while the original can still be left at its own home abroad where it belongs historically. Thus to the right kind of study material about painting has now been added the long desired exact reproduction in color and size of the original instead of expensive and imperfect copies. All of the subjects of the color prints in this number are being so reproduced. Copies will be on exhibition at Chautauqua this season and will constitute the first gallery of these Painting Proofs in the United States. The duplication of complete collections of Painting Proofs in all parts of the country in behalf of art appreciation is one of the possibilities contemplated under the coöperative auspices of the American Art Extension. The Art Extension Prints used as color plates in this American Art Extension Number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN have been made by the photo-color process from Painting Proofs, giving in miniature form unprecedented reflections of the great originals selected.

Both time and opportunity being ripe for the inauguration of a specialized movement, "The American Art Extension in coöperation with Chautauqua Institution" has been organized to utilize all the best modern means for popular education in the appreciation of art. The organization is under the direction and control of an Advisory Board. Painting Proofs will continue to be issued in chronological series according to schools, thus complying to educational requirements. Color prints for individual use and special means for meeting school and class conditions will be offered. Further instruction material for home and class use will be issued in connection with each new series. Upon the establishment of community galleries of Painting Proofs it is proposed to offer supplementary lectures on the appreciation of art.

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Art Appreciation

By Henry Turner Bailey

Editor, The School Arts Book

THE first stage in art appreciation is that of the amateur photographer and the collector of post cards. In this stage that is admirable which has an intimate personal relation. A picture is valued not upon its merits as a work of art, but for its reminiscent value to the individual.

The second stage of art appreciation is that of the student, the historian, and the archaeologist. In this stage the name of the picture and the artist who produced it, the school to which it belongs, the history of the painting, when it was produced, how large it is, how much the artist received for it, how much it brought the last time it was sold, and other historical and commercial considerations assume great importance.

A third stage of appreciation is that of the indiscriminate talker about art, the repeater of such epithets as "beautiful," "lovely," "charming," and of such phrases as "full of feeling," "a fine atmosphere," "wonderful tone qualities," "charming effect," etc. This is a stage of gush. It sometimes succeeds the other two, but more frequently precedes both of them, and is sometimes unrelated to either.

A fourth stage of appreciation is that to which every normal person aspires, the stage of intelligent enjoyment of beauty wherever it appears. It is this kind of appreciation which I have endeavored to promote in writing of the seven masterpieces included in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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One must approach the study of art with an open mind. The right attitude is, "I want to know what is beautiful, that I may learn to enjoy it to the full." At the very outset one must learn to discriminate between what he likes and what is good. While there is no accounting for tastes, there is no dodging the eternal principles of fine art. My likes and dislikes are determined by heredity, it may be, or by other personal idiosyncrasies, but my appreciation of beauty depends not alone upon my sensibilities. My intellect is involved. My appreciation may therefore be cultivated. I may grow in my power. A great painting, a great piece of sculpture, a masterpiece of architecture or of music cannot be appreciated at first glance, any more than one can appreciate Plato's Republic, or the Divina Commedia of Dante, or Goethe's Faust by reading it once. Dr. William T. Harris used to say of Hegel's Philosophy of Fine Art, "That is the sort of book that yields the juices at about the thirteenth reading." The masterpieces are all the works of masterly intelligence as well as of sensitive spirits, and they yield their fullest satisfactions to those who approach them not only with desire but with an open and attentive mind.

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"Mona Lisa"*

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

"FOR Francesco del Giocondo," says Vasari, "Leonardo undertook to paint the portrait of Mona Lisa, his wife; but after loitering over it for four years, he finally left it unfinished." This portrait ranks as the greatest ever painted, faultless in drawing, perfect in coloring, unrivaled in its portrayal of the human spirit.

The picture is "in the truest sense Leonardo's masterpiece," writes Walter Pater, "the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work." It is more than the portrait of Lisa Gioconda. Into this face Leonardo, the Renaissance incarnate, has put his ideal, the highest ideal of mankind, the Eternal Womanly.

"Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far back, of lives in many stars.
O beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world!"

"While he was a boy," says Vasari, "Leonardo modeled in terra-cotta certain heads of women smiling." "When an old man," adds Symonds, "he left Mona Lisa on the easel, not quite finished,—the portrait of a subtle, shadowy, uncertain smile. This smile, this enigmatic revelation of a movement in the soul, this seductive ripple on the surface of the human personality, was to Leonardo a symbol of the secret of the world, an image of the universal mystery."

Mystery, fascinating, luring mystery, lurks in every element of the picture. The light is uncertain: "as some faint light under sea," says Pater; "twilight, with shadows

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like veils, which half dissolve," says Gautier. An early morning light, when the east has paled but not flushed, and when an old moon high up in the night sends down a waning glory like a dream: that would account for the shadows of the face and for the pale radiance of the breast. And why not this moment of the day? Leonardo loved symbolism. Lisa is not old, the midday of her life is yet to be; but her face is towards the west.

The place is uncertain. Is she sitting within a room? Or is she upon a house-top? The perspective of the distance would suggest that, and a hint of the bases of columns at left and right might indicate a pergola. In the distance at the left a road or path winds across a red-earth plain and is lost amid crags. Beyond the crags is a green-blue sea stretching away past other crags to an unknown shore. At the left a river flows beneath two bridges and winds away into a blue-green country of wooded hills to distant mountains half hidden by the veils of the morning mist. The lady herself wears a veil, so thin and gray that it is scarcely visible. It covers her dark red hair, and the upper part of her high forehead. Is she sitting in a "marble chair" as Walter Pater affirms, or is it a chair of some dark wood with trimmings of red leather? Is that the chair beneath her arm; or does her left hand rest upon a book?

But the mysterious light and place are clear compared with the mystery of expression in the face. Cover the right side of her face and the smile disappears; cover the left side and it returns. Cover the lower part of her face to the wing of the nose and her eyes are sad; cover the upper part, and her month is cheerful. Cover the lower part of her face to the lower lids and she is thoughtful; cover the upper part to include the pupils of her eyes and she is fast asleep!

"Woman is ever a varying and changeable thing," concluded Virgil; and Shakespeare asks, "Who is't can read a woman?" At first glance Mona Lisa seems to be looking at those who look at her; upon closer inspection her eyes look

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just past the observer to something beyond. Something? Nay, she sees nothing: "Her eyes are open but their sense is shut." But can one be sure of even that? At first glance she seems not beautiful, but beautiful she is. Where in the whole range of art can other hands be found like hers? Her features are regular and finely modeled. "Wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts, and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions," says Walter Pater. The glow of her full bosom invites the eye more strongly than any other feature; but the eye cannot rest there long; it is compelled to return at once to that face inscrutable. Is it her flesh or her spirit which in woman holds first place among the charms which give her power with men?

Orange is the symbol of benevolence and good-will, but when darkened to brown it signifies the death of these; her eyes are that color. Red is the symbol of love, darkened it signifies passion; such is the color of her hair. Yellow and green are the symbols of wisdom and fruitfulness, darkened they signify treachery and jealousy; such are the colors of her robes. The hair, curled artificially, perhaps, beneath the veil, might argue vanity; but upon her person neither ring nor chain apears, no ornament of any kind.

The print reproduced herewith, fine as it is, falls far short of the Painting Proof in subtlety of rendering. In the original the gleam of the eye, the glow of the cheek, the flush of the lips seem to be alike in color, so near alike are they; but presently the differences appear. The infinitely subtle gradations of color, beneath the infinitely subtle gradations of light and shade, are beyond the power of the untrained eye to follow. They are like the imperceptible transitions from the bud to the flower on earth, and from the night to dawn in heaven.

Mona Lisa: Womankind incarnate! Beauty incarnate! The immortal Soul itself incarnate.

"Nine times folded in mystery."

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Leonardo da Vinci*

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, the School Arts Book

THE richest gifts are occasionally seen to be showered, as by celestial influence, on certain human beings, nay, they sometimes supernaturally and marvelously congregate in one sole person; beauty, grace, and talent being united in such a manner, that to whatever the man thus favored may turn himself, his every action is so divine as to leave all other men far behind him, and manifestly to prove that he has been specially endowed by the hand of God himself, and has not obtained his preëminence by human teaching, or the power of man. This was seen and acknowledged by all men in the case of Leonardo da Vinci."

So wrote Giorgio Vasari in 1547, and he adds, "He was held in the highest estimation, . . . and will continue to be by all succeeding ages."

Vasari must be ranked as a prophet. From the days when Leonardo wore "a rose-colored coat and long hose, his hair falling in luxuriant curls as far as his waist," to those last days when sitting majestically in his house at Amboise he dictated his will, ten days before his death, he was an inevitable center of interest to his contemporaries. Today he is regarded as the central figure of the Renaissance, the very incarnation of its spirit.

Born in 1452, as a boy he became famous for modeling in clay, for his brilliancy in mathematics, for his skill as a musician, and for his ability in drawing. At fifteen he entered the studio of Verocchio. At twenty his name was inscribed on the roll of the Painters' Guild. At twenty-six he was receiving important commissions for pictorial decorations. At twenty-eight he had won fame as a poet, a musician, and an architect. When about thirty he in-

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spired a letter to the Duke of Milan, in which he claimed ability to construct portable bridges, pumps, water systems, tunnels (even beneath rivers), cannon of beautiful design, and military machinery and arms of every kind, for both land and naval warfare. "In time of peace," he continues, "I believe that I could equal any other as regards architecture. . . . Furthermore, I can execute works in sculpture, marble, bronze, or terra cotta. In painting also I can do what may be done, as well as any other, be he who he may." And he concluded, "If any of the above-named things shall seem to any man to be impossible and impracticable, I am perfectly ready to make trial of them."

At thirty-four years of age he was writing his anatomy of the horse, and modeling the equestrian statue of Lodovico Sforza. When thirty-five he made a model for the cupola of Milan Cathedral. At forty he was consulting engineer on the famous Martesana canal for irrigating the Lomellina. When forty-five he was painting the "Last Supper" in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Three years later he was inspecting fortifications for Caesar Borgia. At fifty-one he planned a canal between Pisa and Florence. At fifty-three, he was rivaling Michaelangelo in the making of cartoons for decorations for the city hall of Florence. At fifty-five he was in the service of the French King, Louis XII. When sixty he was under contract for pictures for Pope Leo X. Three years later he was given a pension of seven hundred crowns by Francis I, who told Leonardo that "never man had come into the world who knew so much." For Francis he sketched plans for a splendid palace at Amboise.

But shortly afterward that marvelously cunning right hand of his became paralyzed. The last entry in his notebooks was under the date of June 24, 1518, when Leonardo was sixty-six. He wrote a clear, small hand, backward, so that ordinary folk had to read it by the aid of a mirror! All his life he studied geology, botany, anatomy, alchemy,

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and philosophy, and spent all his spare time, and about all his earnings, in experiments with flying-machines!

In the realm of painting, Leonardo has left us portraits of the highest order, religious pictures unsurpassed for mysterious charm, the greatest "Last Supper" ever painted, the unique, unfathomable Mona Lisa, and the saddest face ever put upon canvas, the "Beardless Christ" of Milan.

"His pictures may be compared to music in a minor key," said Théophile Gautier. "No man ever made greater changes in the technique of painting," wrote George B. Rose in his "Renaissance Masters;" "Lonardo da Vinci was the first perfect painter among the moderns. Compared with him his predecessors are all primitives. Between their art and his three yawns an immense chasm. . . . In him absolute technical skill and a great creative mind went hand in hand, and in neither respect has he ever been surpassed."

"Group of Infants"*

BY RUBENS

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

RUBENS has no respect for historic proprieties," says Henry Taine; "he groups together real and allegorical figures,—cardinals with a naked Mercury. He has no deference for the moral order; he fills the ideal heaven of mythology and of the gospel with coarse characters." This picture of Infants returns to us an echo,—a far-away sweet echo, to be sure, but an echo nevertheless of this truth as expressed by Taine in his brilliant lectures on the Philosophy of Art in the Netherlands.

An unprejudiced and well-informed person coming upon this picture in the Hofmuseum, Vienna, for the first

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time, might see in it a baby Bacchus, half reclining upon his pillow surrounded by infantile devotees, in a fruitful vineyard. Upon closer examination he might conclude that the playful fancy of Rubens had placed before us a new Judgment of Paris. Here is the lovely boy with the golden apple half-hidden in his left hand; the infant Juno has been made happy with a bunch of grapes; while the baby Venus, caressed by Paris, leans forward expectantly to receive the prize. Cupid, with a lamb, symbol of innocence, is present, of course, but with a knowing smile.

Upon examination of the "authorities," however, one discovers that this is "The Little Jesus, St. John, and Two Angels," or, as another states, "The Infant Jesus Playing with St. John." One of the angels is certainly a little girl, wingless, so far as may be seen, with her hair done in a diminutive knot. A falcon, or some bird of his kind, is investigating the basket of fruit in the lower right hand corner of the picture. In the upper left corner a tempestuous sky is visible above a mountainous distance. The little Jesus sits on a robe of red—typical Rubens red; the little John upon a sheep skin. A mischievous child furnished with wings is lifting a passive lamb, regarded with pleased interest by the child in the background who has evidently just picked a bunch of grapes to offer to the infant Savior. The painter's love of weath of detail has led him to add, with his usual ease of manner, and without disturbing in the least the unity of the whole suave composition, a well-constructed basket for the fruit (which consists of apples, pears, a quince, and three kinds of grapes), and chain-stitch embroidery in white upon the white pillow.

The critics say that the fruit was painted by Snyders and the landscape by some other of Rubens's pupils. Be that as it may, no one but Rubens could have composed the picture, no one but the Master could have brought it to such a state of glowing freshness of surprising color. Notice the rhythms of value and of hue in the curly heads. They

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form a perfectly graded series of four tones. See the scale of white from the pillow to John's drapery, the lamb, the wing, the sky. Compare the shaded surfaces of John's face, and of the arms near it, with those of the cherub with the lamb. Observe the quality of light upon the body of this cherub; compare it with that upon the back of John; and then both with the dazzling radiance of the breast and shoulder of the little Christ. Here is seen in perfection what Taine describes as "the delicacy, the exquisite melting rosiness of infantile skin."

The picture is a typical work of the master. The plump human body, its flesh tones vibrant with sympathetic reflections placed in contrast with surprising accessories, and always associated with a flaming drapery of red of indescribable hue—a red where orange and gold play hide-and-seek with crimson and violet through a warp and woof of vermilion—and all combined in a complex picture, full of life, full of joy, in which the details are never allowed to interfere with the impression made by the splendid whole,—these outstanding qualities of the work of Rubens are here displayed in their most lovable form.

Whatever one may think of the more dramatic compositions of this opulent genius, one must agree with Dr. Waagen when he says that "Rubens's pictures in which children are represented playing with fruit and flowers are of extraordinary beauty."

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Rubens*

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

IF to live happily, to be employed in such wise as to exercise the special talents which Nature has bestowed and thus to be assured of success in these undertakings, constitutes happiness, one may say that Rubens's life was one of the happiest which has ever been led in this world." Such is the opinion of Roger de Piles.

Rubens, born at Siegen, Westphalia, June 29th, 1577, on the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, whence his names, was the son of John Rubens, a noble by birth and a lover of fine art by nature. He had won an LL. D. from the University of Padua, and was councillor and alderman in Antwerp, his native city.

Living from the first in an atmosphere of refinement, before he was eleven years of age (when he lost his father), the boy Rubens had outstripped his companions in youthful accomplishments, and was placed with the Dowager-Countess of Lalaing as one of her pages. "Seemingly unable to resist the impulse of his proper genius," says the astute Roger, already quoted, "he obtained permission from his mother . . . that he should be apprenticed." He seems to have served as an apprentice, briefly, Tobias Verhaeght, and for several years Adam van Noort of Antwerp. "Such was his precocity," observes Roger, "that it was easy to be perceived that the intention of nature in bringing him into this world was that he should become a great painter." For four years more he was a pupil of Otto Voenius, "the Apeles of Flanders." Here he so distinguished himself that people began to wonder who was the real master in the Voenius studio.

Rubens, now twenty-three, decided that he must study

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in Italy, and to Italy he went. Working first in Venice and later at Rome, he won completely the confidence of the Duke of Mantua who placed him in cha ge of a rich gift to be delivered to the King of Spain. Returning to Italy to continue his studies, Rubens remained there until recalled to Flanders by the illness and death of his mother in 1608.

The Archduke Albert and his wife, Isabella, governors of the Spanish Netherlands, fearing that the now famous painter would return to Italy, made him their Painter in Ordinary, and, at his request, established him in Antwerp, away from court distractions. Here he married Isabella Brandt, bought a house, made an extensive garden, and therein built a pavilion after the style of the Pantheon, richly adorned with sculpture and paintings from Italy. So cordially did he receive everybody that visitors to Antwerp usually visited Rubens. He was tall, well-built, handsome, agreeable, witty, with a rich musical voice, and so versatile that the Marquis of Spinola affirmed he found so many talents combined in him so richly, he believed painting to be "one of the least considerable of them!"

Rubens arose at four in the morning, heard mass, ate sparingly, and began work immediately, with a paid reader entertaining him with Plutarch, Livy, Seneca or some other worthy author, while he painted. Usually he finished at five in the afternoon and went out on horseback for exercise and pleasure. This ordered life enabled him to produce an extraordinary amount of work, "fifteen hundred productions, the most immense output that ever issued from one brain," says Fromentin.

Nowhere is one more impressed with the character of his work than in the presence of that astounding series of paintings in the Louvre, depicting incidents in the lives of Marie de Médici and Henry IV, twenty canvases (eighteen more in Munich!) peopled with life-size figures, set off with "lustrous silks, embroidered simars, golden brocades, groups of naked figures, modern costumes and antique dra-

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peries, an inexhaustible accumulation of arms, standards, colonnades, Venetian stairways, temples, canopies, ships, animals, and ever novel and imposing scenery, as if," continues Taine, "outside of ordinary nature, he possessed the key of a thousand times richer nature, whereon his magician's hand might draw forever."

When Rubens was in Paris superintending the installation of these pictures, he came to know intimately the Duke of Buckingham, who confided to him his project of bringing about a treaty of peace between England and Spain. The friendship of the Duke on the one hand, and of the Marquis of Spinola on the other, sent Rubens to Spain for the second time. His mission as ambassador was successful. Knighted by both the Spanish king and the English monarch, decked with jewels and other royal favors, honored with titles, and with commissions to paint portraits of the royal families, Rubens returned to Antwerp.

Meanwhile his wife had died (1626). In 1630, at the age of fifty-three, he married Helena Fourment, a girl only sixteen years of age, but of ripe beauty. Her portrait appears frequently in the master's later work.

Working happily in Antwerp or at the country place at Steen, "having lived a life useful to his sovereigns and to his country, and so glorious to himself, he died in 1640, in his sixty-fourth year, and was buried in the Church of St. Jacques."

The quality that distinguishes Rubens from all other artists is his serene fecundity of composition. "He conceived and portrayed scenes of the greatest dramatic effect as easily as scenes of the lightest and most playful sort." He is the Tintoretto of the North. His coloring is peculiarly his own. His canvases display "very little coloring-matter and the greatest brilliancy of color," says Fromentin. "Nothing can be more limited than the number of primary tints, nor more foreseen than the manner in which they are opposed; nothing is more simple than the habit by virtue of which

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Art Extension Print—Portrait of the Artist.

Pitti Palace—Florence.

Rembrandt, B.-1607, D.-1669. Dutch School.

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he shades them, and yet nothing more unexpected than the result which is produced. The means are simple, the method elementary, but employed by a hand magnificently agile, adroit, sensitive, and composed."

His domain was the world and the flesh. His motive seems to have been the pure delight of painting.

"Portrait of the Artist"*

BY REMBRANDT

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

FOR three years (1632-1634), Rembrandt seems to have been especially addicted to portraiture. About forty portraits can be assigned to this period, many of them produced evidently upon his own initiative for practice or for his own pleasure. "Most frequently he sat as a model to himself in various kinds of attire," says Knackfuss; . . . "we find among them curious experiments with unusual pieces of costume. . . . He painted himself also in all kinds of disguises, now in gold-embroidered velvet mantle, and a hat and feathers, with the air of a nobleman; now as a warrior in armor and helmet, with a stern look in his eyes. We must not forget, in looking at such portraits, that it was not the master's object to produce a likeness of his person, but always to solve some artistic problem in which he was interested, whether something which told of the inner man, some particular expression, or some picturesque effect of lighting or drapery, or all these things together."

This Rembrandt of the Pitti Palace, this Man with the Iron Collar, this Beardless Portrait, is a picture of this class. The artist appears as a young man (he was twenty-eight at the time) of abounding health. His face, freshly

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shaven, is almost full front view, but turned slightly more than one would expect it to be, considering the position of the body, an attitude assumed by one whose eyes have not the same focus, or by one who is listening intently. Through the clear hazel eyes a thoughtfully observant spirit looks into the eyes of the observer. The color of the eyes is echoed in that of the curling yellow-brown hair, repeated again in the red-brown velvet cloak. The cap is black with hints of violet and green, thus repeating in darker tones the colors of the steel gorget. The doublet, a rich dark green, showing only at the neck, is edged with gold. A gold chain—Roman gold—with a pendant, holds the cloak in place. The mellow warmth of the whole figure is enhanced by an olive-green background, vibrant with golden light and rusty shade.

This polychromatic wealth is the surprise Rembrandt's canvases have in store for one who has known his work only through photographs and engravings. The rather forced chiaroscuro of the reproductions disappears as by magic, shot through and through with the radiance of glowing color,—not brilliant color, like that of Rubens and the great Italians, but color subdued and rich, coming to its full intensity only in the smallest areas.

This portrait of Rembrandt is justly popular. At first glance it seems all accidental, instantaneous, a lucky snapshot. Upon closer study it seems composed with consummate skill, for it is perfectly balanced within its frame with every rhythm of light and dark, and every rhythm of color faultlessly graded and ordered with reference to the center of interest. The series of tones in the chain, no two values alike, culminate in the clasp; in the robe, beneath the clasp; in the cloak, on the fold near the rivets of the collar; in the collar, near the face; in the edge of the doublet, beneath the chin; in the face, on the nose; in the background, at the right shoulder; all, as near as possible to the central axis of the composition. The light is strongest on the steel gor-

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get, but being cool and pale in color, the eye immediately forsakes it for the ripe warm hues of the lips and the compelling contrasts of the eyes.

The finery is attractive indeed, but the face is more attractive. The personality is sufficient to subordinate the trappings. The man is first. "A miracle of light and shade," says Grant Allen. "A superb portrait," says Miss Cruttwell. But, best of all, it is a consummate work of fine art, as beautiful in color as a November twilight.

Rembrandt*

By Henry Turner Bailey

Editor, The School Arts Book

A half-dozen painstaking scholars, during the last fifty years have done their best to bring to light the life of this extraordinary man, Rembrandt. Some facts they have established. Whole blocks of years are still shrouded in mystery.

Born of humble parents, his father a miller, "Harmen of the Rhein," whose early ambition seems to have been to have his son learn Latin, "that he might, in fullness of time, be able to serve his native city and the Republic with his knowledge," Rembrandt came into the world of art like a meteor from space, brilliant, unaccountable. And like a spent meteor he seemed in his last days, shorn of his splendor, and almost hidden in the earth. But nevertheless he shines forever among the immortals, a fixed star of the first magnitude.

The boy's father, perceiving that his genius must be reckoned with, placed him with a certain Jakob van Swanenburch. After three years there, Rembrandt studied under Lastman of Amsterdam for six months, and made several inspiring acquaintances; but, in 1624, when eighteen years

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of age, he returned to his native town, Leyden, "to study and practice painting alone, in his own fashion." Here he remained six years, painting constantly.

The metropolis of Holland in that day was Amsterdam, and to that city he was irresistibly drawn. His art was in demand. In 1632 he painted as his first corporation picture, the "Lesson in Anatomy," for the Guild of Surgeons. In 1634 he married Saskia van Ulyenborch, "much of whose short married life," says Walter Armstrong, "must have been spent in sitting to her husband," for no less than eighteen portraits of her have been identified, not counting those in composition where she sat for single figures. Saskia died in 1642, the year Rembrandt painted "The Night Watch" for Frans Banning Cocq and his company of musketeers. Eight years later, 1650, the Master took as his second wife, Hendrickje Stoffels, whose portrait may be seen in the Berlin Gallery and also in the Louvre. Between 1654 and 1658 the painter lost all his property. In the Court of Insolvency, Amsterdam, is a hastily written catalog of his belongings, including a rich collection of armor, weapons, costumes, utensils of different nations, antique sculptures, paintings of Dutch and Italian masters, engravings, etc., and "a parcel of ancient rags of various colors." He had to give up also his famous house in the Breestraat. By 1662 he was again a widower, and thereafter lived a nomadic life in the wilderness of his adopted city, shifting from one lodging to another with his kit "and some little wreckage from his collections." At first his two sons, Titus and Hendrikje, exercised a certain supervision of his affairs, but they were taken away by death, and in his last days the old painter was left alone, save for a daughter and a granddaughter.

In the death-register of the Werter-Kerk of Amsterdam occurs this entry: "Tuesday, October 8th, 1669; Rembrandt van Rijn, painter, on the Roozegraft, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children."

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Art Extension Print--"Erasmus"

The Louvre—Paris.

By Hans Holbein (the younger). B.-1497, D.-1543. German School

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Rembrandt's numerous paintings and prints show that he cared but little for the nude. He loved the beauty of stuffs, textures, rich colors, glowing lights and transparent glooms. But most of all he loved to depict character. He saw the beautiful beneath rags and toil-worn faces; he appreciated to the full the humor, the heroism, and the pathos of daily life. "Perhaps his best canvases were painted under stress of circumstances and sadness of heart," says VanDyke. They reflect the spirit of a man who perceived Life as in a dream; to use Fromentin's words, "as an accent of another world, which renders real life almost cold and makes it seem pale." Not only was he a master of light and shade, the supreme luminist, but he was without doubt the greatest of etchers. "He put life into what was inert," said Émile Michel, "and expressed the immaterial and evasive sides of nature in breathing forms. His place is beside Michelangelo, Shakespeare, and Beethoven."

"Erasmus"*

BY HANS HOLBEIN (THE YOUNGER)

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

A masterpiece, whatever the subject, is recognized at once by a person of cultivated taste, just as one recognizes in a company of ordinary human beings the presence of a kingly man or a queenly woman. An indefinable something, a manner, a presence, an air—we have several vague words for it,—seems to emanate from the totality. It is what Plato called "the splendor of truth." The perfect agreement, inter-relation, of all the elements which combine to produce the whole, gives rise to that something, greater that the sum of the parts, which is Beauty.

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Nevertheless, the excellence of a portrait is more completely perceived, and therefore the skill of the artist more fully appreciated, when one has knowledge of the person portrayed. Inasmuch as true portraiture is not colored photography, but a presentation to the mind of the observer of the real man,—visible body and invisible spirit,—the knowledge of the subject of a portrait must be more than superficial.

To appreciate this masterpiece by Holbein, therefore, we must have before the mind's eye Erasmus himself.

Out of that wonderful fifteenth century, we must summon him to appear as child, youth, man, master, before we can see what Holbein put on canvas.

See, then, first a little Dutch boy known only as Geert Geerts, son of a certain Gerard and a certain Margaret, daughter of a physician, betrothed but not married, and think what that situation would grind into a child's character. When Geert was old enough to realize all his name implied, he proudly changed it to Desiderius Erasmus, Latin and Greek for Desired, Desired! Until his ninth year he was a choir boy in the cathedral of Utrecht. Then he was sent away to school.

Next imagine the youth, an orphan at fourteen. His guardians, coveting his small property, place him, against his will, in a monastery. After ten years there, his scholastic talents win the attention of the Bishop of Cambray, who in 1492 makes him his priestly secretary, thus releasing him from the monastic life, always regarded by Erasmus with aversion.

Now think of him as a man serving the Bishop for about five years, then journeying to Paris to pursue his studies (teaching school for daily bread), then an adventurer forevermore, for love of learning-made-real-by-travel suffered not Erasmus to stay long in one place.

In 1499 he visited England with some of his pupils, where he became the friend of Sir John Moore. During

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the next fifteen years he visited Paris, Turin (where he received his doctor's degree), Parma, Rome (where he was offered ecclesiastical preferment), Florence, Venice, the court of Charles V of Austria (who gave him a pension and made him Royal Councillor, with permission to travel where he pleased), and the court of Henry VIII of England. During this second visit to England, he became Professor of Greek at Oxford; but, poorly paid and somewhat disappointed with his English experience, he returned to the continent in 1514. "Thereafter, at Freiburg," and elsewhere, though "residing chiefly at Basle," he continued to live his life in his own way until 1536 when he died "while on a visit to Basle."

His chief work is a Greek New Testament, the first edition ever published, with a corrected Latin version and notes. His other writings fill ten volumes.

Although a friend of Luther, and powerfully influential in the Reformation, for his essay on The Free Will condemned as a heretic by the Sorbonne of Paris, he never formally revolted against the pope. "I have no inclination to die for the sake of the truth," he said, when Luther overwhelmed him with reproaches for his cowardice. A profound philosopher, and yet so much of a popular reformer that 24,000 copies of his Colloquies, directed against the corruptions of the church of Rome, were sold in a single year; a traveled man of the world, and yet famous for accurate scholarship and critical sagacity; preëminent as a restorer of classical learning, and yet known as the most witty satirist of his day—Erasmus, wanderer over the world, was the fixed star of the Renaissance in Northern Europe.

Now look at Holbein's portrait of him. How perfectly the artist, himself of obscure birth, a wanderer, lonely because of his genius, could read this subject and translate this man, his friend, into the universal language!

In his great-coat and cap, like a traveler ready to start at a moment's notice, yet seated calmly within a well-fur-

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nished apartment, Erasmus is writing with a reed pen. His face, richly bronzed by rain and sun, is the face of an outdoor man; his hands, with tapering fingers, are the hands of a scholar, the man of class-rooms and libraries; his rings reflect the honors conferred upon him by princes and kings.

How well Holbein has subordinated the wealth of detail in the background, the abundance of interest in the hands and the written page, the inevitable attractiveness of well-rendered fur and velvet, to the face itself!

What a fine face it is! Of good proportions, refined in every feature, it is strong and ruddy. Definitely modeled, solid, in three dimensions, although in profile, it is full of subtleties of expression. The slight forward thrust of the neck of the eager student, the well-developed head of the masterful man; the lifted brow that prophesies a change of attitude, the sad eye from which a tear might fall next moment, the sensitive nostril, the large but not sensual mouth with lips that might smile with the turning of the head, the firm chin and well-set jaw, with the lobe of a small ear showing behind a stray lock of silvery hair,—how eloquent these details are of the history and character of the man. Moreover he appears to be alive, alert. He is not merely posed for his picture, nor is he dreaming. "Absorbed in thought, that strong hand of his quietly transferring to paper the ideas which he has carefully pondered," Erasmus himself is here made visible, through the magic of the painter's brush, although the canvas is only thirteen by sixteen inches in size.

Moreover, the portrait is beautiful. A wealth of warm dull color, such as fills a low-ceiled room finished in Flemish oak, suffuses the canvas. It comes to full maturity in the face, attains extraordinary brilliance in minute touches upon the lips, and falls to its greatest depth of richness in the hands and desk-lid. To completely satisfy the eye, tones from the cooler complementary hues are introduced, the

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blue in the shadow of the pen, the green about the wrist.* "With Titian alone Holbein cannot compete in richness of coloring," says Jean Rousseau. Every person with seeing eye feels in the presence of this little canvas that Paul Mantz is right when he exclaims, "Holbein's Erasmus is immortal!"

*Many of the elements of the original here described appear only in the Painting Proof itself; they are lost in the smaller print.

Hans Holbein the Younger*

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

"Into this universe, the *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing."

SUCH, with but slight modification, might be the record of "Master Haunce." The year of his birth, 1497, and of his death, 1543, is certain, but not the day in either case.

Born in Augsburg in its palmiest days, trained as an artist and craftsman by his own father, at seventeen he was recognized as superior to his teacher in his power to draw.

When about eighteen Hans and his brother, Ambrosius, went to Basle where he remained for two years, designing for John Froben, the foremost printer of the city, and doing other work under the patronage of Jacob Meyer, the Burgomaster. In 1517 he left Basle and spent two years in travel. Just where he went is still a matter of discussion. Many investigators affirm that he visited Italy because an accession of power is manifest in his work upon his return to Basle in 1519. That year his brother died. The next, when Luther was excommunicated, Holbein became a citizen of Basle, was made a member of the Painters' Guild, and began a life-long friendship with the learned Erasmus, who had returned to the city after an absence of

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six years. For his "Praise of Folly," Holbein made a series of illustrations. He produced also, about this time, his own famous "Dance of Death," and painted the Meyer Madonna. Moreover he acquired a wife, a widow some years his senior.

Some say it was her sharp tongue, and others lack of remunerative employment, which drove him to seek his fortune in England. However that may be, he sailed across the German Ocean in 1526, bearing a letter of introduction from Froben's editor, Erasmus, to Sir Thomas Moore, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, then in high favor with Henry VIII. Here during a period of two years he began the priceless drawings now at Windsor, and painted the portraits of the foremost men and women of the Court.

Upon the outbreak of the plague in the summer of 1528 he returned to Basle where he finished his decorations for the Town Hall, started seven years before. But his old friends were not there. Froben was dead, Burgomaster Meyer had departed, Erasmus, too, had left the city, together with many others of the cultivated class. The city was in the hands of the Reformers.

Holbein returned to England, and, as Moore was no longer in power at Court, took residence in the Parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, and worked for members of the Hanseatic League settled in London, the German merchants of the Steelyard, painting their portraits and carrying out their ambitious ideals for Pageants, Guild Hall decorations, etc.

By 1536 he was again high in royal favor, and called upon to do everything that could be done with a brush. He designed shields and coats of arms, decorations for tournaments, gateways, walls, and painted portraits, battle scenes,—anything and everything with astonishing facility and success.

Horace Walpole tells the following incident indicative

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of Holbein's popularity with bluff King Hal: "One day, as Holbein was privately drawing some lady's picture for the king, a great lord forced himself into the chamber. The artist threw him downstairs, escaped over the top of the house, and running directly to the king, fell on his knees, and besought his majesty to pardon him, without declaring the offence. The king promised to forgive him if he would tell the truth; but soon began to repent, saying that he should not easily overlook such insults; and bade him wait in the apartment till he had learned more of the matter. Immediately arrived the lord with his complaint, but sinking the provocation. At first the monarch heard the story with temper, but broke out, reproaching the nobleman with his want of truth, and adding, 'You have not to do with Holbein, but with me. I tell you, of seven peasants I can make as many lords, but not one Holbein.'"

In 1543 the plague visited London again. Holbein, in all probability, was one of its victims. All we know is that he made his will on the seventh of October, and that on the twenty-ninth of November he was no longer alive. His resting place is unknown.

Such in brief are the main facts of the life of the man who shares with Albert Dürer the highest place in German art, and who ranks among the greatest portrait-painters of the world. As a draftsman of the human face, he has but few superiors, possibly but one—Leonardo da Vinci. Jean Rousseau said of his work: "His drawings are freer, and show that his talent was infinitely more supple than we should conclude from his paintings alone. Nothing is wanting to them either in conception, color, or technique. Limited as they are to mere sketches—sober, workmanlike, rapid—they seem as complete as his most finished pictures. His pencil has seized the suppleness of stuffs, the quality and gleam of steel, the texture and tone of flesh, movement, momentary expression—all with the concision and mastery of one who can recognize and portray with one brief stroke

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the fundamental elements which comprise type, expression, and effect."

Rubens said of Holbein: "He is the painter of the living, breathing truth."

He drew the souls of men and women.

"L'Infante Marguerite"*

BY VELASQUEZ

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

THE painting of the portrait of a child is difficult at best. The little subject is never quiet for a moment; the features are not, as in the adult, strongly marked in character, and are much more mobile, changing perpetually with the rapidly ever-shifting moods of the butterfly mind. To perceive what may be called the central type of face, amid the widely varied momentary forms, and to put that on canvas; and to charge it with an unmistakable characteristic expression, to give it a sort of central type of spirit generalized from the whimsical dance of the undeveloped personality, requires an insight so keen, and a touch so facile that but few among the world's painters have proven themselves equal to the task.

Among the few stands Velasquez the Spaniard, who for forty years served in the palace of his king immortalizing people who, but for his genius, would have been forgotten in a day.

One of these is the Infanta Marguerite, daughter of the gloomy weakling, Philip IV. Comparing this picture with that of her sire, by the same artist, in the National Gallery, London, one sees already in the child's features a gentle hint of the heavy grossness of jaw and chin so character-

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Art Extension Print—"Infanta Marguerita"

The Louvre—Paris

Velasquez, B.-1599, D.-1660. Spanish School.

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istic of her race. The dreamy and rather sad abstraction of her face is an expression often discoverable momentarily in perfectly normal children; but its appearance here as a dominant characteristic of the child is a pathetic reminder of the stern laws of heredity, and recalls again the portrait of her father, the man who with equal detachment could suffer the loss of the Kingdom of Portugal and order a festival with public thanksgiving to God for his own invention of an odd-shaped linen collar!

But the poor little lady is in no wise responsible for all this. She is doing her best to pose for the great painter. Nor is she responsible for her hideous costume! How Velasquez, the man of "courtly refinement," whose own garments always displayed "an exquisite taste and elegance" must have disliked such an ugly dress! But he accepted it, and did the best he could with it; and few men could have managed it so successfully, certainly none better. In the print reproduced herewith the contrasts of color are stronger than they are in the original, and the tone of the satin is too yellow. But even so the master found the dress too much for the gentle face, and therefore added the strong counter attraction of the bold letters at the top of the canvas, on the principle, "Divide and conquer." When the eye of the observer is solicited by equal attractions above and below, there is a possibility of its remaining static where it should, namely, upon the center of interest, the face.

It is the face, not of a small sized adult, so often depicted by the "old masters," but of a real child, with many charming qualities. The firm sweet flesh of childhood, the golden luster and cloudlike glory of fair hair are rendered with astonishing facility and beauty. In fact the interpretation of the various textures into the terms of paint is one of the notable excellences of this picture. Satin and black lace, silk ribbon and gold braid, metal chain and leather-covered chair are all quite as skilfully rendered as the features of the child; but rendered with such restraint, with

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such a sure touch as to make them of secondary importance. Moreover, the rendering is so suave that no one could accuse Velasquez of painting them in versimilitude for their own sake; the painter never forgets his subject.

The fascinating center of interest is the face, especially those sad wondering eyes, of "melting blue," with the glint of light in them. Perhaps, after all, the painter has given us a glimpse of the daughter of Philip IV at her supreme moment,—innocent, sweet, "as beautiful as she could be," and dressed as brilliantly as a black-and-yellow butterfly. Could she have been more charming even as Queen of Hungary?

Velasquez*

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

THE story of this darling of the gods, Velasquez, is almost too good to be true! Well born, handsome, talented, carefully trained, happily married at nineteen to the pretty daughter of his master, court painter at twenty-three, diplomat, ambassador, favorite courtier for forty years, unrivaled, winner of the red cross of the Order of Santiago, in his last illness comforted by the presence, at royal command, of the Archbishop of Tyre and Patriarch of both Indies, and in his death honored with "solemn and soberly splendid obsequies,"—was ever mortal man more fortunate?

Notwithstanding all this, Velasquez was a hard worker. "Of calm and equable temperament, hardly consistent with vast and ambitious designs," he possessed that rare power within himself capable of holding the spirit true to its highest ideals, regardless of outward circumstances.

Velasquez was born at Seville, June 6th, 1599. Both his father and mother were *hidalgos,* members of the inferior

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nobility. His talent displayed itself at an early age, and he was placed first in the studio of Francisco de Herrera, and shortly afterwards, in that of Francisco Pacheco, painter and author, with whom he remained for five years. This energetic and far-sighted man furnished his favorite pupil with a wife, gave him letters of introduction to the Court at Madrid, and loved him to the end, "induced by his integrity, and good qualities, and the prospects of his great natural genius."

At Madrid, after the accession of Philip IV, the artist found himself with a studio in the palace, a residence in the city, and a regular income,—a monthly stipend of twenty ducats, to which were added special payments for each finished work.

During 1628-29 Velasquez enjoyed the nine-months' visit of Rubens to the Spanish court. In 1620 he visited Italy, where "he drew incessantly the whole time he was in Venice, and especially made studies from Tintoretto." At Rome he was given residence in the Vatican, but preferred the Villa Medici, where he painted not only figures but landscapes. After eighteen years of almost uninterrupted brilliant service at the Spanish Court, superintending the decoration of the *Buen Retiro,* and making men and women immortal, Velasquez again visited Italy, this time to make arrangements for the embellishment of the new royal apartments at the Alcazar.

Upon his return to Spain he was made Palace Marshal. It was a burdensome office for it placed him in charge of all the arrangements for the royal journey to San Sebastian, and the erection of a temporary palace there for the accommodation of the Spanish and French Courts upon the occasion of the betrothal of the Infanta Maria Theresa to the youthful Louis XIV. This herculean task he performed with his usual ease of manner and brilliant success. The artist was one of the most conspicuous figures at the royal festivities, always in costumes of elaborate beauty but

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displaying an exquisite taste, always doing his appointed work with the most courtly refinement of manner.

This royal function seems to have made fatal demands upon him. Returning unexpectedly to Madrid the latter part of June, 1660, he was smitten with a fever in July, and died August 6th.

While examples of this master's work are to be seen in all the great galleries, his genius can be appreciated only in the presence of his masterpieces in the Gallery of Madrid. The number of his canvases there displayed, their astonishing beauty and power, are a revelation of his superior genius. He was a prophet in painting. After a period of two hundred years his foresight, his leadership in the interpretation of atmosphere and light, in the revelation of the invisible spirit in portraiture, in the use of the brush as an instrument for manipulating paint to glorify the facts of nature, have just begun to be recognized and appreciated. "Velasquez was a true master," says Léon Bonnat. "If he has rivals, none is his superior."

"The Age of Innocence"*

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

ALTHOUGH one of the most familiar of Sir Joshua's pictures, little or nothing is known concerning the "Age of Innocence." Even the year it was made is uncertain. Some say 1773. To remember that it was painted in England at about the time of the Revolution in America is exact enough.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, himself childless, was a great lover of children. "There was something in the kindly nature of the painter keenly responsive to the humors of the little ones, to whom he never failed to endear himself."

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Art Extension Print--"The Age of Innocence"

National Gallery--London

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A. B. 1732. D. 1792. English School.

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This fact together with another, namely, that in all the world there were in his day "no children so charming as English children, with their unspoiled naturalness and dainty freshness and purity of color," accounts in part for Sir Joshua's success in painting children.*

In fact this gentle cultivated man may be said to have been the first to portray childhood successfully. The Italian masters perfected the cherub, but Sir Joshua painted the first real children. He caught, as no one before him ever did, their unconscious graces of attitude, their naïve expressions of countenance, revealing so perfectly the spirit within, suggesting to the adult observer such infinite possibilities. This "Age of Innocence" is an illustration. What Beauty of sweet-and-twenty, first conscious of the meaning of love, could express the new throb of her heart more perfectly through face and gesture, than does this little child to whom such an experience is beyond the range of possibility? It is a perfect picture of what Sidney Lanier calls "Wise Childhood's deep implying."

How comfortably the little lady sits within her limited space! How well the accessories have been composed to give chief importance to the head! The hands, the shoulder, the bent trunk of the tree, the hanging sprays of foliage, the masses of cloud, conspire to make a ring about it; it is literally framed in the great out-of-doors that children love. How skilfully Sir Joshua holds the attention to the face! The feet, the robe, even the hands are almost without detail; but in the face every important detail is rendered perfectly—that stray lock of hair, that dimpled mouth, that delicately modeled nose, uptilt, that deep-set lustrous eye, with the gleam of light upon the lower lid. All these things may be seen in any clear photograph of the picture; but the finer beauties of the painting, those qualities of color, those technical excellences which appear in a masterpiece, are evident only in a *facsimile* reproduction of the original.

*The quotations are from E. G. Johnson's introduction to Reynolds' "Discourses."

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Sir Joshua secured the color effects for which he was so justly famous, by laying-in his picture with what is called "dead color"—little more than black and white. Over this when dry he passed transparent varnishes and mixtures charged with tints required to complete the color. Those colors sparkled and exhaled under the power of sunshine. His pictures have often a very special charm, arising from what Haydon calls "his glorious gemmy surface." When the full idea was seized, then came the "lily sceptered hand" and the light brush, in its graceful sweeps catching the upper surface of the many colored granules, permitting the eye to see, through the liberated airy stroke, the sparkle of buried wealth beneath.*

With the reproduction before the eye, one can almost follow the successive steps of this method, and see the justification of every epithet in the description.

A painting proof in color on canvas makes possible the enjoyment of Sir Joshua's palpitating flesh tones, warm, clean shadows, rich deep masses of red-brown hair, made more beautiful by the wondrous, dark, green-blue sky with its murky clouds. In no other, save in the original, can one feel the old-golden glow of the whole canvas, and enjoy to the full the infinitely subtle gradations, blendings, iridescences of color which make this sweet face one of the loveliest ever put upon canvas.

*This paragraph is taken, in part verbatim, from James Swetham's "Essay on Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Sir Joshua Reynolds*

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born at Plympton, Devonshire, England, July 16th, 1723. His father, a clergyman, son of a clergyman, had a notion that it might

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be of some advantage to a child to have an unusual name, hence the tenth of his eleven children was called Joshua, which happened to be the the name of one of the boy's uncles. Joshua's mother, Theophelia Patten, was the daughter of a clergyman. Coming from an educated ancestry his mind was alert and precocious.

Early he began to copy the drawings of his older sisters and the prints found in his father's library. His greatest delight was Jacob Catt's book of emblems which his grandmother, a native of Holland, had brought with her to England. At eight years of age he was reading and enjoying the "Jesuits' Perspective." He mastered the book so thoroughly that his father looked upon him as a living recommendation of that volume. "The Perspective asserts," exclaimed his fond parent, delighted with one of Joshua's youthful drawings, "that by observing the rules laid down in the book a man may do wonders,—and this is wonderful." At ten he was drawing likenesses of the friends and relations of the family.

The boy developed so rapidly along this line that his father, abandoning his original purpose to train his son in medicine, placed him, when seventeen years of age, under Hudson, a painter of no great ability, although the most distinguished artist of the day. On the 14th of October, 1740, happily St. Luke's day in the Catholic calendar, the boy legally began his four-year apprenticeship. His first work was the copying of drawings by Guercino, a task that he performed with such skill that, in Northcote's word, "many of the early productions are now preserved in the cabinets of the curious in the Kingdom, and most of them are actually considered as originals by that master." The boy painted so well in the course of two years' time, that Hudson became jealous of him, and on a trivial pretext, broke his contract of apprenticeship and dismissed him.

Reynolds found refuge in the house of an uncle in

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London, but soon returned to Devonshire where, without inspiring associations, he spent three years, "all practically thrown away," wrote Reynolds afterwards. In May, 1749, he sailed for Italy, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers and the island of Minorca. Owing to an accident here he lost a portion of his lip. Proceeding to Rome he worked so incessantly copying from the old masters in the draughty corridors of the Vatican, that he impaired his health and contracted a deafness from which he never recovered.

He returned to London in 1752, and, after a vacation of three months in Devonshire, began his professional career in the metropolis. In two years' time he had outpainted his rivals, and, aided undoubtedly by the friendship of Dr. Johnson, was rapidly growing in popularity. By 1760 he was inundated with orders and was receiving one hundred guineas for his best pictures.

Reynolds' home was the center of a generous hospitality. A brilliant company could always be found there—musicians, poets, architects, actors, philosophers, literary and social people of the highest standing.

In 1760 occurred the first public exhibition of art, precursor to the Royal Academy. Reynolds was represented by four pictures, and "stood without a rival." By 1765 he was earning with his brush £6,000 a year. Upon the founding of the Royal Academy, Reynolds, then in the 46th year of his age, was unanimously elected President. Shortly afterwards he was knighted. His fifteen "Discourses" as President of the Royal Academy have become classic.

Reynolds was a great worker. From 1753 until his death in 1792, a period of thirty-nine years, excepting for a few flying trips to the continent on special missions, he was seldom absent from his studio. His art steadily improved. His last work was his best. In 1789 his eyesight began to fail and presently he lost entirely the use of his left eye. He determined to paint no more. Genial, social, lovable in spirit to the last, after a painful illness of nearly

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Art Extension Print—"L'Indifferent"
The Louvre—Paris.
J. A. Watteau, B.-1684, D.-1721. French School.

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three months, which he bore with great fortitude, he died in his house in Leicester Square, London, February 23, 1792.

The funeral assembled at Somerset House. The shops between Somerset House and St. Paul's were closed, and the streets guarded. Three dukes, two marquises, three earls and two lords bore the pall. An innumerable crowd of citizens lined the silent streets to witness the passing of the body to great St. Paul's to be laid beside that of Sir Christopher Wren.

Sir Joshua contributed 252 pictures to the exhibits of the Royal Academy. The total number of his original works is not known, but "upwards of 550 pictures by Reynolds have been sold by auction in London since 1782"—one portrait selling for nearly $60,000.

Reynolds was the first English painter to appreciate to the full the Italian masters, he was the first of those scholarly, cultivated, courtly artists who, as presidents of the Royal Academy, have given to that institution unique distinction. A man of blameless life, a great lover of the best in every realm, a sincere artist, he ranks today among the greatest of the world's portrait painters, noted especially for his lovely children and his charming, graceful women, presented with great beauty of color.

"L'Indifferent"*

BY WATTEAU

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

DOES he not look the part,—this boy, *L'Indifférent*, in ill-fitting garments, with an expressionless face?

In the *Collection de Goncourt*, published in Paris in 1897, is a reproduction called *Un Mezzetin dansant*, "a study of four whirling figures in three crayons on chamois paper

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for *L'Indifférent,*" as we are informed by Edgcumbe Staley. The little picture here reproduced from the original in oil is now in the Louvre. It has all the marks of a genuine "easel picture" painted in the seclusion of the studio, "out of the head" of the artist.

"Oh, *le gentil danseur!* in his little pink *crispin* lined with pale blue, on a waistcoat of blue *enverdure,* with breeches of the same, and pink silk stockings," exclaims the enthusiastic Monsieur Bürger.

The boy *is* gracefully poised, and gaily attired, with lace at his neck and wrists and pink rosettes on his shoes and elsewhere. He is represented as being out of doors. The grass and much of the indifferently painted foliage behind him is charged with a muddy brown. Bürger calls the sky "a setting sun in silvery pinks," but the boy stands in a strong out-door light of some kind, for he casts a well-defined and blackened shadow along the ground towards the "setting sun!"

"Is it not strange," asks Bürger, "to see the foliage and the sky painted with the same *pate* that glistens on the costume?" It is! It suggests that the *pate* of the impressionists of the nineteenth century orginated with the Little Masters of the eighteenth, and in France, the hotbed of artistic fads.

While this is not one of Watteau's greatest pictures, nor typical of his favorite style of composition, it is fairly representative of certain characteristics of his work, namely, the low horizon, so noticeable in such pictures as the "Fountain" and "Gilles;" one side of the canvas dark to the frame, with masses of foliage; an abstract sky, luminous, charged with delicate color, but non-committal as to the time of day; and a "painter's subject," as distinct from subjects appropriate to the historian, the novelist, or the poet. As Gabriel Seailles puts it, "He does not overstep the limits of his art, he attempts neither psychology nor eloquence, he does not think in words, he does not translate. Painting is his nat-

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ural language. Line and color are for him a sufficient means of expression; he is intellectual without being literary."

This canvas shows also, and admirably, the range of his palette and the shimmering quality of his technique. He delighted in wet color. "He used to rub his canvases all over carelessly with thick oil and then paint over that," Comte de Caylus informs us. "He seldom cleaned his palette; it often remained for days without being reset. His pot of oil, of which he made lavish use, was full of dust and dirt, and mixed up with all sorts of colors which came from his brushes." And yet Leslie said Watteau painted "with gold and honey!" and Edgcumbe Staley says, "He was supreme in his command of those gold and silver tones which with ineffable charm pervade every scheme of color in his compositions. . . . One of his colors was entirely his own, his pearly creamy white, which like an opal takes reflections from all around." *L'Indifférent* exhibits these qualities better, perhaps, than any other single work.

A careful comparison of this picture with those which have preceded it in this series, a comparison of subject, of composition, of drawing, of coloring, of technique, cannot but lead to an appreciation of the reasons for ranking Watteau among the "Little Masters."

But this picture, like many others that might be mentioned, must be valued above par because of its significance in the history of painting. When a genius arrives of sufficient independence and force to break with tradition, disregard precedent, and blaze a new trail, a trail which opens up a new area, hitherto unexplored and undeveloped, and thus adds to the domain of art, every work from the hand of such a man is of extraordinary value. Such a man was Jean Antoine Watteau, the creator of *"L'Indifférent."*

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Watteau*

By Henry Turner Bailey
Editor, The School Arts Book

"WATTEAU'S character was made up of uncertainties, hesitations, and caprices," wrote Dargenty. His motto seems to have been that of the personally-conducted touring party, "Anywhere but here!"

Born in Valenciennes, in 1684, he ran away to Paris, lodged with Métayer; worked for a "hand-painted-picture" maker; studied with Gillot, and quarreled with him; became a pupil of Andran, custodian of the Luxembourg; consulted with M. Spoede, bargained with M. Sirois, and so returned to Valenciennes. Journeying shortly to Paris a second time he resided with a wealthy financier, Crozat, for a while, then retired to a rented apartment of his own. Longing for Italy, he landed in England. Falling ill in London, he reappeared to Paris. Hoping to return to his native town, he died at Nogent, at the age of thirty-seven.

As a boy he sketched charlatans and strolling players, as a man he put on canvas his visions of a world of fantasy, and at the last, "in order to limber up his fingers," painted a masterpiece in the form of a signboard for a Paris picture store.

Watteau was a solitary. In spite of his roving disposition, he was an indefatigable worker. "One wonders how it was possible for the unschooled, unsympathetic painter, whose brief life of unrelieved ill-health was one of constant change and interruption, to accomplish such a prodigious amount of work," wrote Dargenty.

Watteau was a poetic painter. A keen observer from earliest youth, he had a phenomenal memory for actions, attitudes, expressions, shimmers, glints, and a most sympathetic and responsive hand. "In the whole range of art,"

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said his enthusiastic biographer already quoted, "there is no draftsmanship more individual, more independent of tradition, more clear, fine, and intelligent than Watteau's. He has no superior, in verve, fantasy, grace, and fertility of invention." Perhaps Edgcumbe Staley comes nearer to the truth when he says that "Watteau was the most brilliant and original draftsman of the eighteenth century." "Watteau never made a sketch, however slight," Comte de Caylus informs us. "His habit was to draw all his studies in a bound sketch-book, so that he always had a great quantity ready for use. He had a collection of gay costumes and a few comic ones in which he used to dress up his models. When the fancy struck him to paint a picture he used to refer to his sketch-book, and, having selected the figures which suited his purpose at the moment, would arrange them in groups, generally in reference to a landscape background which he had already thought out or prepared."

Watteau was an iconoclast. The art of the seventeenth century, decadent Renaissance, built up of oppressive architectural masses and mythological figures, imaginary triumphs, the out-worn phantasmagoria of pomposity, as Carlyle might have said, made no appeal to this wandering minstrel. He delivered art from the ceremonies and ordinances, the traditions and formulae of the stately past as embodied in Louis XIV, and brought her face to face with nature once more,—French nature, not the stern and fine old Mother Nature of Millet and Corot, but the nature of the polite and idle rich before the Revolution, but Nature nevertheless. His art gave us, as Sidney Colvin says, "delightful gardens, villages, pleasure-grounds of romance, murmuring spring-time and languorous summer, flowers and zephyrs, songs and solace—the fancy of France making her own the lightest and latest laughing fancies of Italy, to create this new paradise of artful and entrancing gaiety!"

Watteau was heroic, like Stevenson. His personal problems, his physical condition, his idiosyncracies of disposition

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and temper, are not reported in his art. "Is it not remarkable that nowhere throughout his work is the least trace of his darker moods to be found—of his bitter personal irony, or the petulant sarcasm which in his daily life bore witness to the unhappiness of his spirit?" asks Dargenty. "His pictures are poetic visions, freed from all suggestion of things gross or sordid—there is nothing in any one of them wherein we may read the character of the painter."

By inheritance a Fleming, he became "the most French of all French painters." Of all the "Little Masters" he is best.

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Great Schools of Painting

By Janet Brownell Glen

ITALIAN SCHOOLS

IT was in the land of enchantment, Italy, that painting had, not its beginning, but its development from the first tentative efforts to a superb realization. A gentle and gradual unfolding took place in half a dozen tiny nations lying close on the soil of the dear peninsula but held far apart by their passion for independence and by the bitter rivalries, feuds and warfare necessary to maintain an individual existence.

THE FLORENTINE SCHOOL

Florence and Sienna both have a just claim to the first great painter. According to some modern authorities, Cimabue, the Florentine, whose name tradition has associated with the establishment of a sound style of painting, ought to be relegated to the region of myths along with Homer and William Tell. But when in the dark transept of Santa Maria Novella we offer reverence to the Madonna so nobly guarded by angels, we refuse to give up the tradition that one day this altar piece was borne by Cimabue's grateful and joyous fellow citizens along the street, which to this day is called the "Glad." "More love came into painting with Cimabue," says Vasari. But whether, instead of Cimabue, we should say Duccio of Siena, is a matter of small importance compared with the undisputed truth implied in the statement: namely, that toward the end of the thirteenth century a motion of sympathy began to break up the old relations between man and man, when painting lent its services to the expression of the new ideals.

In 1228 the lovable life of Francis of Assisi had come to a close, bequeathing to the world a new standard of human excellence. This gentle saint so loved every living

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thing, men, animals and birds, that he gladly gave up his own pursuit of pleasure and study to devote himself to making "existence home" to as many living creatures as he could. His motives were so generous, his efforts so successful that all the world was eager to hear the story of his wonderful life. Then, because St. Francis had taken the life of Jesus Christ for his model, men wished to hear again, from the human standpoint, the personal narratives of Matthew and Mark, Luke and John. The church could not tell these stories fast enough; the people could not read them for themselves; painting came to their aid; for art, like kingship, though it "ended in power, began in service." There were large wall spaces in the churches which could be used for illustrations, and which would relate these stories more directly, more forcibly than words.

GIOTTO

A fresco painter named Giotto (1266-1337) excelled all others in the truth and power of his illustrations, casting aside, as he did, all traditions, and painting things as he saw them himself. Given certain conditions he knew how human beings would act because he had been a keen observer. He has something to say, and he says it with truth, clearness and dignity. This he does by means of attitude and gesture rather than by expression of the face. Giotto had command of very few of the resources of his art, for many of the problems of technique were to be solved in the two centuries following. Yet not only in spite of these limitations but often because of them, Giotto has one of the most honored places in history. With his art Italian painting is established on a lasting foundation.

Giotto's immediate followers, however, differ from their master only in degree, with the exception of Fiesole, or Fra Angelico, as he was called by the monks of San Marco among whom he lived many years, painting, as a labor of love and devotion, the life of Christ on the walls of cloisters, chapel,

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and cells. These scenes scarcely belong to the realm of art at all; so delicate, so pure, so evanescent they are in their beauty, they seem like some natural efflorescence on walls that have sheltered such spirits as Fra Angelico and Savonarola.

MASACCIO

In 1401, at the very beginning of the century that was to see such a revolution in men's ideas, Masaccio was born (1401-1428). "Giotto born again and beginning at the point where death had cut off his development, such is Masaccio." (Muther.) In every age we see that the spiritual needs of art create their own adequate means of expression; Masaccio, having mastered Giotto's resources, passed on to such achievements as the frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, which were to serve the purpose of an art school to all succeeding artists down to Leonardo, Raphael and Michelangelo. Three of the frescoes, "The Tribute Money," "Peter Baptizing," and the "Expulsion from Paradise," all show to advantage the advance made in Masaccio's art—the drawing based on study of the human body; the natural grouping of figures; the characteristic attitudes and gestures; the landscape painted after the hills around Florence; the care for the composition as a whole; the absence of trivial and non-essential features; the sense of dignity, nobility, grandeur in the personages and their surroundings suited to the themes of Christian art.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

Masaccio, then, was the founder of the new style of painting in that he studied with care the expression of his figures and so left them as a source of inspiration to all his successors. He made none of the innovations, however, that are commonly supposed to be the distinguishing marks of fifteenth century art; his figures are not portraits; he does not introduce episodic details in order to give greater naturalness to a scene; he does not make use of contem-

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porary costume. These innovations are but the external signs of a mental and spiritual change. Men were fast outgrowing the ideals that had satisfied them in the middle ages, and were conscious of the keen exhilaration that accompanies expansion and progress; they recognized the importance of this life on earth. All these changes may be seen in the work of Fra Lippo Lippi, the cleverest painter of his time. Browning's poem of this name is a study of the contrast between the roving life of this unwilling and irresponsible friar and his genuinely beautiful art. The poet makes Fra Filippo say:

> "I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
> Palace, farm, villa, shop and banking house,
> Trash such as these poor devils of Medici
> Have given their hearts to—all at eight years old."

Then he tells us how the Prior made him paint saints and saints and saints, after the manner of Fra Angelico, when all the time he was longing to paint real people and real things.

> "The beauty and the wonder and the power,
> The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
> Changes and surprises,—and God made it all."

The "Madonna and Child" in the Uffizi, the frescoes at Prato, "Salome Dancing," the "Coronation of the Virgin," are all delightful examples of his realistic art.

> "If I drew higher things with the same truth!
> That were to take the Prior's pulpit place,
> Interpret God to all of you! oh, oh,
> It makes me mad to see what men shall do
> And we in our graves. This world's no blot for us
> Nor blank; it means intensely and it means good.
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

Fra Lippo could not attain these far-reaching ideals, but others did who came after.

It is impossible in the narrow limits of this paper even to mention the names of the artists who had a part in the

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development of this strongly individual and realistic art. We must confine ourselves to one or two who left the general highway to tread a path of their own, and to three who climb to heights unattempted by their fellows.

GOZZOLI

Benozzo Gozzoli was an artist important rather for his individual charm than for his participation in the logical development of art. He loves a gorgeous pageant and describes it in most fascinating style. In the Medici Chapel there is a "Journey of the Magi," or, in other words, a procession of the Medici passing through the land in the spring time of the year with all the pride of youth and beauty, all the splendor and pomp of power, all the joy and madness that pulses through every living thing when Tuscany bursts into fragrant bloom. No one could ever be sad in that little chapel so filled with the life that throbbed four hundred years ago.

BOTTICELLI

Botticelli, by reason of his masterly training with Fra Lippo Lippi, his exquisite workmanship in precious metals, his intimate share in the courtly and scholarly life of the Medici, might be expected to continue in the naturalistic art of his master, and to embody the ideals of his own time in a most gracious manner. But, instead, he stands apart, a mystic, a poet, a dreamer. He yielded alternately to pagan and to Christian influence, but he seems never to have reconciled the two strains of thought, and to have succumbed eventually to the sadness that overshadowed him all his life. Some of the more obvious signs of his manner are the sad, heavy-lidded eyes, the lips just about to tremble, the beautiful golden hair, with its filmy covering of gold-threaded tissue, the draperies that dart and quiver like flames in the wind. He was a true Florentine in his mastery of line; the effects he produced have never been paralleled.

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The rhythm in his designs affect the imagination like the rhythm of sound. This is the charm that is Botticelli's own and none other's. When we look at his pictures we are conscious of music that cannot be heard—music that is seen in the listening expression of the faces, in the rhythmic motions of the forms and draperies; it is the unheard melody of Keats. The "Primavera," the "Magnificat," the "Birth of Venus," reflect a contradictory genius; for Botticelli's art, notwithstanding its mystical quality, was the most human art of the Renaissance; it foreshadowed the nineteenth century in its sympathetic understanding of man's restless questioning concerning his fate. In four galleries of Europe, the Uffizi, the Academia, the Poldo-Pezzoli, the National, surrounded on all sides by the most glorious creations of art, why does the traveler, especially the American traveler, return again and again and linger in the room of the Botticelli? Is it perhaps that there lurks in our minds today, the question that stole peace from the art of Botticelli? Is it perhaps, one of the many signs of a coming Renaissance?

LEONARDO DA VINCI

Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci are the giants of the Florentine school, for so we class them, though Raphael at his greatest period was identified with Rome and Leonardo with Milan. The first of these in point of time was Leonardo, a man of almost universal genius. There seems to be no subject that he did not investigate; he was a profound student of mathematics, which he considered the foundation of all knowledge, an excellent musician, an investigator of all natural phenomena, an inventor. It is said that there is no invention of modern times that was not foreshadowed by Leonardo; the idea that men could have some means of flying, that "there shall be wings," was ever present in his thoughts. In fact Leonardo seems to have resorted to painting only when he had nothing more important to do. Not that he was careless; on

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The Birth of Venus. By Botticelli, in the Uffizi

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Virgin and Child. By Luini, in the Brera, Milan

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The Madonna of the Chair. By Raphael, in the Pitti

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The Creation of Adam. By Michelangelo, in the Sistine Chapel

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A Drawing. By Andrea del Sarto, in the Uffizi

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St. Christopher, St. Jerome, St. Augustine. By Bellini, in Venice

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The Pesaro Madonna. By Titian, in Venice

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Madonna and Saints. By Giorgione, in Castelfranco

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the contrary he finished his work with the greatest care, often repainting again and again, always seeking perfection. Whenever his work has not stood the test of time, it has been partly because the scientist's love of experiment mastered the artist's desire for immortality.

"Mona Lisa" shares with the "Unknown Woman" of the Louvre, the fame of being the most tantalizing woman in art. The fact that Mona Lisa is usually discussed as a real person proves something as to the creative power of the artist. She is loved or hated, admired or despised; no one passes her by with indifference. Is she a real woman? That is the perpetual question. Did she ever live or could there possibly be such a woman? No one has ever answered to the satisfaction of any one else. Is she a symbol then? Was it, after all, his own mind that the artist tried to paint—a mind so finely adjusted to the external world that it received impressions from a thousand sources unknown to the rest of us? Did eye and ear respond to vibrations beyond the capacity of ordinary mortals? Did the great experimenter try to place outside of himself where he could look at it, that which perpetually eluded him within the depths of his own soul; and is this Mona Lisa? The human intellect has made a great stride since that first naïve curiosity of Fra Lippo about this world's meaning. No man, perhaps, ever had a keener insight into the marvelous workings of the universe than Leonardo; but what was it all for? What was the mystery of life? That baffled him. The mystery and the baffling are both in his art. A beautiful example is the "Madonna of the Rocks."

Of course Leonardo's best known and best loved work is the "Last Supper." Corrado Ricci, the Italian critic, describes the picture: "The grandeur of the whole conception, the perfect harmony of the composition, the beauty of the forms, the dramatic movements of the apostles at the terrible words of the victim: 'One of you shall betray me'—fully justify the most ardent and enthusiastic

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admiration. On either side of Jesus are two groups of three figures; each of these groups, although marvelously defined and complete in itself, is linked to its neighbor by the gestures and the glances of the individual apostles. Everything is focussed upon Christ, the central figure of the drama, hence it is from Him and to Him that every gesture and every motion proceed and return." We can understand the dramatic power of this picture from the study of photographs, noting what a psychological commentary is made by the hands. Of Leonardo's distinguished group of followers in Milan, Luini is here represented by the "Madonna of the Rose Trellis."

RAPHAEL

Many people seem to regard the primitives as merely the bridge by which Raphael crossed from the Parthenon to the Vatican, as having no value in themselves, counting only for the influence they had on the Prince of Painters. On the contrary every one of the pre-Raphaelites had something to say that no one else had said in just the same way. It is a great pity to miss the endearing charm of the very least of them. Instead of belittling Raphael by emphasizing the greatness of his precursors, it makes him seem the more wonderful that he should surpass such formidable rivals. Moreover, Raphael's mission was not to revolutionize art, not to undo, but to sum up all that had been accomplished before him.

For the sake of convenience, we divide the artist's life into three periods. Of the first of these a characteristic work is the "Betrothal of the Virgin." It was in the second or Florentine period that some of Raphael's best loved Madonnas were painted, the "Granduca," "Belle Jardinière," "Casa Tempi." In those days the Madonna was something more to the people than a mere drawing-room decoration. She was a symbol of devotion which meant "God is love, but I am a sinful suffering human being; Mary, the human

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mother of the Son of God, understands me, and pleads for me at the throne of justice." This symbol was sought by the poorest at a wayside shrine; it was sought by the mightiest in oratories emblazoned with jewels. Raphael was true to the instincts of Italian art—he painted for the people. In the early Madonnas, Mary is a young girl with a face all innocence and sweetness, in an attitude showing perfect happiness, as, with hands that are the tenderest in the world, she clasps her child, whether he is in her arms or playing at her side with the little St. John. The setting is often a charming landscape such as comes even now to Umbria and Tuscany in the spring. The "Madonna della Sedia" belongs to the third or Roman period when the painter had perfected his art by completing some of his greatest frescoes. This picture, said to be the most popular of all Raphael's works, pleases the eye by the restful lines of the composition and by the varied color of the Roman scarf and the gay covering for the head. The Madonna is older here but not less pure and tender. She has not the remoteness of the innocent virgin in the Granduca nor of the Divine Mother in the Sistine. Instead she is absolutely human, and humanity comprehends the eloquence of her mother love.

In 1508, when Raphael set out for Rome, he was to prove that there was no problem of his art too difficult for him to master, no phase of human thought too complex and subtle for him to grasp. On the walls of churches and palaces, "pricked on by popes and kings" he portrayed in the most beautiful forms all the tumultuous soul of the Italian Renaissance. There are the Stanze of the Vatican, where pagan philosophy is mingled with the Christian faith; the Loggie of the Vatican decorated with beautiful scenes from the scriptures in an exquisite setting, the motifs for which are found in the ancient Baths of pagan Rome; the Sibyls and Angels in Santa Maria della Pace, one of the most beautiful frescoes of all. The story of Psyche and the

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"Triumph of Galatea" in the Villa Farnesina; the ten glorious cartoons; some of the most beautiful of the Madonnas, including the Sistine; some of the greatest portraits in the world as Leo X, Julius II; the Saint Cecilia, the Transfiguration; it is impossible to name them all. The amount of work is so tremendous that Taine says Raphael must have thought in forms as we do in phrases. The excellence of the work is such that though others at times may have surpassed the painter in some one particular, as the Florentines in drawing, or the Venetians in color, yet none have equalled him in the harmonious development of all kinds of excellence. The essence of Raphael's genius seems to have been the capacity to reconcile opposites; to blend into harmonious whole the partial achievements of lesser minds. It was not imitation, it was not eclecticism; it was an absorption of elements that they might reappear in another form.

We shall hardly understand the greatness of Raphael unless we keep in mind, first, the relation of art in general to all people, and secondly the relation of the art of painting to the people of Italy. First, art and the life of the people are one, they cannot be separated. The Sower, the Thinker, the Lincoln, some budding oaks and maples along the common highway of America, these are the visible signs of the fears, the sufferings, the strivings of thousands and thousands of people. Some one has said that it takes a vast deal of life to make a very little art. Second, painting is preëminently the art of Italy; for in Italy took place that full and free unfolding of this greatest of all the arts; and in Italy took place that marvelous change from a pagan world to a Christian universe. Through one millennium, and half of another Italy gathered force to spread over all the earth her passionate love of perfection, her faith in the compelling power of beauty. In the year 1500 Raphael stands at the parting of the ways; behind him were centuries of glorious promise; before him were centuries of magnifi-

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cent achievement. To him it was given to gather up the past and hand it on to the future.

MICHELANGELO

Michelangelo's art is the least human of all art. Just as in life he was always alone, so in art. His creations are neither gods nor men; they are neither pagan ideals nor Christian; they are denizens of some world we know nothing about where forces take on visible shape. If Leonardo was possessed by the mysteries in life, Michelangelo was haunted by the wonder, the majesty of unseen forces. Even beauty with him was secondary to power; Adam is one of the few beautiful forms he ever painted or carved; the power of the Creator is overwhelming; only a tremendous genius could have dared the conception of this work and then achieved its execution.

The story of Michelangelo's life is the best commentary on his art. It is pitiful yet it is inspiring to think of him in his tragic loneliness, seeking in the great marble quarries his only companions, which were the spiritual creations of his own brain still imprisoned in those blocks of stone. We may try to analyze the harmony of Raphael or to fathom the majesty of Leonardo but in the presence of Michelangelo we are awed into silence.

THE VENETIAN SCHOOL

Venice now takes up the wondrous tale. Gentler by nature than the Florentines, the Venetians responded more readily to the tenderness and reverence of the Christian faith than to its sterner qualities. Free from oppression at home, habituated to conquest abroad, the people are singularly unacquainted with adversity. They glory in the unparalleled beauty of their city; in the gorgeous spectacle of every day life in such a splendid setting; in the brilliant part their citizens are called to play in the history of nations. All their tenderness, their prosperity, their pride is reflected in their art.

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BELLINI

Of the highest religious art, John Bellini is a representative painter, and of his best work the altar piece in San Gian Chrisostomo is a just example. The saints are placed together in a somewhat formal manner, the formality softened by the arc of blue sky against which is outlined the sturdy branch of a tree with rich and delicate leaves. St. Augustine in his splendid vestments and symbols of churchly power summons us to a life consecrated to knowledge, that we may understand the wisdom and power of the Lord. St. Jerome moves us to a life of pure contemplation, where we may see Him face to face. St. Christopher stands, staff in hand, eager to bear the burdens of the world, but lo! his burden is transformed; he feels the Christ child cling to his neck, one little hand grasping his hair, one little knee pressing his cheek; the weight of the burden is gone; only the rapture, the glory remain. And so in Venice as in Florence, painting is the heart of the people. The almost unearthly beauty of this picture, the Madonna and Saints in San Zaccharia, another in the Frari, and yet another in the Academy, have never been equaled except by Giorgione in the Castelfranco Madonna. Both artists have secured the aloofness of the Virgin from the common walks of humanity by placing her high above the saints, one in a stately monumental setting, the other in a soft and dreamy landscape.

TITIAN

In Titian's Pesaro Madonna, the simple religious motive of mother and child is permeated by an action force that makes it one of the most dramatic of pictures. The Madonna, a divinely protecting ally of Venice, wakes to glory and leads to triumph. The dramatic energy of Titian combined with the color of Bellini and Giorgione; what radiant visions in art it made possible! What splendid men, trained by the sea, the camp, the court! What queenly women. What golden hair! What satins and velvets and

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jewels! What columns and arches and domes! What trees and flowers and terraces—and the blue sky of Venice over all!

The Pesaro Madonna, however, marks the close, rather than the beginning of Titian's first period. In his youth he was much influenced by his master, John Bellini, and by his companion, Giorgione. The "Madonna of the Cherries" in the Uffizi, shows the symmetrical arrangement of Bellini but also the dramatic element which was the quality Titian brought into Venetian art; instead of a mere assemblage of people, the figures now form a spirited group, that is, each person shows some relation to the others.

The "Tribute Money," familiar to all, belongs to this period. Here the painter seems somewhat under the influence of Leonardo, but again it is his own dramatic sense that brings out the greatest interest of the situation by contrasting the tranquil bearing, and noble, generous hand of Jesus with the look of anxious suspicion and the grasping hand of him who is demanding if it be just to pay tribute to Cæsar.

GIORGIONE

The dominant influence of Titian's youth was Giorgione. The two were so much alike that even now the authorship of certain pictures is not generally agreed upon. Giorgione was a worshipper of beauty of form, of color and sound; he was neither Pagan nor Christian in purpose; the history of his brief life is fragmentary and not at all authentic; all the traces of his genius that now remain are a few pictures which for sheer intoxicating beauty in line and color and for a certain indescribable quality of serenity have never been surpassed, nay equaled, by the loveliest creations in any art. It was while under this poetic influence called Giorgionesque, that Titian painted "The Concert;" that is, supposing that the real Giorgione did not paint it himself. "Sacred and Profane Love" is also of this period. This painting belongs to a class of which there

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are very few in the world, perhaps, only two—this and one other, Giorgione's "Storm." What the painter endeavored to say in the one picture as in the other, has never been known, only conjectured, but after all what difference does it make? Venus has only just alighted after a flight from Olympus; her rose-colored garment is not yet still; now she approaches a mortal woman lost in day-dreams, and provokes her to thoughts of love; Cupid balancing with his wings on the brink of the pool, plunges his dimpled arm into the depth of the waters, while he awaits results with the indifference of certainty. The absolute beauty of the figures and of the landscape, and of such details as the antique well, the glorious color and the infinite suggestion of all, make this picture one of the most perfect joys in the world.

With the Pesaro Madonna and the "Assumption of the Virgin," Titian leaves behind him this period of dependence on the influence of others. His art takes on its own definite character, and from now on to the end of a long and brilliant career one marvel fast succeeds another; the Gonzaga of Mantua, the Medici of Florence, the rulers of Spain, Austria and France are eager to load him with honors and commission. "All princes, learned men, and distinguished persons who came to Venice visited Titian," relates Vasari, "for not only his art was great, but he was a nobleman in person." "This distinction left its mark on his work," is Muther's comment. "What we call the idealism of Titian is not the result of esthetic reflection, but the natural point of view of a man who wandered upon the heights of life, never knew trivial care, nor even bodily sickness. He therefore saw the world healthy and beautiful in gleaming and mystic splendor." It was Titian's native nobility of character, though undoubtedly fortified by circumstance, that determined the type he immortalized in art. He demanded stateliness in his forms; space, grandeur and dignity in his surroundings; long, sweeping lines in costume,

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The Circumcision. By Tintoretto, in Venice

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The Virgin and Donor. By Jan van Eyck, in the Louvre, Paris

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Prince Rupert. By Van Dyck, in Vienna

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The Guitar Lesson. By Terborg

The Laughing Cavalier. By Hals, in the Wallace Collection

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The Ferry. By Ruysdael

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The Avenue, Middelharnis. By Hobbema, in the National Gallery

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Milking Time at Dort. By Cuyp, in the Wallace Collection

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A Dutch Interior. By Pieter de Hooch, in the' Old Pinakothek. Munich

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for he caused human beings to reveal their nature, not chiefly by the expression of the face, as did the Florentines, but by all their movements and accessories. His grand signors are lords of all that life can give; his glorious women (it is said that all Venetian art is a hymn to womanhood), have not been paralleled since the last days of Grecian art; simple, sincere, majestic, beautiful, they combine the innocence of Bellini's Mary with the distinction of a Phidian goddess. Again it is only the majesty and beauty of nature that Titian puts in his landscape. Like Wordsworth, he ignores her ugly and terrible aspects.

It is interesting to compare Titian's portraits with those of Raphael. According to Eugene Müntz, "Raphael's portraits are human documents. The physical resemblance, the moral character and something born of the surrounding atmosphere are rendered with an energy and brilliancy that could not be more convincing. It is nature taken to the life with inexorable precision. The portraits of Titian on the contrary, reflect the impressions of the artist, his tendency to see the exterior world under colors the most brilliant, without going to the bottom of things, to content himself with worldly convention and to prefer elegance to truth." This seems to be true and yet not true. Undoubtedly, Raphael's Leo X, for example, is one of the greatest of psychological studies as well as a marvel of art; and there seems to be no one portrait of Titian's that one can compare with it point for point. Nevertheless, Titian's portraits are just as truthful. There is nothing of Raphael in his portraits; he keeps himself out as completely as Giotto or Shakespeare might have done. Neither, on the other hand, does Titian paint himself in his portraits; nor does he flatter in the sense of putting into a portrait what never existed in the subject; he seems, however, to have recognized the dignity and worth, and the something to admire that exists in every man, and to have been willing to treat a man's character as he did landscapes, that is, to give it the benefit of a good light.

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Other examples of Titian's art besides those mentioned, are the "Entombment," the "Presentation of the Virgin," the "Annunciation" (in the Sculo di San Rocco), "St. Peter Martyr" (now destroyed), the "Man With a Glove," the "Young Englishman," "Charles V," "Francis the First," "Catherine Cornaro," "La Bella," "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Jupiter and Antiope."

The entire output of Titian's genius was enormous. The tradition is that he lived to be ninety years old; however that is, he kept his vitality and freshness to the last; he had no period of decline.

Who are Titian's colleagues, who are his peers? There is magic in the mere roll call. Lorenzo Lotto; Palma Vecchio, the painter of "Santa Barbara;" Bonifazio, of "Dives and Lazarus;" Pares Bordone, of the "Fisherman and the Ring of Mark;" Sebastian del Piembe, of "St. Crisostomo e Santi;" Catena, of "the Knight Adoring the Madonna and Child;" Carpaccio, of the "Legend of St. Ursula" and the "Legend of St. George;" Cima da Conegliano, of "Tobias and the Angel;" Basaiti, of the "Sons of Zebedee."

PAUL VERONESE

In the beginning of the fifteenth century the pride of Venice was humbled when the Pope, the King of France and the Emperor of Germany united against this most noble city of the world. But while the splendor of her daily life was still undiminished an alien artist perpetuated in the wall decorations of the ducal palace these magic scenes soon to vanish forever. The magnificent art of Paul Veronese must be seen in its rich Gothic setting to be appreciated at its full value. It was the visible glory of Venice that appealed to his true painter's eye and it is set forth with marvelous sympathy and power. Veronese was a scenic not a dramatic artist, so we do not expect him to probe to the heart of the people as did Titian or Tintoretto. He is a decorative artist, and therefore, not to be called a superficial painter because

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he does not concern himself with psychological or religious problems. On the contrary his art is both sound and sincere. The "Glory of Venice," the "Rape of Europa," the "Marriage at Cana," the "Family of Darius," are superb examples of his art.

TINTORETTO

Tintoretto was a genius whose thoughts crowded on him so fast that he could not always express them; who worked at times with such feverish intensity that he gained the nickname of the "Furious One." The quantity of his work is so great that it is sometimes executed too hastily, not finished at all, merely sketched in, in fact. Time has more than once half ruined his work. This artist cannot be studied except in Venice, and not even there to any great extent in the usual haunts of travelers; instead he must be sought for in the Scuola di San Rocco and in nearly every one of the churches in Venice. These seem to be the reasons why Tintoretto is less generally known than any of the other great Italians. On the other hand there are three excellent reasons for emphasizing the study of Tintoretto: first, as in the case of many things worth while, you must "know him ere he seems worthy of your love;" second, he is one of the greatest artists in the world, and we cannot afford to miss even the least of them; finally, he is the last great artist of the Italian Renaissance. While he does not represent the culmination of the whole movement as did Raphael, he completes the structure in such a way that his art is necessary to a full understanding of this greatest of all epochs in history. The illustration, the "Circumcision," in this magazine, is described by Ruskin: "Tintoretto has taken immence pains with the head of the high-priest. I know not any existing old man's head so exquisitely tender, or so noble in its lines. He receives the infant Christ in his arms kneeling, and looking down upon the Child with infinite veneration and love; and the flashing of golden rays from its head is made the center of light

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and all interest. The whole picture is like a golden charger to receive the Child."

For a fuller understanding of Tintoretto's genius, for qualities not in evidence here, one must study at least "Bacchus and Ariadne," the "Miracle of St. Mark," the "Presentation," the "Marriage at Cana," and the "Crucifixion."

It has been necessary in his brief survey to pass by many charming artists in the two schools considered; to ignore altogether the schools of Perugino, of Francia, of Sodoma, of Dosso Dossi, of Correggio, above all of Mantegna.

Among these countless artists all over Italy there was a spirit of mutual giving and taking; the achievements of one were the common property of all; and so it happened that there was spun that golden web,—the painting of the Italian Renaissance.

THE FLEMISH SCHOOL

In 1401 when Masaccio was born to be a pioneer of painting in Italy what was happening in those far away countries of the north? Burgundy which had recently absorbed Flanders, was in close relation, political and commercial, with France and Italy. France by her splendid achievement in architecture had already established her rank in regard to art as one of the three greatest nations in the world. Now with the inducements offered by her splendor loving monarchs, she drew to her capital all the workers in the minor arts, among them the Fleming, Paul de Limbourg. He was illuminating manuscripts with scenes from contemporary life that had all the love of natural detail and exquisite finish that proved to be the salient features of the Flemish school. There was an atmosphere of appreciation and a general striving of artistic life long before 1532 when the Van Eycks finished their great altar piece, the "Adoration of the Lamb." The fame of the Flemings spread quickly over all the world. Even the Italians

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came to learn in Flanders the secrets of color and the use of oil.

THE VAN EYCKS

All the distinguishing features of Flemish art can be studied in the Van Eycks. A splendid example is afforded by the "Madonna and the Donor" by Jan van Eyck in the Louvre. This picture attracts us at first on account of its beautiful color; then we are repelled because we find none of that beauty of form which we instinctively expect. As, in spite of all this, the picture continues to hold our interest, we finally realize that this is not a Madonna at all in the true sense that Raphael's was or Bellini's. What really interests us is the Donor. Who was he? What is he thinking about? Why do his hands say one thing and and his eyes another? For it never occurs to us to doubt that he was a real person. In short, interest in reality has taken the place of interest in an ideal; character in place of beauty. Our longing for beauty, however, is ministered to by the wonderful color, the pleasing composition, the skilful rendering of the different textures, the splendid effect of the robes and jewels, and especially by the landscape that keeps receding until lost to our view.

The Van Eycks have a number of noteworthy successors: Roger van der Weyden, who carried the new art to Germany; Hans Memling, whose charming "Saint Ursula" it is pleasant to compare with the same legend as told so delightfully by Carpaccio the Venetian; Hugo van der Goes, who seems to have had a marked influence on the Florentines; Quentin Matsys, the portrait painter; finally all the genius of Flanders culminated in one stupendous genius —Rubens.

RUBENS

Now this great painter has been worshipped by all the artists because he is so easily master of all the resources of their art and because they wish to learn from him the secrets of that wonderful technique of which Mr. Bailey

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tells us. But what appeal does Rubens make to us who are of a different race and time, especially, if, to quote Henry James, we are of the number whose only relation to pictures is a disposition to enjoy them? It is undeniable that some of those so disposed, prompted by artist friends or the double stars in Baedeker, have been discouraged by the vagaries of Marie de Medici in the Louvre in the room devoted to Rubens. These pictures fail to excite interest, they even repel; and the same can be said in regard to others of Rubens. Nevertheless it is impossible that an artist so wholesome, so well balanced, should not eventually appeal to all. His interest in life is never more charmingly displayed than in his pictures of children. In the Munich gallery is a picture of seven baby rascals tugging at a garland of fruits, and finding it evidently a heavy weight for their tiny forces, yet kicking up their heels for very joy in making this trial of strength. Rubens delighted in the texture of human flesh even more than in that of splendid silken stuffs; he revels in the play of light on the uneven surface of the body; and his unparalleled rendering of these effects is nowhere more pleasing than in the beautiful bodies of little children.

Rubens excelled as a painter of portraits. The portrait of "Rubens and Isabella Brandt in the Garden," Munich; Hélène Fourment and Her Children," Paris; "Hélène Fourment and Her Son," Munich; the "Sons of the Painter," Vienna; the "Artist, His Wife and Child," Paris; the "Chapeau de Paille," London—all these are good examples for a club to study and cannot fail to delight. A wider selection is necessary to understand the full splendor of Rubens's endowment; the "Descent from the Cross;" the "Crucifixion;" the "Coronation of Marie de Medici;" the "Kermess;" "Philemon and Baucis." Not the least of Rubens's claim to greatness is the wholesome influence he has had on other painters when they have been strong enough to keep their own individuality. Van Dyck, the pupil of Rubens, is an illustrious example.

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THE DUTCH SCHOOL

The art of Holland was a citizens' art and the training that insured its distinction was gained in a terrible struggle. For Holland had to keep up a never-to-be-ended contest with the sea which threatened to overflow and snatch the very ground from under her feet; then, in 1564, she began the desperate fight with the Spaniards who endeavored to grasp her possessions, crush her religion and choke her independence. In 1648, after eighty years of heroic resistance, Holland was finally acknowledged to be free. Then, secure in the protection of her victorious navy, in the comfort of domestic industries and foreign trade, Holland was prepared really to enjoy peace. Conditions such as these stimulate the production of art. But what had Holland to express that was suited to the medium of art? Her pride in her citizens and her love of her country; and so there are portraits,—portraits of people and portraits of places—painted with such devotion to truth that we today know by heart the Holland of the seventeenth century.

FRANS HALS

No scholar but a painter was the historian of Dutch liberty according to Professor Muther. It was in the last years of her victory over Spain that Frans Hals began the brief but dazzling record of the Dutch in art. Heir of the technical conquests of the Van Eycks, as Rubens had been, Hals, too, developed a method of his own suited to the expression of his personal ideals. Keen, bold, definite, prompt, he seizes upon a personality like that of the "Laughing Cavalier" and fixes it forever on the canvas. The dashing soldier is an individual but he is a type, too, of the men who every day were taking their lives in their hands, ready to die for their country and just as ready to live for her. The laugh which is not a laugh after all but only the thought of one will be gone in a moment. It is this moment that Hals is always ready to catch. Other portraits that have this elusive fascination peculiar to Hals are the "Laughing Gipsy"

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in the Louvre, the "Singing Boys" in the Cassel, the "Splendid Cavalier" in the Lichtenstein. But Holland in the days of her new-born liberty was not only gay and dashing and care-free; she was steady, industrious, responsible. The "Portrait of a Man" and another of a "Woman" in the National Gallery, London, win us completely by their sweet gravity, by the confidence we feel in their integrity.

REMBRANDT

Though Hals is one of the greatest portrait painters, not only of Holland but of the world, the Dutch have given us a still greater artist in Rembrandt. Compare the "Laughing Cavalier" with Rembrandt's portrait of himself in the Louvre. Hals has put the man before us to the very life; he has left out nothing that is necessary to enable us to see exactly what he saw; but the inference to be drawn from this observation we must make for ourselves just as the artist did. In the Rembrandt, though the outward appearance (which, after all, let us remember, is the true province of painting) is just as real as in the Hals, we feel that it is not what the artist intended us to see; we look for something more. Compare the Rembrandt again with another in Dresden, where the artist in the pride of his youth and magnificence is holding the lovely Saskia on his knee, while he raises high above his laughing face a bumper to fortune. Compare both portraits with still another in the Louvre—Rembrandt no longer young and splendid but worn, gray, and shabbily clothed, has yet the symbol of work in his hands while in his eyes is steadily shining the assurance of an unspent capacity. We know, now, what the artist intended us to see; it was the man Rembrandt himself; to know him at first hand and not to draw conclusions about him from his outward appearance. There is no occasion for pity because he is old and poor and misunderstood, a martyr to human progress; that simply does not matter. In all the transformation of natural growth, in all the changes of fortune the man's personality remains the same; the soul

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The Immaculate Conception. By Murilio

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Infanta Isabella, Queen of the Sicilies, when twelve years old. By Goya, Madrid

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Marriage Contract. By Hogarth, in the National Gallery

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The Morning Walk. By Gainsborough, in the Collection of Lord Rothschild

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Miss Farren. By Lawrence, in the Collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq.

The Blessed Damozel. By Rossetti, in the Collection of Lady Inchiquin

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The Goodbye. By Chardin, in the Liechtenstein Gallery

Elizabeth of Austria. By François Clouet, in the Louvre

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Bathers. By Jean-Honoré Fragonard, in the Louvre, Paris

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Marie-Isabelle. By Nattier, at Versailles

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alone is permanent and significant; all the rest, temporary and trivial.

Rembrandt saw everything before him and could set it down with his brush too, as well as the greatest realist of them all, but the range of his vision passed easily beyond the boundaries of the actual world into the realm of the unknown. It is only to be expected, then, that he would require a medium of expression as original as the substance he had to express. Feeling that, after the soul of man, light is the most wonderful thing in the universe he used the visible nature of one to interpret the invisible quality of the other. Rembrandt's use of light in the "Portrait of the Artist" is admirably set forth in the article of Mr. Bailey, but the point to be made here is this: either Rembrandt by his masterly use of light was enabled to express that which is incapable of expression, or else he so enlarges our capacity for seeing and thinking that we transcend our usual powers and see with the spiritual vision of Rembrandt.

LANDSCAPE PAINTERS

In the seventeenth century Holland had more great painters than any other country at any period of history, and these artists represented every branch of painting—portrait, landscape, genre, and still life. The Dutch are wonderful painters of landscapes. Second only to Rembrandt is Ruysdael who loved nature in wild and savage moods. Hobbema prefers nature in her more common and friendly aspects, but his interpretation of these is full of personal charm, as, for example, his "Avenue Near Middel Harnis." Cuyp loves fine cattle with the reflection of light on their tawny hides, the low horizon, the evening sky, the feeling of comfort and peace. "Milking Time at Dort" in the Wallace collection is a general favorite among many similar works. Paul Potter is another famous painter of animals in a fine landscape setting. His best known work is the "Bull," in the Museum at the Hague.

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GENRE PAINTERS

The Dutch Little Masters painted charming interiors. Pieter de Hooch is mainly occupied with the room itself, its personality so to speak. The people in it are subordinate elements and the real center of interest is the light. Gerhard Terborg, in his interiors portrays charming people; lovely ladies in satin and jewels, courtly admirers in velvets and plumes, are grouped in some trifling incident of every day life. These are only two of the many painters who by their magnificent treatment of simple themes raised genre painting to the level of a great art.

GERMAN ART

HOLBEIN

Erasmus, Holbein, Sir Thomas Moore, Henry VIII of England! What an interesting group they must have made if they ever came together, as well they may have done in the home of Sir Thomas at Chelsea, whither the King often went to confer with his chancellor, walking with him in the garden in affectionate embrace. Holbein painted marvelous portraits of them all, for it was Erasmus the great Dutch scholar that sent the young painter to seek his fortune in England in the home of his own very dear friend, Sir Thomas Moore. There after some years, about ten, Holbein was made court painter by Henry VIII and was sometimes sent on a mission to find a new wife for the King. A colleague on one of these occasions wrote to Henry, "Your Grace's Servante Hanza Albein hath taken the effigies of my Ladye Anne and the Layde Amelye and hath expressed theyre images verye lyvelye." This bit of contemporary criticism sums up Holbein's art. He was a great realist with a fine sense of color and with great insight into character. The Erasmus is one of the best of his portraits. It is simple, free from the characteristic German detail which is so delightful in the much admired portrait of George Gisze.

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The simplicity is evidence that Holbein appreciated the real greatness of his famous friend. Erasmus was not only the most learned scholar but the profoundest thinker of his time. Broader and more generous in his judgments than Luther, he never could have sounded the hammer that "echoed round the world." This wisdom and magnanimity the painter has put on canvas, as well as the practical kindliness that prompted Erasmus to send to his influential English friends not only Holbein but another young painter, Quentin Matsys, with this letter of introduction—"Here the arts are very torpid; he seeks England in order to scrape together a few angels," Holbein painted, besides many portraits, a beautiful and majestic Madonna, and the celebrated "Dance of Death."

DURER

Hans Holbein and Albrecht Dürer are the culmination of German art. Dürer especially is beloved by the Germans who see in him a realization of the best qualities of their own complex nature; their courage, earnestness, intellect, combined with deep sentiment and common sense. Then, too, all the ideas of the Reformation are expressed with a kind of splendid seriousness in such great works of Dürer's as the "Nativity" and the "Apostles." On the other hand, the native Teutonic ideal, Beonulf, that hero who, in spite of everything, never desists from his purpose, reappears in Dürer's engraving, "Knight, Death and the Devil;" while the still more powerful "Melancholia" is full of the Teuton's deep brooding and primitive awe in the presence of mystery. Dürer was an original thinker who trusted to nature for guidance, but his splendid natural powers were heightened by contact with the great Italians, especially by Bellini. Properly speaking there was no German school of painting. The reasons are too many to enter upon here, except the most apparent; that the Germans were destined to express the soul of a later epoch in the more complex art of music.

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ART STUDY IN AMERICA

In the study of painting we are handicapped in America by the want of early and constant association with the original works of great masters. Many of us never have even a glimpse of a great work of art; such knowledge as we have is gained from reproductions in black and white—often exceedingly poor at that. The Philip IV by Velasquez in a penny print is not inspiring whereas what we feel in the presence of the original is well expressed by Caffin. "This is one of Velasquez's most notable achievements. How languid the pale hair; the face, how foolishly prolonged, flabby and expressionless! Imagine it painted by a second-rate artist, and you would pass it by. But before this portrait you pause and linger long. Why? Neither you nor I can tell, except simply that we are in the presence of the mystery of life, so that even this sallow, puffed face attracts and rivets our admiration. Even a painter cannot tell you how it was painted. Its technique eludes him. Yet it is the technique which holds him to the spot. He feels that here the mystery of living structure and tissue has been compassed by the mystery of the artist's creativeness."

The study of art history enriches life to a degree beyond that of any other study; it is better to begin with a few cheap prints than not to undertake it at all. If it is possible to have a few really choice productions just to give a hint of what the original must be—so much the better. Only begin the study with any thing available; there is no pursuit that pays such rich dividends.

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

Besides these drawbacks that apply to the study of art in any country there are added difficulties in the case of Spain. So far, events have not brought us in touch with Spanish life to the degree that they have with other nations; hence a good historical background, always desirable, is absolutely essential in the study of Spanish art. Perhaps on the whole it is well to delay in taking up this branch of

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painting till one has fairly good understanding of the Italian, Dutch and Flemish schools.

Four artists, however, demand attention earlier, for the sake of comparison with other artists or for the powerful influence they have had on modern schools, El Greco, Velasquez, Murillo and Goya.

EL. GRECO

Highbred chivalry and devotion to the Catholic church are the two ideals that determine the character of Spanish painting. This Spanish spirit has found no interpreter more true than El Greco, who was not a Spaniard at all but a Greek by birth and an Italian by training. And just because he is an interpreter of spirit, an artist of expression, El Greco is appreciated and eagerly studied by the artists of today. A good example for study is the "Funeral of Count Orgaz."

VELASQUEZ

The painter who has had so far the greatest influence upon modern art ever since he was discovered by Manet is Velasquez. He especially appealed to a generation longing to get away from conventions and platitudes, shams of all kinds, and to find truth and reality. The scope of Velasquez is restricted; for thirty-six years he painted scarcely a picture not ordered by the King. But "to such a one as Velasquez it matters little what he is called upon to paint. He is not aware of those limitations which the ordinary man calls ugliness. To him the subject is a manifestation of life and life to him is beauty in every one of its aspects, and to render that beauty is sufficient."

The little princess Marguerite was a favorite subject, her portrait in the Louvre, another in Vienna, and as the center of interest in the Maids of Honor are among the most charming portraits in any art. Further profitable study may be made of "Las Meñinas" (the "Maids of Honor"), "Las Hilanderas" (the "Weavers"), "Las Lan-

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zas" (the "Surrender of Breda"), "Venus," "Pope Innocent X," and all the portraits of the royal family and of the painter himself.

MURILLO

Murillo, as a painter of the ecstasy of religion, is not equaled even by the Italians. His color is as spiritual as the subjects he represents. The "Immaculate Conception" and the "Temptation of St. Anthony" are good examples.

GOYA

Goya is an extreme naturalist and a satirist; neither chivalry nor religion moved him. He anticipated modern impressionism. Its influence on modern art may be realized from the study of his "Charles IV and the Royal Family," "Doña Isabel de Corcel," "In the Balcony," "Mosca Cieca," and the "Parasol."

An additional interest is lent to the study of Spanish art by the hope that points to Spain as the scene of future development in painting.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL

In England the first painters of importance were the foreigners, Hans Holbein the Younger, Sir Anthony van Dyck and Sir Peter Lely.

HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER

Holbein spent 1526 to 1528 and 1532-1543 in London where he readily found favor because portrait painting was a form of art that especially appealed to the English people. He did not found a school but dominated English painting till the advent of van Dyck in 1621. Invited by Charles I, van Dyck returned to England in 1632 to remain for the rest of his life. Here "he rapidly threw off the manner contracted under the influence of the great Venetians; affected by the *genus loci,* if not by the work of native artists, the Fleming built up a style in complete accord with English predilections. His best English pic-

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tures are worthy to hang beside the finest of his Genoese period." This quotation is from Sir Walter Armstrong, the best English critic.

SIR PETER LELY

Sir Peter Lely came to England in 1641, the year of van Dyck's death. He, too, rose rapidly in favor at court. The Countess of Gramont is one of the portraits in the famous series of Court Beauties now at Hampton Palace.

HOGARTH

The first great English painter—Whistler says the *only* one—was Hogarth. He so scourged the English with his satire and was in consequence so beloved for it, that for a long time the fame of the painter was obscured by that of the satirist. "Marriage *a la Mode*" is a series of six pictures representing the evils that result from a marriage where rank and wealth are the only sources of attraction. The "Rake's Progress," another series, is equally satirical. Among his important portraits are the "Shrimp Girl," "Peg Woffington," and "Hogarth's Servants." According to Sir Walter Armstrong, Hogarth was the creator of British independence in art and he prepared the way for Sir Joshua Reynolds.

GAINSBOROUGH, REYNOLDS, LAWRENCE

Foreign influences were at work too, when Reynolds and Gainsborough began to paint, for the masterpieces of Rubens, van Dyck, Titian and Murillo were numerous in English galleries. "Unlike the great Venetians," Professor Reinach says, "these English artists concerned themselves less with truth than with grace; their portraits immortalize a highly polished aristocracy like that which furnished sitters for van Dyck, but healthier and better equipped for action."

Of the two leaders, Gainsborough and Reynolds, the former is thought to have more of the true qualities of a painter, while Reynolds is more intellectual and various;

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together they stand comparison with any other portrait painters of the world.

How original was the art of this school even when on the point of decline may be seen in the bewitching portrait of Miss Farren by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

CROME, BONNINGTON, CONSTABLE AND TURNER

In the beginning of the nineteenth century England became an important factor in the art history of the world through her landscape painters, Crome, Bonnington, and especially Constable. They "set up an easel in the fields" and originated the modern school of natural landscape, which is the glory of the nineteenth century. Turner did not belong to this school but adhered to the tradition of Claude. Owing to the splendor of his imagination he has never been approached by any other English landscape painter. He belongs in a class by himself as does Watts, the painter of beautiful allegories and great portraits.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES

The Pre-Raphaelites is the name given to the next important group of painters, not because they in the least resemble the precursors of Raphael in the character of their work, but because they threw over all the traditions. Traditions all dated from Raphael. Those who came before his time could not have followed his traditions, hence the name given to this brotherhood. Of this school is Rossetti the painter of the "Blessed Damosel," "Beata Beatrix," "Dante's Dream;" and Burne-Jones, the creator of the "Golden Stair," "Laus Veneris," the "*Chant d'Amour,*" and the "Days of Creation."

THE FRENCH SCHOOL

The continuity of great art has never been long interrupted. Rubens visited Venice soon after the death of Tintoretto, and the traditions he received he passed on to his countryman, Watteau. The birthplace of Watteau, however, had recently been ceded to France. This is not the

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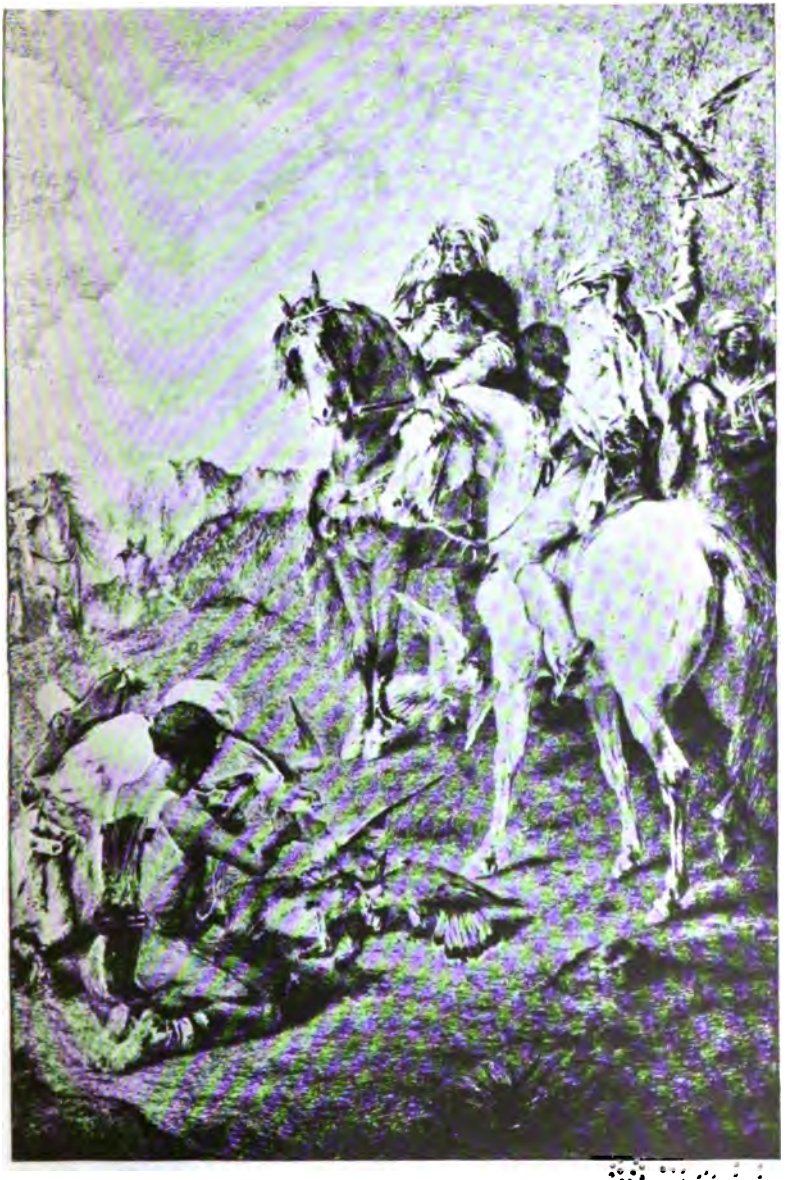

Hunting with Falcons. By Fromentin

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La Source. By Ingres, in the Louvre

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Spring. By Daubigny, in the Louvre

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The Sower. By Millet, in the collection of George Vanderbilt, Esq.

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first time we have seen the union of French and Flemish art. Paul de Limbourg had been followed by Jean Fouquet; and during the reign of the last of the Valois-Orleans kings the Clouets were prominent at the French court. "Francois Clouet painted portraits so insistent, so reticent, yet so delicately psychological that the seem made out of nothing."* Elizabeth of Austria, wife of Charles IX, one of the most charming portraits in the Louvre, is remarkable for the exactness of face and hands, and for the Flemish care and exactness in the painting of the jewels. The Clouets never succumbed to the Italian influence, powerful at the French court during the Renaissance. Francis I, determined to rival the Medici of Florence as a patron of art, invited to the court Leonardo and Andrea del Sarto as well as less distinguished artists, who inspired a group of French painters called the School of Fontainebleau. As these native artists had not the technical skill to emulate the great Italians they contented themselves with imitating those who were inferior, producing works that now have little except historical interest.

POUSSIN AND CLAUDE

Two important artists of the period were, first, Poussin, noted for the classic repose of his landscapes, of which the most sympathetic to modern taste is "Et ego in Arcadia;" second, Claude, who first discovered the wonders of sunlight, from which fact he is sometimes called the first modern painter.

INFLUENCE OF LOUIS XIV

Louis XIV subjugated art as he did everything else. Le Brun, his official director of art, made Versailles,—its architecture, gardens with their trees, hedges and plants, as well as the arts of painting and sculpture,—all a colossal form of flattery to the King. Just such an *ensemble* has never been seen before or since, and for this reason it is in-

*Reinach.

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teresting. Rigaud's "Louis XIV," and the "King's Marriage," are imposing. Largillère's "Painter's Family" has a human charm in spite of its formality.

WATTEAU

France reveled in the freedom that followed close upon the death of Louis XIV. It has been usual to condemn the art of the reign of Louis XV as reflecting an age of frivolous manners and low standards of morality. There is at least one important exception, the beautiful, original art of Antoine Watteau. Except that he set for himself the standard of Rubens and the Venetians, he was uninfluenced by others; he invented a *genre* suited to express his personal needs.

Watteau had lived in a dream world ever since, at seventeen, he left his home on the Flemish border to walk to the capital. Arrived, a sick and lonely boy, in Paris, he had no money, no bread, no lodging except under the arches of Nôtre Dame. A drudge in a daub shop, an apprentice to a scene painter, then to a decorator, he comes at length to assist the concierge at Luxembourg palace where he has access to the pictures of Rubens. But what is of equal importance in determining his exquisite art, his painter's eye is delighted with the groups of fashionable ladies and cavaliers who frequent the gardens of the palace. Here is his dream world, though he, the poor, ugly painter, already struggling with death, is shut out from this radiant place. All these visions take shape in the "Embarkation for Cythera," one of the most beautiful pictures in the world. It was painted by Watteau as his reception piece for the French Academy and marks the beginning of the modern epoch of painting. This was in the first joyous days of the Regency; from now on Watteau paints the *fêtes galantes* for which he is famous. These are not transcripts of a corrupt society, but the poetic day dreams of an artist boy whose chivalrous nature idealized the world around him.

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That sadness came into these dreams we have for a witness "L'Indifférent," for this is one of the saddest of pictures. We that are living now know that there was something of the fineness and sweetness of life about to be lost to the world forever; along with it will perish much that is evil but even that will not be a fair compensation for the loss. If there is anxiety, foreboding, in the heart of "L'Indifférent" still he can dance on his way to meet the inevitable.

WATTEAU'S SUCCESSORS

Peter and Lancret succeeded Watteau but they are less thoughtful and poetic. Fragonard is even more charming when at his best but it is he who is responsible for the charge of immorality brought against eighteenth century art. Chardin next to Watteau is the greatest genius of the century.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

After the Revolution when not the king but the people became the patron of art, there is a wider field for the artist. The changes in every department of life are so many and so momentous that the story of art becomes more intricate; sometimes we have to deal with schools; then again with an individual genius. David marks the reaction against the Louis XV school or the return to formalism. His historical scenes such as the "Crowning of the Empress Josephine" are imposing, but it is only in portraits such as the "Madame Recamier," that this painter charms. Ingres, also of the classic school, is the painter of "La Source," the most perfect nude in modern art; moreover this picture is full of charm. Delacroix, a great artist, who looked around him and painted, without theorizing, whatever pleased him, led the Romantic movement. In the van of this movement, are Millet, Rousseau, Corot, members of a group called the Barbizon School. Daubigny, a little later than these, had "neither Corot's witchery nor Rousseau's power, but nature is more mystically significant to him and

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sets a deeper chord vibrating within him." Fromentin is the leader of a group of Orientalists of the second empire; Manet, the leader of the Impressionists; Monet, the leader of the Luminists; Puvis de Chavannes, the painter of the most beautiful wall paintings of modern time; Besnard and Eugene Carrière, the greatest of the New Idealist.

It is possible to name only a few of the conquests of painting that together with a brilliant attainment in sculpture and a glorious achievement in architecture entitle France to an equal rank with Greece and Italy.

NOTE—Seven Suggestive Programs planned to illustrate the work of the seven Great Schools of Painting discussed in the foregoing article, have been prepared by Miss Glen, and may be found on pages 200-202 of this magazine. The comparative chronological table of artists on pages 198-199 has been made by Miss Glen especially to enrich the study material of this number, and is better adapted to the desired purpose than any table previously published in this country or in Europe. Three bibliographies, varying in fulness, indicate supplementary reading for every need.

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BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY

This list is for the benefit of clubs or individuals who do not have access to so full a collection as the above. A third and still briefer list is given at the head of the Suggestive Programs.

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	ITALIAN	FLEMISH	DUTCH	GERMAN
The XIIIth and XIVth Centuries and earlier	Cimabue 1240-1302 Giotto 1266-1337			
The XVth Century	Fra Angelico 1387-1455 Masaccio 1401-1428 Fra Lippo Lippi 1406-1469 Gozzoli Benozzo 1424-1498 Mantegna 1431-1506 Botticelli 1446-1510 Giovanni Bellini 1428-1516 Carpaccio 1440-1522 Perugino 1446-1523	H. van Eyck ?—1426 J. van Eyck 1381-1440		Durer 1471-1528
The XVIth Century	Giorgione 1477-1511 da Vinci 1542-1519 Raphael 1483-1520 Andrea del Sarto 1486-1531 Luini 1475-1533 Corregio 1494-1534 Michelangelo 1475-1564 Titian 1477-1576 Veronese 1528-1588 Tintoretto 1518-1594			Holbein the Younger 1497-1543
The XVIIth Century		Rubens 1577-1640 van Dyck 1599-1641	Potter 1625-1654 Frans Hals 1584-1666 Rembrandt 1607-1669 Terburg 1614-1681 de Hooch 1632-1681 Ruysdael 1625-1682 Cuyp 1620-1691 Hobbema 1638-1709	
The XIIIth Century				
The XIXth Century				

Comparative Chronological

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SPANISH	FRENCH	ENGLISH	HISTORICAL EVENTS
			St. Francis 1182-1226 Dante 1265-1321 Cathedrals of Amiens and Rheims.
			Invention of Printing 1450 Constantinople taken 1453 Savonarola 1452-1498 Lorenzo di Medici 1469-1492 America discovered 1492
El Greco 1548-1625	Clouet, Francois 1500-1572		Erasmus 1465-1536 Luther 1483-1546 Copernicus 1473-1543 Henry VIII 1491-1547 Francis I 1494-1547 Charles V 1500-1558
Velasquez 1599-1660 Murillo 1618-1682	Poussin 1593-1665 Claude Lorrain 1600-1682		Louis XIV 1643-1715
Goya 1746-1828	Watteau 1684-1721 Nattier 1685-1766 Chardin 1699-1779 LaTour 1704-1788 Fragonard 1732-1806 David 1748-1825	Hogarth 1697-1764 Gainsborough 1727-1788 Reynolds 1723-1792	Louis XV 1715-1774 French Revolution 1789
	Delacroix 1799-1863 Ingres 1780-1867 Millet 1814-1875 Fromentin 1820-1876 Daubigny 1817-1878 Manet 1833-1883 Puvis de Chavannes 1824-1898 Monet 1840-	Constable 1776-1837 Rossetti 1828-1882 Watts 1817-1904	

Table of Artists

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Suggestive Programs for the Study of Great Schools of Painting

For preparing these programs the only books necessary are *Apollo* or *The Story of Art throughout the Ages*, by S. Reinach, $1.50, and *How to Study Pictures, by* Charles Caffin, $2. Note what Professor Zug says about the purpose of reading. Use books sparingly but have quantities of illustrations. Verify everything said by others and make all the discoveries you can for yourself. Collect pictures for a Club Gallery. Mount on cardboard penny prints and magazine illustrations. Buy good color prints and a few choice photographs.

FIRST PROGRAM—ITALIAN ART

1. *Paper.* "The Italian Renaissance."
2. *Two Minute Talks with Illustrations.* Some other painters of the Florentine School: Filippino Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Verrocchio, Pietro di Cosimo, Andrea del Sarto.
3. *Reading.* "Andrea del Sarto," Browning.
4. *Biography.* "Michelangelo."
5. *Illustrated Talk.* "Venice the Most Beautiful City in the World."
6. *Roll Call.* Quotations from Browning.

SECOND PROGRAM—FLEMISH ART

1. *Introduction.* "Flemish Skill in Arts and Crafts."
2. *Reading.* "Appreciation of Group of Infants," Henry Turner Bailey.
3. *Biography.* "Rubens."
4. *Discussion.* "The Genoese Period and the English Period of Van Dyck."
5. *Comparison.* "Charles I by Van Dyck and Philip IV by Velasquez."
6. *Roll Call.* Portraits by Van Dyck.

THIRD PROGRAM—DUTCH ART

1. *Introduction* of the subject, "The last of the Great Schools, perhaps the most original, certainly the most local." Fromentin.
2. *Paper.* Problems of the Landscape Painter.
3. *Descriptive Talks.* "Characteristics of Dutch Interiors."

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4. *Comparison.* "The Avenue near Middleharnis" by Hobbema and "Spring," by Daubigny.
5. *Talk. "Great Civic Pictures."* "The Night Watch" by Rembrandt, and "The Banquet of the Officers of the Archers of St. George" by Hals.
6. *Roll Call.* The Dutch Little Masters.

FOURTH PROGRAM—GERMAN ART

1. *Composite Story.* "Holbein's Friends, Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII."
2. *Map Talk.* "London in the Time of the Tudors."
3. *Description.* "The Dance of Death."
4. *Reading.* "Nuremberg," Longfellow.
5. *Appreciation.* "The Portraits of George Gisze."
6. *Explanation.* The Art of Engraving on Wood and Copper. Illustrations from Dürer.
7. *Discussion.* "Dürer the most profound and powerful painter-poet in the History of Art."

FIFTH PROGRAM—SPANISH ART

1. *Paper.* "Historical Painting."
2. *Reading from History.* "The Surrender of Breda, June 2, 1625."
3. *Appreciation.* "The Surrender of Breda." Note. This is a wall decoration for the summer palace at Buen Retiro; it is also a great historical painting. What difficulties are there to overcome in such a combination? Note the deferential attitude of the conquering Spinola who instead of accepting the keys is trying to soften the humiliation of defeat. Velasquez is at the extreme right, his youngest and handsomest portrait.
4. *Composite Story.* "Murillo as a religious painter and as a genre painter." Use many illustrations.
5. *Talk.* Influence of El Greco, Velasquez and Goya on Nineteenth Century Art.
6. *Roll Call.* "Great Galleries of Europe." Louvre, Prado, Hermitage, Pitti, Uffizi, etc.

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SIXTH PROGRAM—ENGLISH ART

1. *Reading.* "The Various Branches of Painting are distinct," etc., from Professor Zug.
2. *Explanation.* "Problems and Methods of the Portrait Painter."
3. *Two Minute Talk.* "English Traits as shown in a preference for landscape and portrait painting."
4. *Biography.* "Watts, the Painter of Allegories."
5. *Reading.* "The Blessed Damozel," Rossetti.
6. *Paper.* "Great Historical Interest of English Portraits." Illustrations from Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Hoppner, Romney, Lawrence, as well as the foreigners Holbein, Van Dyck, and Lely.
7. *Discussion.* "The Influence of Ruskin and William Morris."
8. *Roll Call.* Quotations from Ruskin.

SEVENTH PROGRAM—FRENCH ART

1. *Introduction* of the subject, "French Art is a National Expression." Brownell—"From Poussin to Puvis de Chavannes, from Clouet to Meissonier, *taste*—a refined and cultivated sense of what is sound, estimable, competent, reserved, satisfactory, up to the mark, and above all elegant and distinguished—has been at once the arbiter and the stimulus of excellence in French painting." Brownell.
2. *Comparison* of the classical and the natural landscape. Use many illustrations from Claude Poussin, Corot, Rousseau, Troyon, Millet, Daubigny.
3. *Illustrated Talk.* "The Palace and Gardens of Versailles."
4. *Talk.* "Portraits in Pastel." Rosalba Carriera, Quentin La Tour.
5. *Appreciation.* "The Sower."
6. *Discussion.* "The Problems of Wall Painting as met by Puvis de Chavannes."

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Appreciation of Pictures

By George B. Zug

Assistant Professor of the History of Art, University of Chicago.

MOST great artists have told stories with paint and it is natural and right for them to do so. Nevertheless, for the purpose of enhancing one's enjoyment of art, it is well to disregard the story, to avoid trying to put into words the meaning of a picture, and to train the eye and the mind to understand the language of art itself; a language whose elements are lines and forms, colors, and masses of light and shade. One needs, then, to study these elements both in nature and in art and to observe how the artist adapts these components of nature to his artistic purpose. Just as the writer selects his words and groups them to his liking, so the great painter selects, arranges, and composes the constituents of beauty which he finds in nature into something new and original, that is, into a work of art which is based upon and in some measure derived from nature; a work which, while seemingly true to nature, must necesssarily be different from nature. Look, therefore, at a painting for its own unique beauty, for its beauty of spacing, its charm of color, or its harmony of all the parts which compose a work of art. While a work of art must seem like nature it will most often be found that this seeming truth is obtained by means of an actual departure from nature, and by methods that are decidedly conventional. For all the arts, while based upon nature, are governed by their own conventions, and wherever there is a convention there is a departure from mere slavish imitation of nature.

Take the art of sculpture as an example, where human beings made of tissues supported by an elastic framework of bones, are copied in bronze or marble. An elastic and supple object is thus reproduced in an inelastic and resistant material. Moreover, the various parts of the body as well as its clothing have all their own individual textures

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and colors, while sculpture is, in general, uniform in material and color. Nor can one thousandth part of the details of the human body and its clothing be represented in the materials of sculpture. The maker of statues must, therefore, forego truth to nature in textures and in color and must eliminate details and depend for his success entirely upon skilful suggestion in line and modeling. He must often change even the proportions of the body, perhaps diminish the head, enlarge the hands, or lengthen the legs to get his effects. He thus departs from nature in order to gain the semblance of reality. Good sculpture departs, then, from the colors and forms of nature. The graphic arts depart farther from nature in their conventions than does sculpture, for while the latter actually reproduces forms in three dimensions, the former does but suggest them on the flat surface of the paper. Moreover, the engraver must suggest a multi-colored nature by means of black, gray, and white. He also represents the objects of nature as bounded by a sharply defined black line, while his masses of darks and of lights are entirely disproportionate to the natural objects portrayed. In spite of these departures from the actualities of nature we are so accustomed to the conventions of black and white that we give no thought to its unrealities. Paintings in colors seem, on first thought, closer to nature simply because they possess the added element of color, yet they are just as truly conventional, just as truly artificial as are sculpture and etchings or engravings.

A painting aims by the use of pigments upon a flat surface to suggest nature in its three dimensions. How its author must proceed in order to accomplish this and by what departures from nature, may, perhaps, be best understood by some consideration of his use of drawing, of color, of light and shade, of proportion, and of composition. Drawing has to do with the definition of form. In the early Italian masters figures are often outlined by hard black lines, but

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in the case of such masters as Rembrandt and Velasquez where there is no definite outline but where the patches of color define the form, it is still possible to speak of the drawing. These masters drew with the brush loaded with paint as truly as Botticelli drew with silver-point. Even though accuracy of drawing is to most laymen a matter of first importance, it is not the only consideration. Of Raphael it has been well said that he drew not as he knew the human figure to be, but as he thought it should be. The "Madonna of the Chair" is, then, not merely a mother holding her child but it is an adaptation of human bodies so as to form a beautiful arrangement of curves. Beauty of the single line and rhythmic and harmonious combinations of lines, often in defiance of the appearances of nature, are to be found in Botticelli's pictures and in Japanese prints. Accuracy of line may be attained by almost anyone, but those harmonies in line which have delighted generations after generations of all civilized nations have been achieved only by the veritable artist. While the ability to create lines beautiful in themselves and in their relations is rare, it is yet more rare to draw with the greatest possible expressiveness and still remain free from exaggeration. Such significant drawing is seen in Giotto's "Christ in the Garden" where the Magdalene's outstretched arms show her longing for Christ. In many a scene by Rembrandt a line shows the human back strained by toil, an old man's hands trembling with age. This rare gift of significant drawing is one of the chief glories of the great portrait painter. Note the lines that suggest thoughtfulness in Holbein's "Erasmus." Good drawing is not accidental; it is as personal as the literary style of the great writer, and is dependent partly on the temperament of the artist, partly on his way of viewing nature, partly on the requirements of his subject, and just as much upon the purpose of each work of art.

Color, too, must seem natural; but if the artist introduces all the jarring notes of nature, all her subtle hues,

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his picture will be at once spotty, lacking in unity, and entirely too complicated. Not all colors, all combinations of color in nature are beautiful, but in the picture they should be so. As in drawing so in color, the artist selects, arranges, synthesizes, that there may result the great achievements—harmony and beauty. This may be taken as a comment on those artists who employ too great a variety of colors. The greatest painters have been content with few colors which they manipulate with immense artistic skill. The true painter departs as far from nature in color as the great draftsman departs in line. That the gift of artistic use of color is rare may be inferred from the testimony of the best critics that the truly great colorist appears only once or twice in a century. That for the appreciation of painting it is necessary to study color in nature and in art, may be seen from the fact that painting is that branch of art wherein form is combined with color. The older landscape painters observed the browns of autumn and the browns and grays of the sunny fields of summer and were led to produce in their landscapes harmonies in browns or harmonies in gray. Only in recent years have painters discovered that blues help to give brightness to their pictures. They have observed the blues and purples in shadows and have exaggerated them until many modern landscapes are harmonies in blue or in purple. Thus the use of blues and of purples has become as conventional as was that of the browns and grays, and in both cases the artist has departed, very properly, from nature for the sake of harmony or of emphasis. One reason for such emphasis is that the picture, not being nature on a large scale, seeks on its own small scale to be similarly effective. It is, therefore, legitimate for the artist to omit colors known to be in nature in order to gain for his picture simplicity and harmony of color, and such degree of emphasis that it will carry to a distance.

Light and shadow occur in the world according to

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natural causes; the sun shines or is clouded; it casts a deep shadow under the tree or it glows over the whole field; indoors there may be light from several sources. One of the first problems of the painter is that of the disposition of light and shade. Giotto and the primitive Italians painted pictures in which there is apparently no light of the sun, no cast shadows, only an even distribution of light without shadows. This was doubtless due to their preoccupation with the story combined with their lack of observation of the laws of light. Puvis de Chavannes, however, employed a similar diffused light in his paintings because he realized that only thus would his mural decorations avoid making "holes in the wall," and preserve the wall-like character which is essential to this kind of painting. Now, although Holbein's portraits are not intended for architectural embellishment, his use of light and shade is almost as naïve as Giotto's; while Rubens in his "Group of Infants," Reynolds in his "Age of Innocence," and Raphael in his "Madonna of the Chair" make a brighter light fall on important objects and render their backgrounds vague and dark. These last are illustrations of the fact that the old masters generally seem to emphasize important figures by means of illumination with little regard for the laws of light in the real world. In fact Rembrandt seems to think and to compose in light and shade. Moreover, in his scenes from Bible story and from the daily life of the people of Amsterdam he uses these sharp contrasts of light and dark largely for dramatic effect, suggesting thereby now a religious feeling, now an impression of mystery.* The study of light and shadow in both nature and art is, however, especially important in the case of landscape. As the colors of nature are usually too varied, too subtle, or too harsh to stand literal translation into pigment, so it is with the lights and shadows of landscape. Much must be left out and much

*For the disposition of lights and darks in painting, see H. R. Poore's "Pictorial Composition."

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must be altered for pictorial purposes. "The Ford" by Claude Lorraine is a good example of how this master gets the effect of bright sky by the contrast of the darks at the bottom and on either side of his composition. No pigments can give the luminosity of a sunny sky; so Claude suggests the brightness of nature by contrasting the comparatively small space which is brightly illumined with the darks on three sides of the picture. Moreover in "The Ford" he brings the highest light and the deepest dark together in close opposition—"the most light-giving device known in painting."* Who for a moment claims that every time one looks out on a landscape in nature there is the brightest light in the center of the scene contrasting with dark shadows on three sides? Another device is to place a cloud shadow in the foreground through which the eye must pass to the brilliant sky beyond; an effective means of obtaining the effects of both light and spaciousness. In both of these regards Claude Lorraine departs from the usual disposition of lights and darks in nature, and has thus been influential on numerous landscapists from his own time to the present day. Indeed the type of landscape represented in "The Ford" has been perhaps the most popular type ever invented. As has been suggested, painted landscapes are, because of the limitations of pigment, rendered darker than nature, since tone and harmony and quality are as much to be desired as likeness of nature; while nocturnes are painted brighter than actual night scenes, since the dim illumination of the night would be too dark to be effective in the picture. In connection with what has just been written about some departures from nature in drawing, color, and light and shade it may be here emphasized that one of the artist's chief aims must be to simplify the infinitely various and extremely subtle forms of nature, the multitudinous varieties of hue and tint, and the ever-changing, the confusing and conflicting lights and shadows of nature. That the artist must leave out of his picture much more than he puts

*See H. R. Poore, page 172.

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in may be taken as the moral of the remark of Claude Monet, the great French painter of today—"The artist who can get into his painting the thousandth part of the beauties and subtleties of nature which he sees is most fortunate."

Great artists depart from correct proportions of natural objects in order to obtain the effect they desire. Homer Saint Gaudens has testified that in the statue of the seated Lincoln his father made the head smaller and the legs longer than in life in order that they should appear correct when seen from below. The English painter Blake seems to have elongated his human figures in order to suggest movement. In the landscapes of Alfred East, as in those of Claude Lorraine before him, the effect of spaciousness and of repose are obtained by the exaggerated height of the trees.

Artists depart, then, deliberately from nature in order to obtain certain effects. This departure from actuality in successful works of art is no more marked than in the matter of composition, the essentials of which are unity and harmony. The figure painter must choose the figure or the group of figures which he desires for his theme; the landscapist must decide whether the important object is a barn, a tree, a hill-side, or the evening glow over it all. Having chosen his main theme, his color, his drawing, his light and shade, everything in the picture must be so arranged and related to everything within the frame that the effect will be unified, and that it will be harmonious. Nothing should be admitted to the picture that does not add to its unity and its harmony. This omission of non-essentials, this admission of essentals can hardly be better illustrated than by Rubens's "Group of Infants" and by Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair." Obvious as all of this is in the case of figure painting equally is it true in landscape and in every other department of painting.

An artist was at work on a view of Bruges in which the grouping of the houses and the outline of the sky demanded something be added for harmony. Therefore the

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artist introduced into his sky line a picturesque tower from the opposite side of the town. The people who saw him at work judged him crazy for thus adding to his view something actually outside of it. Another man was painting a group of trees beside which lay an uninteresting pond and for which he substituted the harbor lying behind him. For this artistic arrangement the natives of the town dubbed him "that fool of a painter," in their belief that he had not sense enough to know that the harbor was behind him. Both these men were showing their appreciation of the necessity of unified, harmonious composition. Certain artists who know no better try to excuse or explain their slavish imitation of nature, which is not so good as colored photography, by such expressions as "sincerity" and "truth to nature." Painters generally talk a lot about truth to nature, but in the practice of truly great artists this is never the same as deceptive imitation. The imitator is a slave; the creative artist is a free man limited only by his imagination. It follows that the landscape painter not only may, but must, at least in many cases, change the colors of nature, transplant or annihilate trees, raise buildings, or remove mountains and this because his aim is not to reproduce nature but to create something original and beautiful. How often do the glimpses of the city streets, and of the country flitting past the car window offer a scene which, transposed literally to canvas, would be unified, harmonious, and beautiful? We must admit the wisdom of selection and of arrangement, that is, of composition in painting.

In order then to appreciate pictures it is necessary to study nature, her infinitely varied forms, her colors, her lights and shadows, and the proportions and relations of objects. Since in all of these regards the true artist departs from natural appearances, and since in his pictures he omits much that is visible in nature and rearranges what he does select, since, in a word, art is highly conventional it is not enough to study nature but it is equally necessary to study

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art. There are, thus, two standards for art appreciation—nature and art—that is to say the best that has been done by the world's artists. If the layman keep his eyes open both to the beauties of nature and the subtleties of art he will inevitably progress in his appreciation of art as well as in his enjoyment of nature. Since here in America we have more opportunity to study modern works than old masters, the student in approaching works of recent date should bear in mind certain fundamental differences between Renaissance and modern art. Renaissance art is abstract and ideal, while modern art is concrete and realistic; Renaissance art is expressive of abstract beauty, while modern art is devoted to the beauty of the actual; the old masters excel in rendering the human figure, the moderns are masters of landscape painting, of light and atmosphere. The old masters are reserved, restrained, aristocratic, while the moderns are expressive of life and movement, and are eminently democratic. The older painters seem to have aimed at subtle and refined, or vigorous and expressive rendering of form, and hence used pigments which remain mellow and quiet in color and opaque; while recent painters aim at the beauty of light and atmosphere and the effects of light and atmosphere on color. Some give a great variety of detail, while others paint broadly, even sketchily. In the early Italians and the Flemish Van Eyck we admire precision and finish, while in the late works of Frans Hals and in the latest works of the Spanish painter, Sorolla,* we praise the lack of finish and the breadth of handling. It cannot, then, be said that finish and detail are requirements, or that their opposites are most to be desired. Everything depends upon the temperament and education of the artist, on his vision of nature, and on his aim. Whether a picture is old or new it is not an example of scientific analysis but it is an expression of its artist's personality, a reflection of his temperament from some aspect of nature or some object in

*See article in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, August, 1909.

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nature or his own mind, and it is reproduced for some certain purpose.

The various branches of painting are entirely distinct. A portrait is as different in method and purpose from a genre painting as is an epic poem different from a drama; the art of landscape painting differs as widely from that of mural decoration as the art of fiction differs from that of lyric poetry. In order, therefore, to form correct judgments about pictures it is necessary to understand something of the differences between the purposes, the problems, and the methods of the portrait painter, the figure painter, and the landscapist. In specifying those things to which the portraitist should pay especial attention it is possible to enumerate just those things which the layman should observe in real people and in their portraits. While the purpose of the genre painter is the interpretation of life, of the mural decorator the adornment of the walls of public or private buildings, of the landscapist the translation of outdoor nature, the purpose of the portrait painter is the interpretation of human character. According to the testimony of the best portraitists the first consideration is that of composition and pose. These are named together because they are closely connected in the work of art. They are, moreover, important means for the interpretation of character. Not all the attitudes which our bodies take are characteristic of us, not all the positions which we assume are beautiful, and yet from these the artist should choose a pose both characteristic and beautiful. The proud man, the timid man, the person in authority, the subordinate, the student with drooping shoulders, the aggressive personality with his head thrown back, all these are types of human beings assuming different positions. That the pose of the sitter is both difficult and most important is obvious when it is remembered that the artist must choose one which is natural, characteristic, beautiful, and worthy of perpetuation in a work of art.

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Next in importance to the pose is the expression of the face, not merely the likeness. Photography has familiarized us with the likenesses of our fathers and mothers, of our sisters and our brothers. The likeness, the mere correctness of form is, within certain limitations, to be taken for granted, but far more important is the expression. How many photographs of the same person are true in expression? The painter must, then, not only produce a work of art beautiful in harmony of color, in line, in composition—not only must he present a likeness of the sitter in a characteristic and worthy pose, but he must render in his portrait the facial expression which is true to the personality of the sitter, he must paint the soul. It should be remembered in all of this that the thing to be desired is something more than mere accuracy. Our faces are not made of marble, they are mobile. Nor are faces always symmetrical. A portrait is, therefore, not to be criticized because one ear or one corner of the mouth is higher than the other, nor because the eyes do not match, but because it is or it is not a beautiful picture, because the expression is or is not lifelike, and because it does or it does not truly interpret character.

Now if these are some of the points which the portraitist must bear in mind and must strive to reproduce they are just the points which the decorative painter must disregard. The chief requirement of mural decoration is that it should decorate; that, as Ruskin long ago said, it should be "fitted into place." To this end an essential is that no one part of the picture should dominate the other parts; it should be unobtrusive, should be in harmony with its surroundings, the size, shape, and character of the room, as well as with the architectural details to which it is juxtaposed. It should be more simplified, more generalized, more abstract than any portrait; less complicated, less concrete, less subtle in the rendering of nature than an easel picture. A mural decoration must, in fact, depart farther from the appearances of nature than any other kind of painting. To

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bring it into harmony with the wall it must be simplified in its light and shade, limited in its use of perspective, and have as much as possible on the foreground plane. All these features it should have in order that it may preserve that relative flatness whereby it becomes wall-like and in harmony with the architecture. In a word, the decorative painting must be adapted in design, color, light and shade to its surroundings; it is a dependent form of art while the portrait stands alone.

Whereas in portraiture the face must receive especial attention, in genre painting (which includes pictures with figures smaller than nature and interpretative of trifling or unimportant incidents in daily life) the whole figure or the groups of figures are the essential parts of the picture. An important feature is that the figures be properly related to one another, also that they possess vitality, the appearance of reality and of life. Here the surroundings of the persons represented should receive careful attention—the soldier in the tavern, the housewife in the kitchen, and the ladies and gentlemen in the parlor should be properly related in atmosphere and lighting, not only to themselves but to their environment. Being interpretations of daily life genre pictures are seldom dramatic or representative of dramatic incidents. Even the possible story suggested by the scène is not emphasized, for it is the more general interest in the scene as an arrangement of colors in masses or the play of light which is here paramount. They afford the artist his supreme opportunity of displaying his technical skill in the rendering of light and its innumerable effects, of the beauty of textures, or in the charm of skilful handling —the very characteristic which should be avoided in decorative paintings and used sparingly in the portrait.

Just as portrait painting presents its special problems and demands a particular kind of treatment no less does landscape painting offer its own difficulties and require a peculiar skill. As the poet should possess a poet's soul,

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should have a message for the world before he puts pen to paper, so the landscape painter should have such a love for nature and such an eye for her beauties, together with such an appreciation of her varying moods that his paintings will reveal something of these secrets and these mysteries. Otherwise he would better not take up his brush, for his mission is to interpret natural beauty, and unless he be moved by devotion and love his landscape will have no deep meaning. If he has a message to deliver to his fellow beings there are certain things in nature which he must study in order to translate them on to his canvas. As the portrait and the figure painter make careful studies of certain forms and must have mastered the anatomy of the human figure, so the landscape painter must know the anatomy of earth and rocks and trees, the forms of sea and sky and clouds. The earth and rocks of his pictures must look solid, the water must seem liquid, the clouds must appear light as air, and the foliage of trees near or distant must look like foliage. But it is not enough to render forms and textures, for nature is never at rest; trees wave their branches, the brook ripples, waves dash on the shore, the sun moves across the sky, the shadows pass, the clouds are ever changing, and the painter has the difficult task of suggesting this movement and animation. He must have skill to render the relative amount of light reflected by different objects. The sun shines brightly on a passing sail boat or glances in radiance from the rippling lake, while at the same time it is casting shadows here and there. These myriad lights and darks of nature must be simplified in art and must be naturally related. If this is not accomplished in the picture the distant mountain will not seem distant, but will leap into the foreground, the very ground itself will not spread away, and the sky will not bend to earth. Besides this there must seem to lie over all the soft atmosphere, bluing the distant hills, and making vague and more vague the outlines of all things as they recede in the distance. All these elements

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of nature, hillside and valley, roadway and field and cottage must be arranged with as much care for space and line, color and mass as a decoration by Botticelli or a Madonna by Raphael. In this beautiful arrangement not the least important point is to have the sky and foreground in harmony, not merely that the painter should avoid placing a sunny sky above a dull gray foreground, but that earth and sky should harmonize in color, in lighting, and in design, should agree as perfectly as the notes composing a chord of music. Nor is it enough for the painter to render the forms and textures, the values, the atmosphere, and the local color of nature, nor is it enough to arrange these elements into a unified and beautiful whole. Nature has as many moods as the soul of man. The painter must be sensitive to these various moods, and interpret through his art something of their emotional influence on his own nature. His art must reflect both the moods of nature and the moods of man. All art is personal, but modern landscape painting is pre-eminently a medium for the expression of the emotions, hence it must be lyrical, poetic, inspired and inspiring or it fails of its highest end.

The beautiful tone of a fine Holbein, the dashing brush work of a Hals or a Rembrandt, the smooth, polished surface of a Claude Lorraine, the careful finish of a Raphael are purely technical qualities which mark their artists as master craftsmen, and which set standards of good workmanship for measuring the art of any country and for all time. Great pictures are not only evidence of great spiritual qualities in their makers, they are also examples of great craftsmanship, without which no master becomes immortal. They are always well done.

It has been the aim of the present paper to put the reader in the way to judge and appreciate pictures, to study nature reverently, and to observe the way in which great artists have rendered her appearances. In this connection it may be well to add a few very practical suggestions. In the first

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place be patient. Remembering that the artist has devoted his life to observing nature and to learning how to represent a little of all her beauty, consider that it must take years of the layman's life to come up to a full understanding of the great artists. Most people like in art what they like in life. This paper has tried to point out that it is the manner more than the matter of a picture which gives it artistic excellence. Again, in reading about a work of artistic excellence, do not believe the words of the critic unless your own eyes on viewing the work tell you that his words are just. By this is meant that one is not to read the literature of art in order to borrow the author's ideas, but in order to open one's eyes. The proper study of art is through the works of art. We should take advantage of every opportunity to see original works for even from mediocre modern works one often may learn something. Nor are all modern works mediocre; there are some truly great painters living and working in America today, and our artists are, on the whole, a kindly sort of people, quite willing to answer questions on technical points. It is usually helpful to look at a picture at close range for the sake of its brush work, its drawing, its general workmanship, as well as at its proper distance to get the total effect sought for by its maker. The better the picture the more often can one return to glean from it ever new and more satisfying beauty. We must beware of judging the real greatness of any painter from one painting; to do him justice one needs to know works of his different periods and to know something of his development. Above all, we should not allow a man's reputation, the medals he has won, or the prices he has received for his work to influence our judgment. Many mediocre painters have today exalted reputations; many true artists cannot sell their pictures. Learn to depend on your own judgment of works of art.

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"The Water That Smokes"*

VICTORIA FALLS

By Elias D. Smith

Member of C. L. S. C. Class of 1911.

Majestic Thunder! Who, for ages gone
Had'st poured thy cadence to the woods alone,
To savage Kaffir, or more savage beast,—
A cadence that, once struck, has never ceased
Since God first formed thy rugged fissures vast,
And down thy walls this flood of waters cast—
Here, where thy mists have mounted to the sky
To fall again upon the silent wood,
Here, where for aeons past the white man's eye
Had never broached the solemn solitude,—
To these sequestered glades at last he came
And heard with reverence thy eternal roar;
Then through the world he spread abroad thy fame
That others too might worship and adore;
Then laid his bands of steel and wove his arch
Above thy boiling floods, to ape the bow
That hangs in splendor, on thy feathery brow.

Hither we too have fared. We bare our heads
Before thy majesty. We feel thy power.
Above the span, the misty vapor spreads:
Around, it falls, a glittering, gem-like shower:
Beneath, it veils the secrets all thine own

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And over all, there sounds thy thundering monotone!

* * * * * * *

Great God of Nature! Who in ages past
Didst rear this witness to Thy power so vast,
Accept this tribute of these later days
Our weak attempt to voice a song of praise!

Rhodesia, Africa.

ONCE A CHAUTAUQUAN ALWAYS A CHAUTAUQUAN

Doing four years of home reading is, with most people, not by any means the end of their connection with Chautauqua Institution. Correspondence has brought them in contact with some of the officers; the graduation ceremonies have given them a chance to meet some of their classmates; letter circles cement old friendships and create new ones; the reading habit induces them to keep on reading in a circle of the Society of the Hall in the Grove; perhaps their experience causes them to be in demand as leaders of new circles or as sympathizing guides for individual readers. He who once has added some phase of Chautauqua work to his life never afterward can abandon it utterly. 1911 will find it so.

AN IDEA FOR THE Y. M. C. A.

During the last season of the Y. M. C. A Evening School at South Bend, Indiana, a class of seven young men have studied at the Chautauqua Course under a leader of enthusiasm and ingenuity. The result, both in interest and in the promise of an enrolment of twice the number for next season, shows that Association Educational Directors will do well to select the Chautauqua work "as a choice cultural diversion," to quote the South Bend Educational Director, "from the intensely practical program in which our men are laboring."

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86's QUARTER CENTURY

The Progressives of '86 are, as might be expected, making ready for a "forward movement" at their quarter century celebration in August. They are congratulating themselves on past achievements which is quite fitting since it is proposed to make them stepping stones for the future. '86 has the distinction of having graduated the largest proportion of its membership of any C. L. S. C. Class. More than four thousand "Progressives" hold '86 diplomas.

When the new Hall of Philosophy was built the '86's contributed $300 toward its erection. Later they made a gold donation to the Aula Christi. This year they place their tablet in the floor of the Hall. The money for this is already in hand, but remembering the pleasure of their gift to the Aula Christi, they are anxious to celebrate the coming silver anniversary by once more giving their substance to perpetuate the work of Chautauqua. Best of all they want to have a gathering of the immortals of '86 which will overshadow all past reunions and make the walls of Alumni Hall ring with their cheers. The President, Miss Sara M. Soule, Soule College, Dodge City, Kansas, the Secretary, Mrs. J. T. Rowley, 44 Collamer avenue, East Cleveland, Ohio, or the Treasurer, Mrs. J. A. Travis, 1008 East Capitol street, Washington, D. C., will be glad to have letters of greeting from those who cannot come.

SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR THACKERAY'S CENTENARY, JULY 18, 1911

1. *Sketch* of Thackeray's Life.
2. *Book Reviews.* (a) "Vanity Fair," the picaresque novel; (b) "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians," the historical novel; (c) "The Newcomes," the novel of character.
3. *Reading* from "Vanity Fair;" "Rawdon Crawley Surprises Becky" or "The Battle of Waterloo."
4. *Talk.* "Thackeray the Essayist." Illustrated by readings from "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges."
5. *Appreciation.* "Thackeray the Versifier." Illustrated by recitations, "The Mahogany-Tree," "Little Billee," "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," "The End of the Play."
6. *Tributes* to Thackeray.
7. *Reading.* "The Death of Colonel Newcome."

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DUTY OF THE PEOPLE TO THE STAGE

The theater is a fact and must be treated as a fact. Because it is deeply rooted, widely spread, and of broad appeal it is "an agent of recreation and education," to quote Jane Addams, the social worker. As such it should be made both moral and interesting.

"The stage," said Augustus Thomas, the playwright, recently, when setting forth the responsibility of the audience toward the drama, "the stage is the most powerful source of suggestion that community life affords, because it strengthens the impression upon the ear by the impression upon the eye. The great mass of theater-goers are not reading people. The stage is their most impressive teacher. It becomes, therefore, a duty laid upon the thinking public to influence the production of plays which should be noble in tone and pure in motive."

"Five elements unite in the bringing forth of a play," said Dr. Louis Anspacher, author, lecturer and critic. "They are the dramatist, the producer, the manager, the actor, and the audience. Heretofore the success or failure of plays has been laid at the door of any or all of these except the audience. It is time for the people to do their part, to lend the weight of their definite approval to good plays by going promptly to see them and to show their disapproval of bad plays by staying away from them."

"The play producer is not a benevolent institution," said William Faversham, the actor-manager. "He cannot afford to bring out plays that do not pay. If the people make good plays pay the manager will put on good plays, and if they make bad plays unprofitable he will not bring them out."

"The consumer of plays," said John Graham Brooks, the economist, "is in the same position as the consumer of anything else. By buying he encourages the production of more of the same kind. The purchaser of a good book does that much to induce authors to write and publishers to bring out books of like quality. The purchaser of a seat at a good

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play is lending his influence toward the writing and production of good plays."

"The fate of a play is decided within the first three weeks of its production," said William Henderson, the critic. "It is the duty of people who want good plays to do their utmost to bring about success within that period."

Charles Dickens wrote to his son:

"I would not lose the point that narrow-minded fanatics, who decry the theater and defame its artists, are absolutely the advocates of depraved and barbarous amusements. For whenever a good drama and a well-regulated theater decline, some distorted form of theatrical entertainment will infallibly arise in their place. In 'Hard Times' Mr. Sleary says 'People will be entertained thomehow.'"

It is the old story of crowding out weeds by sowing so many and such vigorous seeds of good stock that the worthless cannot find root-hold. For people who feel any keenness of social responsibility these agricultural opportunities are always ready!

NEWS FROM CIRCLES AND READERS

"What are all those pretty little books?" inquired the first arrival as she glanced at a pile of pamphlets lying on the table before Pendragon. "They are circle and club year books and pamphlets," replied Pendragon. "It is most interesting to look them over and see how ingeniously different groups adapt the Topical Outline to their own local needs." "They are attractively produced, aren't they?" exclaimed the newcomer turning to several new arrivals. "They are all charming. This, for instance, is very handsome. It is the announcement of the Hawthorne Club of Shawnee, Oklahoma." "I'm so glad you like it, for that is my club," smiled a delegate. "We are not only a Chautauqua Circle but a federated club as well, for we think that increases our usefulness." "This is our annual program," said a mem-

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ber of Westfield, New York's S. H. G. "As usual, we have a varied list of topics, and we always have music or a reading or some humorous feature to lighten our serious work." "I notice that your roll calls are full of suggestion," said Pendragon. "We rather pride ourselves on our roll calls," admitted the New Yorker. "Here are some of our subjects: 'What Induced me to become a Member of the C. L. S. C.?' 'Sayings of Famous Men,' 'Colonial Life and Customs,' 'Foreign Authors,' 'Responses from American poets,' 'Scripture Verse,' 'Anecdotes of well known Persons.'" "How did your Humorous Question Box come out?" "It was side-splitting. I advise every circle to have one."

"I want to tell you about the President of the Clarksville Circle," said a Tennesseean. "She is reading her eighth year, has attended seven years, been president five years, and has been absent only once." (Cries of "Hear!" "Good!") "Can you show such a record in any other Circle? If so, where? and who is she?" "It would be interesting to know the records of some of the readers of long standing," said Pendragon. "Perhaps we shall have reports from some of them who read this."

"We in Ottawa meet in the Ottawa Library," said a Kansas delegate, handing about a picture of the building. "We are among the fortunate folk who have university professors to call upon, and this year we have had splendid lectures on Dickens and on the literary topics of the 'Social Ideals' book by a member of the English faculty." "You are fortunate!" cried Pendragon. "Our good luck did not end there, for our studies of the 'Social and Industrial History' were conducted under the direction of the occupant of the Chair of History in the University, who has also made a special study of social evolution and the development of civilization." "The sidelight thrown on any question by supplementary reading or lectures often is of incalculable value in illuminating some obscure point

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or in photographing the regular work upon the memory," approved Pendragon.

"Has anyone any special meetings to report?" he asked. "We of the Niagara Chautauqua Circle and the Niagara Society of the Hall in the Grove had a glorious Hallowe'en party," said a delegate, flushing at the pleasant memory. "We gave it specially in honor of our new members and you may be quite sure that we were well acquainted after we had made our way to the pumpkin-lighted witch's house and had passed the fearsome sentinel at the door and had encountered the ghostly occupants amid their weird decorations and had shared in the uncanny games, and had partaken of food from a cauldron." "It all sounds thoroughly spooky," shivered a Mount Vernon New Yorker. "We of the Edelweiss Circle had a rather 'special' meeting at the beginning of the year. We gave New Year quotations in response to the roll call, and we renewed our usual contest between the Red Rose and White Rose factions." "Who won?" "The White Rose kept the banner they had carried off at the previous meeting. We wound up with a game that proved a capital way to impress review questions on the memory. We were studying 'Social Ideals' at that time, you know. Slips containing names of characters mentioned in the volume were distributed, and the members were asked to name the book in which the character appeared, and the author." "That is a good game to 'make a note of,'" said the delegate from the Progressive Circle of Brockton. Massachusetts. "We had an interesting celebration of College Day, following the program in the January CHAUTAUQUAN. One of our High School teachers gave an address on 'Alice Freeman Palmer' and we invited guests and had a social hour after the meeting."

"We in Leipsic, Ohio, had a delightful celebration of Longfellow's birthday." "We noticed the anniversary, too," said the New Yorker from Mt. Vernon. "And we feasted on the ninety-ninth anniversary of Dickens's birth," said

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ONE OF RUSKIN'S TREASURES

The Metropolitan Museum of New York has recently acquired a painting which makes a special appeal to lovers of Ruskin from the fact that it was one of his specially prized possessions. It is a work by the great Italian Tintoretto, was bought by Ruskin in 1852, and for many years hung in his dining room at Denmark Hill. It was only once publicly exhibited and that was at the Royal Academy in 1896. The picture is entitled "A Doge in Prayer" and with its beautiful, rather brilliant coloring, and the peculiar grace of its figures is a fine example of Tintoretto's work.

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Class of Chautauqua Graduates, Lincoln Park, Kansas

Recognition Day at Lincoln Park, Kansas. Procession led by Miss Meddie O. Hamilton, Field Secretary, C. L. S. C., and Edmund Vance Cooke, speaker of the day

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Lewisburg, Tennessee, C. L. S. C. Circle

Franklin Academy, Prattsburg, New York

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Thorney Lea, Brockton, Massachusetts

Where the Progressive Circle, Brockton, Mass., works and plays

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the representative of the Chautauqua Circle of Columbus, Indiana." "And we recalled the past of the C. L. S. C. on Founders' Day," added the Belfast, Maine, woman.

"The experience of the 'Pearl Seekers' of California, Pennsylvania, is an example of the power of worth-while reading. The circle is composed of ladies very active in social and domestic duties. At first a reading of forty minutes daily seemed appalling, but a few earnest spirits were successful in convincing the others that it was a wise undertaking, and interest progressed rapidly until, instead of one meeting each month, divisions of the members met in different sections every Monday evening to study." "And enjoyed it all tremendously, I'll venture to assert," said Pendragon. "A picnic, one sunny afternoon on one of the foothills of the Alleghenies gave a fitting close to the first year of study." "It is good to know that books and out-of-doors can harmonize," said Pendragon. "The circle gave its first reception in March," went on the delegate. "The Southwestern Normal School Library was decorated in a scheme of gold and white. The letters 'C. L. S. C.' in gold were suspended in the archway and 'The Owl' wisely greeted all who entered. The guest of honor was Rev. E. W. Howard of Fayette City, Pennsylvania, President of the Class of 1913, who gave an address on 'Chautauqua and its Aim.' Strong predictions were heard that many additions to the circle might be expected another year." "It never does any harm to let the outside world know what good times the circle has. Different fish rise to different baits, you know," commented another delegate sententiously.

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Talk About Books

STORIES OF THE SPANISH ARTISTS UNTIL GOYA. By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Selected and arranged by Luis Carreno, with introduction by Edward Hutton. New York: Duffield & Company. 1910. $3.00 net.

This book, "Stories of the Spanish Artists" by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, attracts attention at once by its tasteful binding, good paper, clear print, and beautiful illustrations. The eight reproductions in color include such rare and fine examples as the "Omelette Woman" by Velasquez in the private collection of Mr. Herbert Cook; the "Flower Girl" by Murillo in the Dulwich Gallery; and the "Parasol" by Goya in the Prado. The twenty-four monochromes are equally well chosen.

The volume, evidently the fruit of a long and intimate acquaintance with Spanish art, is characterized in Mr. Hutton's introduction as a biography after the manner of Vasari but something more, in that it combines with the charm of narrative much critical power without pedantry.

There are lively bits of anecdote and description. We sympathize with El Mudo in his distress and his eager, eloquent protest in spite of his dumbness when the shears slash into Titian's canvas of the "Last Supper;" we like to know that Velasquez was loyal to Olivares after that great minister's downfall; and we enter with enjoyment into the brilliant scenes on the Isle of Pheasants when the Infanta Maria Teresa was married to the Grand Monarque,—an occasion which cost the painter, Velasquez, his life.

The book concludes with a "List of the chief works of Principal Spanish Painters."

GUIDE TO PICTURES. By Charles H. Caffin. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. $2.00.

The chapters of this excellent extension of Mr. Caffin's critical work have been prepared for the guidance of young people. "A Guide to Pictures" is in no sense a "handbook," but it "guides" through the laying down of explanations of the laws that govern a picture's making. Selection, balance, rhythm, contrast, composition on geometric bases, the use of the figure, landscape—subsidiary and main—the many phases possible to color discussion—these are the chief of the topics treated.

Reproductions of fifteen famous pictures point the moral of the lectures as they most assuredly adorn the tale.

Readers of Prof. Zug's article on "The Appreciation of Pictures" in this number will study this book with especial enjoyment.

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How to Visit the Great Picture Galleries. By Esther Singleton New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.00.

Miss Singleton has added another to her many useful books in the convenient pocket volume entitled "How to Visit the Great Picture Galleries." To faciltate the tourist's progress the chief pictures of twenty-one galleries have been chosen for notice, a few lines of description being supplemented by quotations from authorities on art. Many illustrations aid identification and indices of paintings and of painters add to the ease with which this well-printed volume may be used. This handbook is capital for the desk as well as for the handbag.

The Literature of the South. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co. $2.50 net.

This book is ambitious in design, dividing the history of the South into periods. Of each period the initial chapter is devoted to a description of "Social Forces," forming the background against which are shown striking outlines of many writers and orators with criticisms of their productions. The result is an exceedingly interesting book, deserving a place in every library, in spite of some historical inaccuracies and not a few misuses of words.

The scheme, however, is too comprehensive for one volume. It attempts to describe in a few pages forces governing the mental development of a large territory, settled at many various dates by immigrants from many various countries; and the method is rather that of a social student, treating of history, than of a historian, treating of social development. The first is ever tempted to subordinate facts to broad generalizations; while the latter gives prominence to accidental happenings, constantly interfering with logical development.

Now a social student falls an easy victim to that tyranny of accepted phrases, which is an unfailing symptom of a disease that affects all modern literature. This may be called "Commercialism in Literature." To please the public, which is to buy his book, a writer must bind himself by the limitations of familiar phrases and ideas. That man would offend a multitude, who would dare to suggest that New England does not possess a superior variety of conscience, or the South a superior quality of chivalry. He must weigh well his words lest he offend the greater number. So, following a host of others, the author of "The Literature of the South" must take from the word "national" its essential meaning of "kindred," and use it to designate a power which Europeans call "imperial." And why this distinction between the "Old South" and the "New South?" Did shifts of political opinion change the

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Old England of Gladstone and Disraeli into a New England of Asquith and Lloyd George; the Old North of Walcott and Josiah Quincy, into a New North of Roosevelt and Root? A people is not born anew with the migration of an opinion!

The "Cavalier and the Huguenot" is a charming phrase, and to its reiteration we may owe the authority to classify as "dogmatically aristocratic" the historically very democratic State of South Carolina; while from the equally "aristocratic" Virginia we got the Declaration of Independence with its assertion of universal equality. Then, too, the most unobservant tourist of this day must have noticed that the dialect of "Uncle Remus" is not that of the rice-field negro; nor are the stories of "Br'er Rabbit" and "Br'er Wolf" an "exceptional folk-lore engrafted upon Southern Soil" through the "tribal bequeathment" of the negro.

The tables of authors, preceding the periods, require comment. Some are only southern because they wrote about the South or settled in the South in their manhood. As examples may be given David Ramsay and Captain John Smith. Others may have been born in the South of parents recently settled there, whose ambition seems chiefly to express "the accumulated pathos of a million abdications." What a fine phrase, quoted from Tourgee! Yet we must ask what thrones were relinquished to accumulate that pathos?

THE POEMS OF SOPHIE JEWETT. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, $1.25.

This volume of choice poetry appears as the memorial of one who most graciously but unobtrusively represented the educated American woman at her best. Miss Sophie Jewett, whose untimely death in 1909 is mourned by an unusually wide and significant circle, was for many years associate professor of English literature at Wellesley College. A lifelong student, a traveler in many lands, exquisite in her tastes, universal in her sympathies, knowing also the discipline of pain and sorrow, she stood for loveliness of character and person no less than for thorough scholarship and for literary art. The fine quality of her achievement is best shown in the poems here collected, though much of it appears also in her life of St. Francis for children, published under the title of "God's Troubadour," and in her masterly translation of that rare Middle English elegy, "The Pearl." In the volume now before us, a certain crystalline sincerity and simplicity are combined with breadth of interest, quickness and depth of feeling, and a perfection of form and finish which seems almost casual in its unconscious ease. Her last poem, "Of Transient Beauty," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*

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shortly before her death, expresses in five lines the soul of the artist and the music of a rare singer:

"Rose-flower and flower of grass and flower of flame
Drift to the Beauty whence this beauty came;
Fainter are they, more brief, than this June wind,
Yet for the impalpable grace they leave behind
The years may fashion an immortal name."

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD LONDON. By Charles and Marie Hemstreet. New York: James Pott & Co. $1.00 net. Postage 10c.

Without pretence at "fine writing" but with an evident familiarity with no mean amount of history and literature, Charles and Marie Hemstreet have prepared a usable handbook in "Nooks and Corners of Old London." Arranged in such order that the sightseer may go from one to the other without fatigue, ancient thoroughfares and buildings are presented, each with its item of interest connecting it with some person or event or book of note. Fashionable Park Lane of today was once Tyburn Lane leading to the place of execution; Dickens's "Mr. Grewgious" as well as Dr. Johnson, had chambers in Staple Inn; St. Ethelburga's in Bishopsgate Street. Within is said to be the smallest church in London; Mincing Lane took its name from the Minchens or nuns of St. Helen; in the register of the church of St. Olave is the entry of the burial of Mary Ramsey, with the fatal letter "P" beside it, since she is supposed to have brought the plague into London. These and dozens of other notes make the volume fascinating to travelers and readers alike.

The illustrations are fresh and taken from well-selected points.

JIM HANDS. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Wilkie Collins's rule for the writing of a story that would hold its readers was "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait." Mr. Child's "Jim Hands" is built according to that advice, for the main theme, dramatic and full of possibilities, is developed in fragments all too scanty for the eagerness of the reader, while the contributory elements of the plot are worked out with tears and smiles that are gladly expended upon such worth-while material.

ROBINETTA. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary and Jane Findlater, and Allan McAulay. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.10 net.

The collaborators of "The Affair at the Inn" have combined again to write a story of delicacy and tenderness and quiet humor. A young American widow, "Robinetta," who gives her name to the

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book, visits her English relatives and finds warm affection and hearty love and a husband amid surroundings of British frigidity. The fate of a beautiful plum tree furnishes the tragic and the affection of a delightful cub cousin the comic element of the story. The lover must be admitted to be a shilly-shally with but one satisfactory remark to his account.

THE TOLL OF THE ARCTIC SEAS. By Deltus M. Edwards. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $2.50 net.

Material published and unpublished, documentary and oral, has been sought out by Deltus M. Edwards for his comprehensive record, "The Toll of the Arctic Seas," of the efforts that have been made by the explorers of many nations to penetrate the frozen north. Adventure, commerce, humanitarianism, and scientific research have been the incentives that have sent men of many nations for over 2,000 years to spend their strength and their lives among the ice fields. Each expedition added something to the world's knowledge and to the explorers' experience until the culminating triumph of Peary was made possible. The book is a series of human interest stories, breathless and heart-wringing, from the tale of Barents the Dutchman to those of DeLong and Andrée. A bibliographical appendix gives a useful chronological list. The illustrations are chiefly from photographs and there is a valuable map.

POLAR EXPLORATION. By W. S. Bruce. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75c net.

The leader of the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition has written a volume of enormous interest to all who have read—and who have not?—the accounts of polar adventure of which so many have been published in recent years. In "Polar Exploration" Dr. Bruce summarizes in eminently readable form the scientific knowledge that has been gained in the numerous Arctic and Antarctic expeditions. The astronomical features of the polar regions, the nature and behavior of the ice, the kinds of animal and plant life, and the phenomena of metereology, of magnetism, tides, etc., are described in a condensed but simple narrative enlivened by bits of personal experience and by vivid word-painting. It is good reading.

CALIFORNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. By Charles Elmer Jenney. Edinburgh: Valentine and Anderson; Dundee and London: Valentine and Sons. 50c.

In a charming little volume of verse and picture Charles Elmer Jenney has provided a "Californian Nights' Entertainment" which serves as an admirable reminder of Pacific sunlight and birdsong and flowers. The verse is smooth and pleasantly descriptive. The tartan binding is a somewhat surprising concession to the nationality of the publishers. Its connection with California is not obvious.

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INDOORS AND OUT. NATURE AND DRAMATIC READER. By Sarah M. Mott and Percival Chubb. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 30c.

Two teachers of the Ethical Culture School of New York City, feeling the need of some book which should supplant the usual readers for primary scholars, have prepared a little volume which, as its name, "Indoors and Out," indicates, is to take the child in imagination and in imitation into the world beyond the schoolroom windows. In verse and in dramatic form there is presented such diversions as an interview with a squirrel in the park, and a visit to a little boy on a farm. The book is made of especial service to the teacher by a chapter of helps at the back and by several pages of suggestions as to handwork in connection with the stories.

The volume is comfortable for small hands and untrained eyes.

THE VALLEY OF AOSTA. By Felice Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

As enjoyable a book as this of Mr. Ferrero's for either home or travel one seldom meets. In beautiful style, showing a mind and pen trained in scholarship, acute of discernment, as sensitive to words as to changes in the sky, and a spirit alive to surrounding spirit, the descriptions of this lovely valley of North Italy are sure to please the reader. The chapters appeal to geographer, mountain-lover, historian or archaeologist.

The "Valley of Aosta" is overlooked by Monte Rosa the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc and the Gran Paradiso. The people have French, German and Italian traditions, and even Calvin in person failed to win them at all to Protestantism. The narrow ravines are sufficiently out of the tide of travel to be individual.

The best Roman remains outside of Rome and Pompeii, the author tells us, are here,—"Rome at work." There still stand ancient bridges, gates, arches and a famous tombstone, unique for the cutting thereon of the surveyor's *groma*. Scattered here and there along the Dora and its side valleys are also scores of castles of the middle ages, and there is besides the beautiful manor-house of Issogne, recently restored to its old condition by a loving antiquary. We particularly recommend an interesting account of the daily life in the baronial castles, for its sympathy, its information, and its sane and mellow understanding.

An abounding number of well-chosen illustrations, mostly photographs taken by the author and his wife, evidence the beauty of the scenery. There are maps in plenty, while the usefulness of the volume is doubled by a full and scholarly index.

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A Spanish Grammar. By John Warren. New York, Bombay, and Calcutta: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.00 net.

In order to make a "Spanish Grammar" that shall be a convenient handbook for business purposes, John Warren, who is teacher of Spanish at the Manchester Education Committee's School of Commerce, has made a compact presentation of simply stated grammatical rules, illustrating them only by necessary sentences and exercises based on a vocabulary selected for especial commercial usefulness. For rapid attainment of facility in general reading the grammar would be inadequate because of a lack of reading exercises; as an easily handled desk book it is useful. The type is inconveniently small.

The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions. By John R. Mott. New York: Student Volunteer Movement. 239 pp. illustrations; map; cloth, gilt top. $1.00.

This book is a summary of the conclusions, not of the proceedings, of the World Conference in Edinburgh last June, with other information and reflections pertinent to the subject. Eight international commissions were at work for a year and a half in preparation for the Conference, having the cooperation of missionaries and students of missions in all lands. Of one of these commissions the author was chairman and the book relates chiefly to the investigation of that commission, dealing with non-Christian lands. It argues that the present is peculiarly a time of flux in the pagan world and that missionary effort now may hope for greater results than ever in the past or perhaps in the future.

Such a book, with its sweep and grasp upon world conditions and world movements, is of interest not only to the ardent friend of missions but to all who wish to be broadly intelligent.

Craftsmanship in Teaching. By William Chandler Bagley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.10 net.

A quarter of a century ago there used to be discussion as to whether teaching was an art or a science. Today William Chandler Bagley seems disposed to put it on the list of crafts, since he entitles his new book, "Craftsmanship in Teaching." He means nothing newer than technique, however. Most of the chapters of the book were in their first form addresses given before teachers' associations, and they retain the liveliness of the oral method even while discussing professional themes for the understanding of professionals. Efficiency in teaching and in supervising, the scientific spirit in education, the new attitude toward drill as a crystallizing method—such subjects and others of like importance are presented with enthusiastic clarity. The emphasis is invariably on the scientific possibilities of pedagogy.

The volume has the publishers' usual distinction of form.

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STRAIGHT GOODS IN PHILOSOPHY. By Paul Karishka. New York. Roger Brothers. London: L. N. Fowler & Company.

As may be guessed from its title, in "Straight Goods in Philosophy," Paul Karishka has tried to write a book for the plain man. He has stepped aside from scientific terms and has written short essays on aspects of life. His themes touch upon society and the individual, various aspects of happiness, the dangers and the weaknesses of fault-finding, excuse-making, hate, fear and the like, the value of the imagination, of suitable food, and of the philosophic life. References to women are in a tone which probably do the writer injustice. The discussions are not without interest, but fail in attaining the simplicity which the author claims for them.

The volume is well produced.

THE GREAT MORNING. By Clarence Lathbury. Minneapolis: The Nunc Licet Press. 75c.

Death and the new life—the great thoughts of this life and the great acts of the next—are the subjects of musings by Clarence Lathbury, the author of several other meditative books. "Immortality is then no special greatness," says Mr. Lathbury, "no removal to other places, it is the harmony of the whole life of man with the divine order. It is not the everlasting for which we so much long, as the beautiful, the symmetrical, the serene and the perfect."

Bound in white and gold the volume is excellent for a seasonal gift book.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION AS A TRAINING FOR BUSINESS. By Harry Pratt Judson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 55 cents postpaid.

Time was when university training was considered purely cultural and young men who were not going into the so-called "learned professions" were warned away from what was considered waste of time. The president of the University of Chicago says that now few facts in education are more striking than "the growth in attendance at colleges and universities," and that "the great mass of the young men in college after graduation will be connected with some form of business." That "The Higher Education as a Training for Business" has merits in producing efficiency and a comprehension of life and society that will make for usefulness and interest is Dr. Judson's contention in a slender volume which makes an honest portrayal of facts and arguments on both sides of the question. The ethical and the practical needs to whose understanding the university training in thinking ability ministers are abundantly set forth, while the power of enjoyment incident to the riches of a well-stored mind is not lost to sight.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Recommended for Lake Placid Club by Mrs. H. L. Elmendorf of the Buffalo Public Library

Aesop's fables,	sel. by Joseph Jacobs	Macmillan	$1.50

There is a pretty edition for little children arranged by Mary Godolphin (Dutton 50c) and one called *A hundred fables* from Sir Roger L' Estrange's translation (Lane 1.50)

Alcott, Louisa M.	Little men.	Little	1.50
	or illus. by Reginald Birch	Little	2 "
	Little women, illus. by Frank T. Merrill	Little	1 "
	or illus. by Alice Barber Stephens	Little	2 "
	An old-fashioned girl	Little	1.50
	or illus. by Jessie Wilcox Smith	Little	2 "
Aldrich, Thomas B.	Story of a bad boy	Houghton	1.25
Andersen, Hans C.	Fairy tales; trans. by Mrs Lucas	Dutton	2.50
	or Everyman's library Dutton, cl. 35c leather 60c		

Much the most satisfactory translation (a new holiday edition illus by Maxwell Armfield (Dutton $3) is beautiful.)

Arabian nights;	ed. with introd. by W. H. D. Rouse; illus. by Walter Paget.	Dutton	2.50

There are very many editions, but careful fathers and mothers want to know that editions for children are free from pronounced "orientalisms." There is a desirable edition fuller than the above arranged by E. Dixon, illus. by J. D. Batten (Putnam 2.50). "Stories from the Arabian Nights" retold by Laurence Housman, illus. by Edmund Dulac (Scribner $5) is beautiful for gifts. The new arrangement of 10 tales, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, illus, by Maxfield Parrish (Scribner $2.50) is most attractiv. The edition selected and edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans $2) is very well told. It is criticized by some careful folk, but perhaps the points would not be noted by unsophisticated readers. There are various much abbreviated school editions, by Chapman (Ed. pub. co. 60c), by Clarke (Amer, bk. co. 60c), by Hale (Ginn 45c), by Singleton (Appleton 65c).

Bennett, J.	Barnaby Lee	Century	1.50
	Master Skylark	Century	1.50
Boutet de Monvel, Louis M.	Joan of Arc	Century	3 "
Brooke, Leslie	Golden goose book	Warne	2 "
	Johnny Crow's garden	Warne	1 "
Buckley, Elsie F.	Children of the dawn; old tales of Greece	Stokes	1.50
Buxton, Ethel M. Wilmot	Stories of Persian heroes	Crowell	1.50
Canfield, Flavia A. C. (Mrs James H.)	Kidnapped campers	Harper	1.25

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Carroll, Lewis	Alice's adventures in Wonderland, illus. by Arthur Rackham	Doubleday	1.40

The original Tenniel pictures which are the real Alice are in 2 inexpensive editions (Macmillan $1, *or* Every boy's and girl's series 75c) and the new edition illus. by Charles Robinson is only less beautiful than the Rackham edition. (Cassell 1.50).

	Through the looking glass	Macmillan	1 "
Children's heroes		Dutton	50c ea.
Story of Captain Cook			
Story of Gen. Gordon			
Story of Nelson			
Collodi, C.	Pinocchio; illus. by Chas Copeland Holiday ed.	Ginn	1 "

This is much the best translation and the pictures are more characteristic than in the more elaborate editions. Children are very fond of it.

Crane, Walter	Red Riding Hood picture book	Lane	1.25
Crichton, F. E.	Peep-in-the-world	Longmans	1.25
Defoe, Daniel	Robinson Crusoe; illus. by E. Boyd Smith	Houghton	1.50

There are 2 other very attractiv editions, besides innumerable commonplace ones; that illus. by Rhead bros (Harper 1.50) and that illus. in color (Macmillan 1903 1.25).

Dodge, Mary M	Hans Brinker New Amsterdam ed.	Scribner	1.50
Du Chaillu, Paul B.	Land of the long night	Scribner	2
Ellis, Katharine R.	The Wide awake girls	Little	1.50
Gibson, Charlotte C.	In eastern wonderlands	Little	1.50
Grierson, Elizabeth W.	Children's book of Edinburgh	Black	6s
Grimm, Jacob L. K. and Wilhelm K.	Fairy tales; trans. by Mrs Lucas	Lippincott	1.50

There are 3 other most attractiv editions; that with introduction by S. Baring-Gould (Stokes 1.50); that called *Household stories* trans. by Lucy Crane, illus. by Walter Crane (Macmillan 1.50); that called *Household tales* trans. by M. Edwardes, illus. by R. A. Bell (Dutton 2.50 *or* Everyman 35c cl. 60c leather)

Hawthorne, Nathaniel	Tanglewood tales (Riverside juv. classics)	Houghton	.75

There is a beautiful edition illus. by G. W. Edwards (Houghton $2.50) and the Holiday edition of both *Tanglewood tales* and *The wonderbook* (Houghton $2) is good.

	Wonderbook (Riverside juv. classics)	Houghton	.75

A beautiful edition of A wonder book and Tanglewood tales illus. by Maxfield Parrish (Duffield $2.50) is new this year.

Hutchinson, W.M.L.	The golden porch: a book of Greek fairy tales	Longmans	1.40
	Orpheus with his lute	Longmans	1.40

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Jacobs, Joseph	Celtic fairy tales	Putnam	1.25
	English fairy tales	Putnam	1.25
Jewett, Sarah O.	Betty Leicester	Houghton	1.25
Johnson, Clifton	Oak-tree fairy book	Little	1.50
Kennedy, Howard A.	New world fairy book	Dutton	2
Kingsley, Charles	Heroes, or Greek fairy tales; illus. by Robinson	Dutton	2.50

The "Told to the children" version (Dutton 50c) is attractiv and there is the edition with Robinson's pictures (Macmillan $1)

	Water babies; illus. by Dixon	Dutton	2.50

The "Told to the children" version is somewhat curtailed of philosophic comment and very satisfactory to the children (Dutton 50c) and the earlier edition is good (Macmillan $1).

Kipling, Rudyard	Jungle book	Century	1.50
	Puck of Pook's Hill	Doubleday	1.50
Lamb, Charles & Mary	Tales from Shakespeare; illus. by Arthur Rackham	Dutton	2.50

This is the most attractiv edition.

Lear, Edward	Nonsense books	Little	2 "
Mabie, Hamilton W.	Norse stories	Dodd	1.80
Macdonald, George	The princess and Curdie; illus. by Maria L. Kirk	Lippincott	1.50
	The princess and the goblin; illus. by Maria L. Kirk	Lippincott	1.50
Macleod, Mary	Book of King Arthur and his noble knights	Young	1.50
	Shakespeare story book	Barnes	1.75
Marshall, H. E.	Child's English literature; illus. by John R. Skelton	Stokes	2.50
	An island's story; a child's history of England	Stokes	2.50
	Scotland's story	Stokes	2.50
Martin, George Madden	Abbie Ann; illus. by C. M. Relyea	Century	1.50
Mitton, G. E.	Children's book of London	Black	6s
Moffett, Cleveland	Careers of danger and daring	Century	1.80
Montgomery, L. M.	Anne of Green Gables	Page	1.50
Mother Goose nursery rhymes	illus. by M. Chadburn	Dutton	2.50

There are some other attractiv editions, that illus. by Gordon Brown etc. (Burt 75c), Lang's Nursery rhyme book (Warne $1.50) and Charles Welsh's Book of nursery rhymes (Heath 30c) being most satisfactory.

Mulock, Dinah M.	Little lame prince; illus. by Hope Dunlap	Rand	1.25
Nicolay, Helen	Boys' life of Abraham Lincoln	Century	1.50
	Boys' life of Ulysses S. Grant	Century	1.50

For boys and girls of high school age Owen Wister's *Ulysses S. Grant* is most interesting (Small 50c)

Ozaki, Yeo T.	Japanese fairy book	Dutton	2 "

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Peeps at many lands Holland India Italy Japan Switzerland		Macmillan	.75 ea.
Perry, Walter C.	Boys' Iliad; illus. by Jacomb Hood	Macmillan	1.50
Perry Walter C.	Boy's Odyssey; illus. by Jacomb Hood	Macmillan	1.50
Pyle, Howard	Men of iron	Harper	2 "
	Merry adventures of Robin Hood	Scribner	3 "
	Pepper and salt	Harper	1.50
	Story of King Arthur	Scribner	2.50
	Story of Sir Launcelot and his companions	Scribner	2.50
	Story of the champions of the Round Table	Scribner	2.50
	Twilight land	Harper	1.50
	The wonder-clock	Harper	2 "
Rankin, Carroll W.	Dandelion cottage	Holt	1.50
Repplier, Agnes	Book of famous verse Holiday ed.	Houghton	1.25
Roosevelt, Theodore	Stories of the great west	Century	.60
Ruskin, John	King of the Golden river (Juvenile classics)	Burt	1 "
Russel, F. K.	In West Point gray	Page	1.50
Scudder, Horace E.	George Washington	Houghton	.75
Shaw, Flora L.	Castle Blair	Little	1 "
Skinner, Harriet P.	Boys who became famous men	Little	1.25
Spyri, Johanna	Heidi	Dutton	2.50
	By far the most charming edition. The Ginn ed. (1.50) is good.		
Stevenson, Robert L.	Child's garden of verses; illus. by Jessie Wilcox Smith	Scribner	2.50
	Delightful illustrations. The edition illustrated by Charles Robinson (Scribner 1.50) is the old standard; the new edition with pictures, partly in color, by Florence Edith Storer is charming, and a cheaper edition with very pretty colored pictures delights the littlest folk (Rand 75c)		
	Treasure Island	Scribner	1.25
Stockton, Frank R.	Queen's museum, and other fanciful tales	Scribner	2.50
Twain, Mark	Adventures of Huckleberry Finn	Harper	1.75
Wiggin, Kate D.	The Birds' Christmas Carol	Houghton	.50
	Rebecca of Sunnybrook farm	Houghton	1.25
Wiggin, Kate D. and Smith, Nora A.	Fairy ring	Doubleday	1.50
	Golden numbers	Doubleday	2 "
	Magic casements	Doubleday	1.50

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	Pinafore palace	Doubleday	1.50
	The posy ring	Doubleday	1.50
	Tales of laughter	Doubleday	1.50
Willson, Beckles	Canada; illus. by Henry Sandham	Stokes	2 "
Wyss, J. R.	Swiss family Robinson; illus. by Louis Rhead	Harper	1.50
Zollinger, Guglielma	Widow O'Callaghan's boys	McClurg	1.25

ONE HUNDRED OF THE BEST NOVELS WRITTEN IN ENGLISH

Selected for Lake Placid Club by Mrs Elmendorf of the Buffalo Public Library

Austen, Jane	Pride and prejudice	Duffield	$1.25
	Sense and sensibility	Duffield	1.25
Barr, Amelia E.	Friend Olivia	Dodd	1 "
Barrie, J. M.	Little minister (Luxembourg ed.)	Crowell	1.50
Besant, Sir Walter	All sorts and conditions of men	Harper	1.25
Black, William	A princess of Thule	Harper	1.25
Blackmore, R. D.	Lorna Doone (Luxembourg ed)	Crowell	1.50
	or (Dooneland ed.)	Harper	2.50
Bronte, Charlotte	Jane Eyre (Luxembourg ed.)	Crowell	1.50
Burnett, Frances H.	That lass o' Lowrie's	Scribner	1.25
Cable, G. W.	The Grandissimes	Scribner	1.50
	or illus. by Herter	Scribner	2.50
Churchill, Winston	Coniston	Macmillan	1.50
Collins, Wilkie	The moonstone	Harper	1.25
	Woman in white	Harper	1.25
Cooper, J. F.	Last of the Mohicans (Luxembourg ed.)	Crowell	1.50
	New edition with illus. in color by C. Boyd Smith (Holt 1.35 net) is attractiv.		
	The spy (Mohawk ed.)	Putnam	1.50
Couch A. T. Quiller	Splendid spur	Scribner	1.25
Crawford, F. M.	Mr. Isaacs	Macmillan	1.50
		or Grosset	.50
	Saracinesca	Macmillan	1.50
		or Grosset	.50
Crockett, S. R.	The raiders	Macmillan	1.50
Deeping, Warwick	Uther and Igraine	Macmillan	1.50
		or Grosset	.50
Deland, Margaret	Awakening of Helena Richie	Harper	1.50
De Morgan, W. F.	Joseph Vance	Holt	1.75
Dickens, Charles	David Copperfield (Fireside ed.) Oxford univ. press		1 "
	or (illus. ed.) Oxford univ. press	Holt	.80

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	Our mutual friend	Holt	.80
	Tale of two cities	Holt	.80
Dix, Beulah M.	The making of Christopher Ferringham	Macmillan	1.50
Doyle, Sir A. C.	The white company	Harper	1.75
		or Burt	.75
Du Maurier, George	Trilby	Harper	1.75
Duncan, Norman	Dr Luke of the Labrador	Revell	1.50
Eliot, George	Adam Bede (Personal ed.)	Doubleday	1.50
	Middlemarch	Doubleday	1.50
	Mill on the Floss	Doubleday	1.50
	Romola	Doubleday	1.50
Ford, P. L.	The Honorable Peter Stirling	Holt	1.50
		or Grosset	.50
Gaskell, Elizabeth C.	Cranford; illus. by Hugh Thomson (Cranford ed.)	Macmillan	1.50
Glasgow, Ellen	The battleground	Doubleday	1.50
Goldsmith, Oliver	Vicar of Wakefield; illus. by Hugh Thomson (Cranford ed.)	Macmillan	1.50
Gray, Maxwell	Far from the madding crowd	Appleton	1.50
Hardy, Thomas	Return of the native	Harper	1.50
		Harper	1.50
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	House of seven gables (Riverside ed. *with* Snow image)		
	or (Astor lib.)	Houghton	2 "
	Scarlet letter (illus. ed.)	Crowell	.60
	or (Good lit. ser.)	Houghton	2 "
	Forest lovers	Crowell	.75
Hewlett, Maurice	Richard Yea-and-Nay	Macmillan	1.50
	Prisoner of Zenda	Macmillan	1.50
Hope, Anthony	The great refusal	Holt	1.50
		or Grosset	.50
Howells, W. D.	Lady of the Aroostook	Houghton	1.50
	Rise of Silas Lapham	Houghton	1.50
James, Henry	The American	Houghton	2 "
	Portrait of a lady	Houghton	2 "
Johnston, Mary	Lewis Rand	Houghton	1.50
	To have and to hold	Houghton	1.50
		or Grosset	.50
Kingsley, Charles	Westward ho!	Longmans	1.50
Kingsley, Henry	Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn	Longmans	1.25
Kipling, Rudyard	Kim	Doubleday	1.50
Lancaster, G. B.	Altar stairs	Doubleday	1.50
Lever, Charles	Charles O'Malley (Barrington ed.) 2v.	Little	3 "
Locke, W. J.	Beloved vagabond	Lane	1.50
Lover, Samuel	Handy Andy (Home lib.)	Burt	1 "
Lytton, Lord	Last of the barons 2v.	Little	2 "
	or (Home lib.)	Burt	1 "
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Marryatt, Frederick	Mr Midshipman Easy (Home lib.)	Burt	1 "
Mason, A. E. W.	Four feathers	Macmillan	1.50
		or Grosset	.50
Meredith, George	Diana of the Crossways	Scribner	1.50
	The egoist	Scribner	1.50
	Ordeal of Richard Feverel	Scribner	1.50
Merriman, H. S.	The sowers	Harper	1.50
Mitchell, S. W.	Adventures of François	Century	1.50
Mulock, Dinah M.	John Halifax, gentleman (Luxembourg lib.)	Crowell	1.50
Page, T. N.	Red rock	Scribner	1.50
Parker, Sir Gilbert	The right of way	Harper	1.50
		or Grosset	.50
	Seats of the mighty	Appleton	1.50
Phillpotts, Eden	Mother of the man	Dodd	1.50
Reade, Charles	The cloister and the hearth (Luxembourg lib.)	Crowell	1.50
	It is never too late to mend	Scribner	1.50
Russell, W. C.	Wreck of the Grosvenor	Sturgis & Walton	1.25
Scott, Sir Walter	Guy Mannering (Dryburgh ed.)	Macmillan	1.25
	Heart of Midlothian	Macmillan	1.25
	Ivanhoe (Dryburgh ed.)	Macmillan	1.25
	Kenilworth	Macmillan	1.25
	Quentin Durward	Macmillan	1.25
Sinclair, May	The divine fire	Holt	1.50
Snaith, J. C.	Broke of Covenden	Small	1.50
Steel, Flora A.	On the face of the waters	Macmillan	1.50
		or Grosset	.50
Stevenson, R. L.	Kidnapped	Scribner	1.50
	The master of Ballantrae	Scribner	1.50
Tarkington, Booth	The gentleman from Indiana	Doubleday	1.50
Taylor, Bayard	Story of Kennett	Putnam	1.50
Thackeray, W. M.	Henry Esmond (Biog. ed.)	Harper	1.75 ea.
	or (Oxford ed.)	*or* Oxf'd univ. pr.	.80
	The Newcomes	*or* Oxf'd univ. pr.	.80
	Pendennis	*or* Oxf'd univ. pr.	.80
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	The warden	Macmillan	1.50
Ward, Mrs Humphry	Marcella	Macmillan	1 "
	Testing of Diana Mallory	Harper	1.50
Watson, John	Beside the bonnie brier bush, with photographs by Clifton Johnson	Dodd	1.50
Weyman, S. J.	A gentleman of France	Longmans	1.25
	House of the Wolf	Longmans	1.25
Wister, Owen	The Virginian	Macmillan	1.50
Zangwill, Israel	The master	*or* Grosset	.50
		Harper	1.75

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Statue of the Aztec Prince, Cuauhtemoc. Between Mexico City and Chapultepec. One of the Finest Bronzes in America.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. 63. AUGUST, 1911 No. 3.

The Mexican Republic and Its Future

Some months ago no one in the country—and few in Mexico, it seems safe to say—would have ventured to predict the early fall and exile of Diaz, the mighty dictator, the collapse of his government, and the complete success of the revolution, which, by the way, was then regarded as a trivial insurrection carried on by a handful of incapables and idlers, and financed, from a safe distance, by ambitious politicians. The actual course of events in Mexico has been a great surprise to the world. Even now many are at a loss to account for it.

But the most reasonable view of the situation is, doubtless, simply this—that Diaz was too old and too feeble, at eighty-one, to cope with a situation which might have caused him no great trouble ten years sooner; that his failure to meet in due season the demands and needs of Mexican liberals and progressives had created widespread dissatisfaction, and that when the crisis came public sentiment was indifferent or hostile to the Diaz régime. A policy of mere force and suppression presupposes great strength, audacity and resourcefulness in the man who relies on it. Diaz no longer showed these qualities, and there was no leader to take his place and continue the work in his behalf.

The revolutionary leaders, on the other hand, were aggressive, alert, progressive and confident. They had grievances; they voiced the grievances of the masses, the peons,

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the disinherited and the disfranchised, the victims of Diaz's benevolent tyranny. The revolutionists demanded political and economic reforms, and only objected to Diaz because he could not be trusted to keep his promises and to abide by the results of free and fair elections. They were moderate and conciliatory otherwise, and evinced readiness to make peace on terms favorable to the interests of the country.

The provisional president, de la Bara, is an experienced diplomat and liberal-minded thinker. He and his associates in the reorganized cabinet intend to assure the people free elections and genuine steps toward free institutions. In October electors will be chosen, and these electors in turn will elect the next president. Madero, the leader of the revolution, expects to be elected president, although he will have rivalry. Until then, and after the elections, the serious question will be as to the possibility of governing Mexico without "the iron rule" of Diaz. So far Mexico has been a republic only in name; can she become, under freedom and liberalism, a republic in fact? Are her people, many of whom are illiterate and shiftless, fit for self-government? Will freedom of speech and the press, an independent judiciary, provincial autonomy, be appreciated and maintained?

Mexico, it has been said, is full of monuments to Diaz, the defender of property, the champion of order, the friend of industry and development. But in spite of his resistance to reform, a free, peaceful, progressive Mexico would be the greatest of all monuments to his régime. If he has not created a middle class capable of supporting a republic, if only force stood between Mexico and chaos and internecine strife, Diaz's work was not completed. If Mexico can march and advance without him or his stern methods, history, if not the present generation, will proclaim him a great builder of empire and republican institutions, even though he did not realize that his own success necessitated a change in his policies and indicated his retirement.

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The United States has every reason to congratulate itself on its policy toward Mexico—a policy of patience, neutrality, good will. Intervention would have involved us in war and would have entailed disastrous complications of every kind. We resisted clamor, declined to magnify irritating "incidents," gave the world fresh proof of disinterestedness and sincerity, and now even the excitable persons who attacked the President and Congress for alleged weakness and indifference recognize the superiority of the policy which has saved lives and treasure and reflected honor on the country.

Progress of "Unlimited" Arbitration

President Taft's idea of arbitration treaties without the usual "exceptions" and omissions, treaties covering even questions of vital interest, honor, and territory, has been making remarkable progress. Secretary Knox submitted a draft of a model treaty to England and Germany, these powers having formally signified their desire to conclude unlimited arbitration treaties with the United States, but he made it plain that our government was ready to negotiate similar treaties with any other civilized nation, and that no "discrimination" or special favor was intended. This made all talk of secret understandings or alliances as the result or ulterior purpose of the arbitration treaties not only gratuitous but foolish. The invitation was general, but of course the United States could not negotiate with powers that were either hostile or skeptical or indifferent to unlimited arbitration.

In point of fact, the publication of a summary of the Knox draft aroused great interest in Germany and in Japan. The governments of these countries asked for copies and expressed a desire to discuss the question; Japan informally conveyed the intimation that, if we took the first step, she would be glad to enter into negotiations.

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This surpassed all expectations and naturally gratified the friends of peace throughout the world. The progress of the cause of arbitration is apparently assured, although the final form of the proposed treaty may be somewhat narrower than that now under consideration. Public sentiment favors arbitration; commerce, democracy and the social reform movement are potent peace influences.

The summary made by Secretary Knox of the provisions of the drafted treaty is so condensed and satisfactory that we reproduce it here in full:

The general features of the draft are these: It expands the scope of our existing general arbitration agreements by eliminating the exceptions contained in existing ones of questions of vital interest and national honor.

It is proposed that all differences that are internationally justifiable shall be submitted to the Hague tribunal unless by special agreement some other tribunal is created or selected.

It provides that differences that either country thinks are not internationally justifiable shall be referred to a commission of inquiry, with power to make recommendations for their settlement.

This commission is to be made up of nationals of the two Governments who are members of the Hague court.

Should the commission decide that the differences should be arbitrated this decision is to be binding.

Arbitrations are to be conducted under terms of submission subject to the advice and consent of the Senate.

Before arbitration is resorted to, even in cases where both countries agree that the difference is one susceptible of arbitrable decision, the Commission of Inquiry shall investigate the necessity of arbitration. The action of this commission is not to have the effect of an arbitral award.

The commission at the request of either Government shall delay its findings one year to give opportunity for diplomatic settlement.

The other features of the draft deal mainly with the machinery of the commission and other essential details.

It may be stated in this connection that the Carnegie peace foundation's plans were announced at the Lake Mohonk conference by Dr. Butler, president of Columbia University, and that they contemplate a systematic propaganda in three great divisions:—scientific and legal, politico-economic and historical, and miscellaneous and social. Each division will be efficiently managed by eminent men in their respective lines of study and work, and the scholars and

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statesmen of the old world will coöperate with those of the United States.

The mission of the foundation is essentially educational. It will seek to remove error and prejudice, combat fallacies, point out the wastes and indirect costs of warfare, interpret history and correct the views of militarists and Jingoes. The opposition to the Taft idea of unlimited arbitration in certain circles shows that the foundation has work to do here and now. The Senate has not been very friendly to general treaties of arbitration, and some of its members are known to doubt the expediency of the proposed "radical" treaty. The Senate must be reached through public opinion.

American Theater Today

From time to time little campaigns are started to elevate the stage. The pulpit and the press denounce some play or group of plays as demoralizing in effect and tendency, and perhaps some particularly offensive spectacle is mended or ended. But the question of theatrical reform is larger and deeper than as thus raised. The theater is wonderfully educational when properly conducted. A good, artistic play exalts, instructs, and entertains at the same time. No form of amusement is more popular with old and young, and it is a serious loss and detriment that the theater should be either indifferent and trivial or positively vulgarizing and debasing.

There are good theaters in every large city, and some admirable, vital, and beautiful plays are produced by them during each season. But many more of the plays, shows, and spectacles are intellectually and morally below the plane of respectability. Tens of thousands are thus degraded and prevented from learning to enjoy beauty and art. How can the popular playhouse be raised and improved?

The Russell Sage Foundation has published an elaborate study of the theater in New York, the producing center of the country, which sets standards and sends out scores of

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traveling companies to give the "provinces" the things approved by the metropolis. Of late smaller cities and towns have complained bitterly of the character and quality of the "shows" with which they have been favored. But are the New Yorkers treated better, as a general thing? The study in question reaches a negative and melancholy answer.

There are 497 theaters in Greater New York; the total spent weekly on theaters in Manhattan alone is estimated at $750,000. The attendance is over 1,700,000, about a million patronizing the moving-picture and five-cent theaters. As to quality, of the burlesque houses five-sixths are "demoralizing" and the remaining sixth "lowering." Of the variety and vaudeville places, only five per cent are of positive value. The rest are either stupid, inane and crude, or else vulgar and objectionable. Yet vaudeville is successful and strongly influences even the first-class theaters. These are not giving their patrons plays worthy of them. Too much attention is paid by them to the "vaudeville mentality" of the crowds of hotel dwellers and strangers seeking cheap amusement.

This is a severe arraignment of the theaters and their patrons as well. Yet Shakespeare draws even in low-class theaters, and the average man loves romance, dramatic stories, beauty and heroism in conduct as much as he ever did. Popular theaters presenting classical and modern plays of merit—plays without narrow problems of didactic, inartistic teaching, would probably "pay" even to commercial managers. Vaudeville and picture-shows, too, may be improved without lowering their interest and charm. Social workers and civic reformers are turning to the theater problem, and some hopeful experiments may be tried within the next few years.

Direct Popular Election of Senators

The United States Senate has at last voted to submit to the legislatures an amendment to the Constitution providing

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for direct, popular election of its members. The House had passed such a resolution on four different occasions, and in the country at large the agitation in favor of the change from election by legislatures to popular election has been actively and strenuously carried on for several years, not to say decades. Heretofore the Senate stood like a stone wall in the way of the reform, a majority of its members denying the need, wisdom or utility of popular elections and insisting that "the fathers" knew what they were doing, that the Senate was intended to be a house of "state ambassadors" and not another and smaller House of Representatives, and that election by the people would bring demagogues and small-bore politicians into an august and mighty body.

Senator Borah of Idaho put the argument for direct elections in a single striking paragraph. Referring to the policy of the fathers as regards the Senate, he asked:

"Had they looked upon vacant chairs here because of deadlocks in the legislatures; had they seen, as we saw last winter, nearly one-half of a state legislature fleeing like fugitives across a state line and then negotiating with their colleagues like contending forces, had these men passed through the filth and corruption through which this Senate has been delving its way this last year: had they been thwarted and frustrated and defied in the effort to secure facts concerning the integrity of an election; had they believed that state legislatures would be turned by this duty from law-making bodies dealing conscientiously with affairs of state into political combinations, torn and distracted by purely convention duties, venalized and corrupted by powerful interests who care nothing for the state, but everything for the membership of this body—if they had seen what we see, does any man doubt, in view of their declarations, that the fathers would have taken this duty from the legislature and given it directly to the people?"

This states the case in a nutshell. The change is sought and demanded because of deadlocks, scandals, failures and grave evils. The old mode is bad for the states, bad for the legislatures, bad for the federal Congress. As for any danger of degradation of the Senate, has popular election given us governors, mayors, state legislatures, judges, Presidents—for even the President is practically elected by the people, the electoral colleges being now useless "fifth-

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wheels"—below the grade of Senators? To prove that the Senate must not be touched is to prove that we ought to do away with popular election of other high public servants. The six-year term and the fact that not more than one-third of the Senate will be changed at any time will continue to operate in the interest of stability and conservatism. There is no danger of the Senate becoming excessively radical and impressionable. The proposed amendment will work no harm in any direction.

Co-operation and the Cost of Living

No doubt many things account for the increase in the cost of the necessaries and comforts of life, and there is no single sovereign remedy for the trouble complained of by millions of consumers. But in every rational discussion of the question it is admitted that lack of system and method in retail trade, in distribution of commodities to small purchasers, is an important factor in the situation. Why not seek economy and relief in coöperation? Why not do here what has been done by and for one-fourth of the population of Britain?

A movement in the interest of coöperation in buying and retail selling, and incidentally in manufacturing, is under way in the United States. There are many obstacles to overcome—especially moral obstacles, such as indifference, contempt for small economies, intense "individualism," etc.—but perhaps the "pinch" of the last few years has served to make Americans disposed to consider coöperation seriously.

Lecturing in this country, the president of the Coöperative Alliance of Great Britain, William Maxwell, has been explaining the success and benefits of coöperation. Last year the Alliance had an aggregate membership of 2,701,000 families, and nearly 3,000 societies were affiliated with it. It had a capital of $264,000,000 and sold over $525,000,000

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worth of goods to its members. It divided over $11,000,000 as profits among its members, after appropriating large sums for education and charity.

This alliance is in reality a great workmen's and middle-class "trust" which is open to all and is conducted for the benefit of all. It acts as a building and loan association; it pays interest on dividends kept in its treasury by individuals; it operates mills, factories, plantations, wheat elevators, and maintains a fleet of ships to carry its products. It saves by running on a two per cent basis, as against the six or seven per cent basis of private dealers. It not only reduces the cost of living, but it enables poor men and women to eat and clothe themselves into homes, little gardens and old-age pensions.

Americans are a practical and alert people. If economy is now a real and vital issue to them, they can make as great a success of distributive and productive coöperation as the British have made of it. Legislation is desirable, trust-dissolving suits are necessary and proper, but why ignore so constructive and beneficent a movement as co-operation—co-operation minus graft, inflated salaries, high finance? The moral results of coöperation are as great as the material.

Reverses for Labor and Radicalism in Australia

We have heretofore discussed the agitation against certain tendencies in judicial interpretation of Australian law and constitutional policy. It was stated that in order to circumvent certain adverse decisions in cases dealing with labor, trusts and reform the government of the Commonwealth submitted to the electorate amendments to the constitution greatly enlarging the authority of the federal legislature. One of these conferred on the federal government power to deal with all matters of trade, commerce and industry in all the states, at the expense of the local legislature and

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"home rule." The other provided for the "nationalizing" or taking over by the federal government for operation, of any industry which it might find and duly declare a monopoly inimical to the public welfare.

Every Australian state except Western Australia voted against these amendments and defeated them by heavy majorities. The vote was large, the interest evidently keen. The outcome, it is admitted, is a severe blow to the Labor ministry, but there is much controversy concerning the "meaning" of the result. The conservative and anti-labor organs say without hesitation that the people intended to repudiate radicalism, socialism, and "new nationalism," to call a halt to regulation and paternalism. The labor organs contend that the electors did not fully understand the propositions they voted on; that the "trusts and syndicates" had subsidized the press and obscured the issues, and, finally, that the sentiment in favor of state rights is not necessarily at war with the social reform program of the federal government.

The Labor ministry, although "rebuked," did not resign. It has a parliamentary majority and will proceed with the realization of the reforms that are possible under the existing constitution. The agitation for the amendments is to continue, and the opposition has been warned that improper methods on its part may lead the government and its adherents to propose even more drastic constitutional changes.

The indirect method of overcoming judicial vetoing of legislation having failed, it is probable that the question of depriving the judiciary of the power of annulling acts of parliament will be raised directly.

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A Reading Journey Through Mexico

I. Mexico and the Mexicans

By E. H. Blichfeldt

Assistant Managing Editor of the Chautauqua Press.

The Land

MEXICO is not so large by half as it was before the war with the United States, known in American history as the Mexican War. To be more exact, we should say before the Texan War for Independence; but Mexicans think of Texas as having been wrested from them by the same strategy which ended in their loss of that greater neighboring area since carved up, roughly speaking, into a half dozen other states and territories of the American Union. Till 1835 their domain was nearly equal to that of the United States, or to the whole of Europe leaving out Russia and Turkey. Even now, what remains to them would be enough to encompass Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. That its natural resources will sustain such a comparison can here be neither asserted nor denied, but the scientist and the explorer go far beyond the mere tourist in their appreciation of its riches. Where the tourist sees only desert, they see the waving green and yellow of potential harvests. If they discount at all the reckless enthusiasm of promoters beguiling the American investor, it is not regarding the latent wealth of the country, but regarding the ease with which settlers totally lacking in experience may grow rubber on impossible land bought at random, or market pineapples irrespective of means for transportation. There is no doubt that the country will feed and clothe many added millions of people, and that it hides mineral wealth either to supply

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the necessaries of many other millions, or to barter for whatever may be lacking. Suffice it to say that in its undeveloped resources we are considering no insignificant country. Then let us pass from things that might or that doubtless may be to things that have been and are.

The mantle of natural verdure and primitive human graces, of medieval romance surviving in a practical age, of hospitality, of leisure, and of pride which have been painted for us by the hands of such writers as Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith—this mantle is spread over a rugged and highly substantial framework, for an examination of which one refers, with an appropriate feeling of solidity, to Alexander von Humboldt. The geologic framework will be suggested to travelers in the United States by saying that it exhibits yet more strongly the qualities, as plainly it continues the system, not of the Appalachian, but of the western highlands of the United States. It is rugged, Titanic, challenging, not rounded and softened as though it grew ready ages ago to invite the coming of civilized man. The studious reader may consult Humboldt and later supplemental investigations, while others content themselves for the moment with this general hint. Not gentle little hills like sheep in a meadow, but towering and bristling giants amid shatterings of a world stand in Mexico for mountain scenery.

I had written the foregoing paragraph, and within twenty-four hours I read a very different description which may well be quoted here. Charles Macomb Flandrau in his highly suggestive and entertaining, though often cynical and at times flippantly careless "Viva Mexico," says:

"The view from the piazza was characteristic of the mountainous, tropical parts of Mexico, and, like most of the views there, combined both the grandeur, the awfulness of space and height—of eternal, untrodden snows piercing the thin blue—with the soft velvet beauty of tropical verdure, the unimaginable delicacy and variety of color that glows and palpitates in vast areas of tropical foliage seen at different distances through haze and sunlight. Mountains usually have an elemental, geologic sex of some sort, and the sex of slumbering, jungle-covered, tropical mountains is female. There is a symmetry, a chaste volcanic elegance about them that renders

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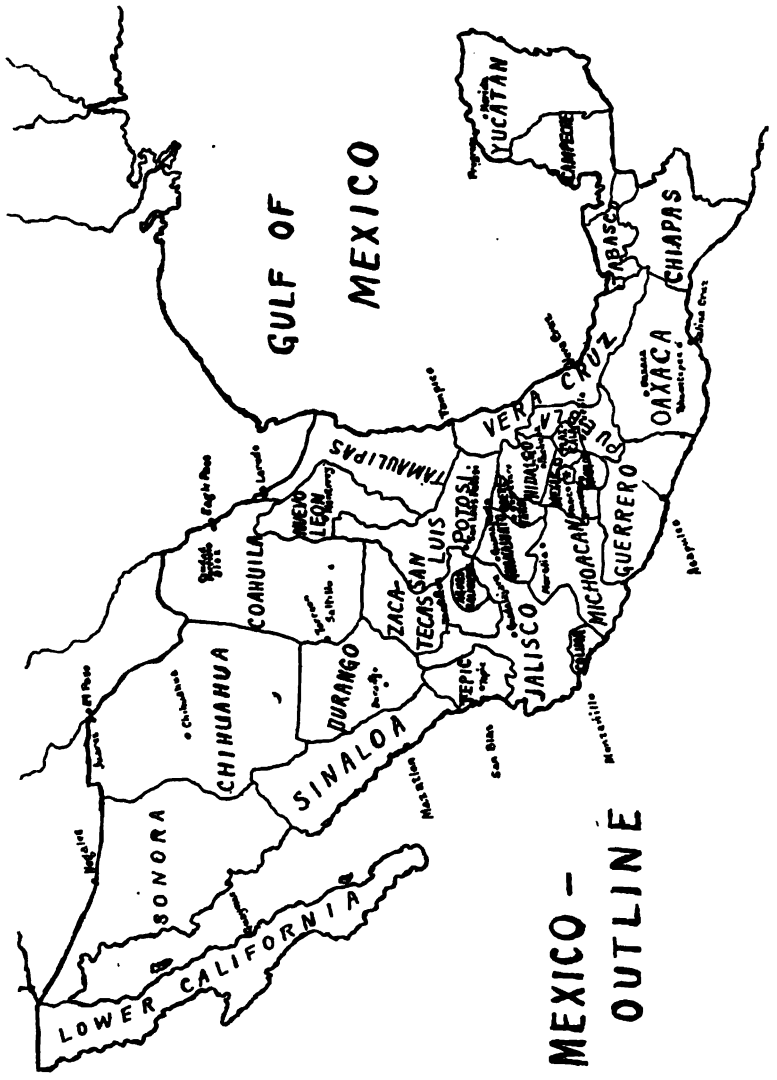

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them the consorts and daughters of man-mountains like, say, the Alps, the Rockies, the mountains of the Caucasus."

The description just quoted, however, is true only of what it represents, and it represents the mountains with which, doubtless, the author is most intimately acquainted The mountains with which I lived from day to day in Mexico for three years rise from plains already too high for tropical or even semi-tropical conditions, and hold their peaks from two to three and one-half miles perpendicularly above sea level. They are, I believe, of the sort that one usually means in speaking of mountainous Mexico. The other picture, however, will have value to us, not only for intrinsic beauty, but also as showing how almost everything Mexican defies any simple and summary treatment. The country is one of well-nigh unlimited variety, of sharp contrasts, and of apparent contradictions. Snow and burning desert, oak and palm and steaming jungle growth are all to be found in the 1,500 miles between Sonora* and Yucatan. More impressively, indeed, they will all appear in a cross section, to be accomplished by one day's travel. One may drink chocolate and cinnamon on the warm Gulf shore in the morning, pass upward through the altitudes of cocoanut, orange, coffee and banana, sugar and cotton, during the next two or three hours, and by eleven o'clock, if a "norther" happens to be blowing, draw on a heavy coat for warmth, while looking upward across the dry tableland to snows that never melt. So Mexico is a land of contrasts.

A notion that the tarry-at-home traveler must dismiss before he can rightly conceive Mexico, is that latitude determines temperature. Latitude is one of a number of conditions that have their influence on climate, but no one of them can ever be assumed to determine temperature until the others have been taken into account. The northern fringe of New York State along Lake Erie, which has become famous as a "grape belt," has as mild a climate as parts of eastern Kentucky, and there are points on the coast of Alaska where the winter is less severe than in either of

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the localities just compared. Of all the conditions that go to determine climate, altitude is the one that figures most surprisingly to the New Englander when a country like Mexico is being studied. At least one Mexican guide book has, and all such guide books ought to have, tables of elevation for the important places on the map. All other elements being normal, an altitude of less than 3,000 feet will give a hot climate in any part of the republic. An altitude between 3,000 and 7,000 feet will give a temperate climate, and an altitude from 7,000 up to 12,500 feet will give a cold climate. One does not speak at all of climate in the snow region of Mexico because snow and vegetation do not alternate there, and life cannot in any natural way be supported. The snow line is about 12,500 feet above sea level. The general level in that vast part of Mexico known as the Plateau has an elevation of 6,000 to 8,000 feet. Suppose, however, that we mean by a hot climate an average temperature throughout the year of about 85 degrees, still it is true that the greatest extreme of heat will probably not exceed that in New York, and the discomfort caused by it will be less than in New York. Similarly, if by a cold climate we mean a yearly average temperature of 60 degrees, it will be found that the thermometer rarely goes so low as freezing, even in winter. A moment's reflection will now make it clear that variations up or down in a given locality are much less than they are farther north. This would be inferred from the latitude, as seasonal changes are generally less marked nearer the equator.

If the differences between winter and summer are less, the differences between night and day are more, and those between shady and sunny sides of a street far more, than in New York or Chicago. Even above 8,000 feet the noonday sun is fierce, yet in the shade there is never a day above that altitude when the "shirt-waist man" from New York would sit long without his coat. At a given temperature he would feel much colder than at home, probably because evapora-

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tion from the skin is more rapid, as well as because of the rarer atmosphere and consequent smaller intake of oxygen. If ordinarily blessed with good circulation, the northerner will be surprised that, even when the thermometer registers several degrees above freezing, he needs winter underwear and a heavy overcoat. A phenomenon well known to mountain climbers and physicists, but new to many visitors, is that the decreased air pressure allows water to boil at lower temperature, but an egg or any vegetable cooked in it must be kept longer over the fire.

The People

Somewhat like the diversity of the land is the diversity of its people. Among these are about six millions belonging to the native races, over six millions of mixed blood, and three million whites. If we could assign to each of these three classes its relative place in the social and economic scale, the reader would no doubt welcome the convenience. There is a social and economic scale with well marked gradations, but in applying its test, race can hardly be said to figure. It is true that among those occupying the highest station, pure Indians are rare, and that among those occupying the lowest station, the pure white does not exist, the occasional American tramp being outside this discussion. The fact remains, however, that there is no relation in industry, profession, business, politics, or formal society from which the pure Indian would be debarred, or for aspiring to which he would not have ample warrant in law, sentiment, and precedent. Benito Juarez, the greatest Mexican who has ever lived and the greatest object of national veneration today, was a full-blooded Indian. Porfirio Diaz is one-fourth Indian according to his approved biographers, but intelligent Mexicans generally believe him to be three-fourths, and they do not say this to disparage him. For a Mexican of European ancestry to disdain a Mexican of somewhat mixed blood, or for one of mixed blood to treat

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A Graceful Column

A Mestiza

Going to the Well

Mutual Curiosity

Familiar Types

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Torture of Cuauhtemoc. From a Painting in the National Museum

Detail from Cuauhtemoc Monument. (See Frontispiece)

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Miguel Hidalgo

Benito Juarez

The Emperor Maximilian

Porfirio Diaz

Some of the Makers of Mexican History

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Sra. Diaz, wife of Porfirio Diaz

Francisco Madero

Destitution

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a cultured Indian as inferor, because in him the native blood perhaps of princes has never been mingled for better or worse with a foreign strain—either of these demonstrations of arrogance would, I suppose, be unique in recent times. There are, it is true, families who take a harmless pride in declaring themselves of pure Spanish extraction. A writer already mentioned, however, says that most unadulterated Spaniards in the republic are "either priests or grocers." We might mention bull-fighters as another contingent. A governor of one of the Mexican states once said to me after speaking of his own lineage: "Very few of us here, if we are Mexicans of more than two or three generations, can tell what proportion of native or of Indian blood we may have." It could have been replied that, even so they are not much farther from a complete racial analysis of themselves than some of the rest of mankind. It very soon ceases to be a surprise, then, to find in the learned professions and in important positions of various kinds, people of the original Mexican stock. Perhaps the fact that all Indians are not equally dark, that some Spaniards are far from light, and that the natives often have splendid heads and finely chiseled features has as much to do with the state of affairs as the undoubted capacity of many of the Indians.

In the entire absence of a race problem, however, for which Mexicans ought to be grateful, economic differences are as sharp and distinctions are as clearly drawn as elsewhere. There is perhaps no country equally civilized where the educational, political, and material welfare of the laboring people has advanced less and where their condition presents more cruel, and at the same time more immemorially picturesque phases than in Mexico. The problem of lifting them to a distinctly higher plane of life is the immediate and urgent problem of the nation. It is the excuse for the as yet unfinished revolution, whatever may be the alleged grievances of other classes. It is the matter concerning which

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the Diaz régime must give its most important final account however great the progress made in other directions, and we may assume that President Diaz and his friends recognize this; but when its solution is reached we can but feel that also one of the most engaging, one of the most beautiful to the imagination, of all the figures in the pageant of human life will have passed forever. The gentle, graceful, submissive, but well-nigh unconquerable and wholly inscrutable child of the ancient Chichimecs, Aztecs, and still earlier Toltecs, whoever they may have been, will have given place to some other type.

In writing the history of England, scholars can give us little more than conjecture until the advent of the Romans. Our British ancestors neglected to make for us any intelligible record before that event. Similarly, authentic knowledge of Mexico begins but little previous to the arrival of the gold-hunting, proselyting and bloodthirsty Spaniards, who were the first bearers of the white man's civilization thither. Of the records that existed, many were ruthlessly destroyed, and of what were still left only a small part are intelligible, for civilization on this continent, as in Europe, had had its ebbs and flows, had been broken rather than continuous, and the Mexicans whom Cortez and his valiant murderers overcame knew little of their remote predecessors. If the Spaniards wondered at this they may also have reflected that for generations in Europe the invading Moors, so lately withdrawn from Spain, had been the only preservers of classic Greek and Latin learning. The Spaniards, as conquerors of Mexico, were less kind to futurity; still certain outlines have been pieced together from picture writings and other evidence that survives.

While there were tribes in various parts of the land that maintained independence, the greatness of Mexico as far back as history can trace it belongs to the valley of Mexico round about the present capital, high on its table-land, but encircled by mountains of much greater height.

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When we say this, we are leaving out, as we must, the builders of noble and awe-inspiring structures in Yucatan and elsewhere because they date back farther than any history. These builders, too, were great in their forgotten day, but we do not know them and can give them no place. They may have been contemporaries of Solomon or even of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites in Egypt.

Beginning, then, with what is fairly authentic, the Toltecs had sway in Mexico from about 650 A. D., four hundred years. They were the greatest builders of historic or semi-historic times. The Chichimecs, a ruder people, succeeded the Toltecs, not by conquest but because the Toltecs had for some cause died out. One legend says that *pulque*, the intoxicating drink of the natives to this day, was the cause. However that may be, the land of the Toltecs became deserted until the Chichimecs spread over it about 1175 A. D. The Acolhuas arrived a few years later and still a little later came the Aztecs or Mexicans. No one can fix the exact dates, but with a few years' interval the three nations appear to have followed each other in this order: Chichimecs, Acolhuas, Aztecs. Although not wholly settled till later, all seem to have appeared before the year 1200.

While the Chichimecs, as has been indicated, were less advanced in arts than had been the Toltecs, this was not equally true of the Acolhuas, who may have been descended from some kindred of the Toltecs, and with whom the Chichimecs peacefully mingled and intermarried. So the progress toward civilization was hindered less than might have seemed likely. As for the Aztecs (or Mexicans), they were wanderers for a long time and held themselves aloof. They seem to have arrived from the northwest, where, perhaps, they built the *Casas Grandes*, of which notable ruins remain to the present. Then after further wandering they are said to have reached the present site of Tula, fifty miles north of Mexico City, where some ruins

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can easily be observed. They were here only nine years. Finally they came to Chapultepec, "the hill of the grasshopper," about 1250 A. D. They went through one period of enslavement but were set free, so the story goes, because their masters, the Colhuas, were horrified by their religious sacrifices of human beings and the atrocious way in which they carried on war even when nominally under Colhuan control.

The Aztecs had never been far distant from Chapultepec since they first discovered it, and near it on an island they now settled themselves. It was the year 1325. The priests who advised the tribe said that they saw there an eagle sitting on a prickly pear and strangling a serpent in its talons. This they declared was a sign in fulfilment of earlier prophecy, and the place of their abiding was so fixed. The Mexican coins of today, as well as the national flag bear as insignia the eagle, the serpent and the cactus. Classic stories of the founding of other towns on sites oracularly pointed out may be interesting—the story of Rome for example. The Aztecs confirmed their tradition of religious cruelty by baptizing the new city in the blood of human sacrifices. In all their future they continued this evil practice. They showed, however, a genius for organization; for coping with natural difficulties, as in the construction of floating gardens before they could possess themselves of enough natural land; and for diplomacy, as when, by intermarriage of their princes with other royal families, they at last made themselves masters of the entire region round about.

It was an Aztec dynasty, the dynasty of the Montezumas, that Cortez found in 1519, or almost 200 years after the establishment of their city. That horribly cruel religious rites and inhuman conduct in war were familiar among them has been made clear, but it is also certain that better instincts were recognized among the people under their rule. Otherwise, how would the legend have been preserved that the independent existence of the Mexican

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tribe came from a repugnance of their masters to their cruelty in religion and war? Similarly, it is clear that their government was aristocratic, but their familiarity with another ideal appears from the account of how the nobles obtained their power over the people. In 1425 the king and his advisers wanted to make war upon some neighbors, while the common people opposed it, fearing that the enemy would be too strong. The curious compact was made that war should be entered upon with vigor, that if it failed the people might exact of the nobles any forfeit, even their lives, but that if it succeeded, contrary to the dismal prophecy of the people, then they were to become slaves of the nobles. The war succeeded and the people were held to their unhappy promise. The form of government among neighboring tribes varied. The Tlascallans, who aided Cortez against the Mexicans because of an old enmity, were democrats. The interesting consideration here is as to the state in which matters were found by the conquerors from over the sea. Cruelty in practice by the rulers of the principal nation, though mercy was recognized as an ideal, and tyranny toward the poor, though the democratic principle had long been familiar, tell much of the condition. The Europeans brought no improvement in either of these respects. One other element worthy of mention was the strong religious vein, availed of by the craft and power of the priests, as unscrupulous as the Roman clergy a little later. In short, conditions were present to make easy either the improvement or the continued exploitation and degradation of the people.

The Spaniards came. Few chapters in the story of man surpass the record of daring, energy, cruelty, greed, perfidy, and religious hypocrisy on the one hand, and of patriotism, heroic self-devotion, and unavailing courage on the other, which marked the conquest. The Mexicans showed themselves not inferior to the Spaniards in valor, in strength, in organization, or even in military strategy;

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but they had no horses, knew nothing of gunpowder, and were otherwise less effectively armed. Their chivalry was too high. On one occasion they sent food to the Spaniards because they disdained to fight a starving foe. Their superstition made them, and particularly Montezuma himself, very susceptible to the deceit of the Spaniards. Even with all these disadvantages, however, it would have required far greater forces than Cortez led to overcome them if, instead of having thousands of native allies, he had found all the tribes united against him. Like Greece in its fall, the native peoples lost whatever chance of perpetuity and continued development they may have had by not being able to stand united against the alien invader. Their downfall can scarcely be told with more dramatic effect in romances like Wallace's "The Fair God" than it is in a supposedly matter-of-fact history like Prescott's "The Conquest of Mexico."

Though it is not strange that Mexicans even of Spanish blood should celebrate the independence of their nation, there is something a little curious in the fact that, reviewing all this early history, they identify themselves throughout in thought and sentiment with the Indians rather than with the *conquistadores*. The finest statue between the heart of the capital and the castle of Chapultepec on one of the finest avenues of the world is a statue of Cuauhtemoc, the Aztec prince who refused to tell the Spaniards the whereabouts of his nation's treasure. A visit to the Academy of Fine Arts will fill the stranger with admiration of the same fact. Sculpture and painting, poetry and the eloquence of public speech, have all been devoted to magnifying the dignity, the generosity, the courage of the native race. Between the purest Castilian and the most thoroughly Indian elements of the people, Mexican patriotism knows no division in this. The conquered, not the conquering heroes, are the heroes and fathers of the nation. The ardent Mexican of any class resents being taken for a Spaniard.

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The Government

The country was under the baneful domination of Spain from 1521, when the subjugation of the Aztecs was completed, to 1821 when Augustin de Iturbide, sent to suppress a revolution, led his forces over to the side of the insurgents and became the first head of independent Mexico. There had been uprisings before, notably one in 1810, led by Miguel Hidalgo, a priest, whose statue adorns some public square in almost every Mexican city; but the movements had succeeded only in creating and increasing a spirit of independence. There had been attempts, too, on the part of some governors and viceroys to mitigate the condition of the people and suppress the worst abuses of the clergy. On the whole, however, Spanish administration in Mexico, as in every other Spanish colony, was one of avarice, hardness, religious bigotry, and coercion. Perhaps the Inquisition was never practised in more devilish opposition to the principles it invoked than in unfortunate Mexico. In no land have the people shown more of the stuff of which martyrs are made, whether in the cause of patriotism or in the cause of true religion, than there. Initiative, though often strikingly shown, may at times seem to have been lacking, but never the resolution to suffer and to persevere. With the accession of Iturbide, who became the first Emperor, the Inquisition at least passed away. Other benefits were slower in coming.

China and Russia alone were greater in extent than the empire of which Iturbide found himself in command. It included Guatemala to the south, and to the northward set up claims on the western half of the continent even as far as the present border of Canada. There were as yet, however, neither settled principles of control, nor any means of developing this almost inconceivable realm. Disintegration began. A year had scarcely passed before Gautemala had seceded, and already a formidable republican movement had got under way. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna,

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who had helped Iturbide to break the Spanish rule, now proclaimed the end of Iturbide's own power and the establishment of a republic. This was at the end of 1822.

With many ups and downs and intermittent warfare, the Mexican republic was maintained from 1822 to 1864, when the French interfered. During this period not only had Gautemala seceded, but Texas, on account of impatience among American settlers with the erratic and intolerant ways of President Santa Anna, and influenced by the southern party of the United States, had declared its independence. The war against the "North Americans" had been fought unsuccessfully, and more than an added half million square miles of territory had been relinquished as a forfeit of the struggle. Santa Anna, after a downfall and a return to power, had sold still another fifty thousand square miles to the United States. Yet internally the nation may be said to have improved, Santa Anna had been thrust out at last in 1855 and the dictatorship—for so it was—gave place to an actual republic. Benito Juarez, first as Minister of Justice, then as President, formulated what William H. Seward called the best plan of government ever devised. True, to make his admittedly right plans effective involved a struggle, the end of which was not to be in his lifetime, nor perhaps in ours. It was part of a world struggle to establish the right of all human creatures, not only to political and religious liberty, but also to some freedom in the exercise of their own productive powers and a share in the bounty of nature. The people, however, made their loyalty to Juarez unmistakable, and no more hopeful sign could have developed than the growth of an enlightened, consistent public sentiment. A new Constitution was adopted in 1857. The jurisdiction of ecclesiastical and military courts over civil cases was declared at an end, an evil which Iturbide's constitution had not even sought to remove. Religious toleration was guaranteed, the separation of church and state was declared, the control of the church over ceme-

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teries was denied, the right of the church to possess landed property was abolished, civil marriage was instituted. The necessity for the two last named measures may well be explained at this point. The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, while the people still lived in abject poverty, was the richest church establishment in the world, owning over one-third of the total wealth of the nation. Even Roman Catholics, outside the reactionary group, admit that such a state of affairs is not desirable. Madame Calderon de la Barca, herself a devout Catholic, gave warning as early as 1841 that if reforms were not made by the church itself, they would be forced upon it, and that its cathedrals would perhaps be turned to "meeting houses" by Mexico's neighbors from the north. Regarding marriage, it is a curious reflection that this sacrament, first instituted to meet the needs of the alienated classes, to whom the old Roman law denied the right, had in Mexico and other Spanish countries been made so expensive that the poor could no longer afford it. Many thousands of children were illegitimately born because their parents could not pay the extortionate fees of the clergy. The institution of civil marriage did away with this to a great extent, and today no marriage in Mexico has legality except the civil marriage. The church, however, dissuaded or intimidated many from availing themselves of civil marriage. So indeed it does in many cases today. Similarly, the papal authorities threatened excommunication to all who professed liberal ideas. Juarez answered by banishing the bishops, the Papal Nuncio, and the Spanish representative. Though civil war followed, the possibility of rallying the friends of liberty by an appeal to the people and of defying superstition was proved.

In 1861 Napoleon III, seeing the United States on the verge of civil war and unable to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, conceived a gigantic scheme for the re-establishment of Latin power in the New World. He would recognize the southern Confederacy and strengthen it by all means in

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his power. He even held out to the southern party the suggestion that if they should set up and make firm an independent confederacy, a union of Mexico with it would be favored in Europe. A considerable party in Mexico desired this extension of what had already happened to Texas. Mexican refugees and reactionaries in France, however, viewed it with no favor, preferring a French protectorate. Napoleon was treating with them while he falsely professed to favor the other plan. So the wily Bonaparte helped to precipitate the American civil war. To England he represented the desirability of limiting the power of the United States, but concealed his dream of a Latin and Roman Catholic empire. To Spain he revealed this dream of his but professed an intention that he seems never to have entertained—that of placing a Spanish prince on the throne. To Austria he divulged more fully the plan afterward attempted—that of compensating Austria for recent injuries which he had inflicted, by placing a representative of the Hapsburg line over the new empire; but even to Austria he did not emphasize his intention that France should control the puppet thus set up.

The pretext for definite action came when Juarez, as President of Mexico, announced that nothing could be paid and that no attempt would be made to pay anything on the Mexican national debt for two years. This was not repudiation and was perhaps as sound a thing as, in the impoverished condition of the country, he could have done. Two years of peace would enable him, he thought, to resume payment. Unfortunately, however, the announcement gave a pretext for France, Spain, and England, all creditors, to pounce down upon him. The United States, also a creditor, not only refused a tardy invitation to join them, but announced its readiness to loan money to Mexico if desired. A military expedition started in 1861, but England and Spain almost immediately learned that they were being duped and withdrew. Juarez was able to rally a stronger

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support and maintain a greater resistance than had been anticipated. The United States, which had steadfastly recognized the little Indian statesman's government and refused to recognize the usurper, astounded all Europe by the resources put forth in dealing with the southern secession. Even the South itself, incensed at Napoleon's trickery, turned from him and his schemes. Certain politicians went so far as to propose that North and South make a truce till their united armies could sweep the French invaders into the sea. It was an exaggeration to declare, as has been done, that either President Davis or President Lincoln favored this. The idea was considerably discussed, however, which fact alone shows that unanimity of feeling regarding Mexico had come to be assumed previous to Lee's surrender. Maximilian, for whom, with his beautiful young wife, Carlotta, an appropriation of about a million dollars a year had been made from the hypothetical resources of a distracted, oppressed, and bankrupt nation, had proved equal only to the ornamental and ceremonial requirements of his office. So of all the deceived and disappointed parties to the whole scheme, barring the unhappy Maximilian and Carlotta, no one was more disappointed and humiliated than Napoleon III himself. The civil war in the United States being at an end, and emphatic demands for the evacuation of Mexico being made by the American Secretary of State, he felt obliged to comply. Maximilian and Carlotta refusing to join in this, he abandoned them. Maximilian was captured and shot at Queretaro, June 19, 1867, and Carlotta after a vain journey and appeal to both Napoleon and the Pope, went mad. The Mexican people have always regarded the pretty, lily-fair prince and his beautiful wife as unfortunate rather than as astute and sinister figures.

Now comes the most problematic turn in Mexican history. Juarez returned to the capital and took up the details of government as nearly as possible where they had

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been interrupted five years before. One of his strongest military supporters had been General Porfirio Diaz whose patron and friend he was from the time when Diaz, as a boy, entered the law school at Oaxaca. He had trusted and befriended Diaz all along, and the younger man's loyalty up to this time seems not to be questioned. So far as the tangle of diverging stories and the deliberate coloring of records will permit a foreigner easily to judge, the military service of the young man had been of highest value. He had displayed courage, foresight, astuteness, and almost incredible vigor. Up to this time the relations of the two men were such as coming generations in Mexico might have looked upon with pride and gratitude. Juarez, however, was not only an enemy of church domination and of foreign domination, he was also an enemy of military domination. Himself a representative in blood, experience, and tradition of the class who had, perhaps, sacrificed more than any other for the maintenance of the nation, he firmly believed in their capacity to take part in governing themselves. His critics regard him as a doctrinaire in this and point not only to the untutored condition of the Indians, but to the fact that the military leaders who had helped to sustain the government must of course be reckoned with. They were sure, in view of their habits, to demand larger rewards than could accrue under a democratic government. Such demands they did in fact promptly make. What more simple and natural than that the country should be divided into military departments, that each general should be given a department from which he could farm revenues and in which he might administer government as he chose, and that the only return demanded should be unfailing payment of a quota, unfailing military support when needed, and unfailing assent to all the acts of the central government at all times? The plan of Juarez was undeniably more complex and far more difficult, one of the difficulties being that the generals would declare war on him if he did not satisfy them. He chose the

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harder way. Diaz refused to follow, declaring adroitly that he could but sympathize with his old companions in arms, as years of service had unfitted them for high place in democratic civil life. He could by no means take the sword against them, he said, and the nation was not ready for the higher course.

Assuming that Juarez was right, had he been heartily supported by Diaz, there is little doubt that Diaz would in due time have been his successor upon the same principles. He stood second to Juarez in national prominence, and as a military figure had no equal. Supposing that Juarez was wrong, on the other hand, it seems strange that Diaz's withdrawal and later his active opposition in arms never accomplished the downfall of the little Indian idealist. Harassed by some whose support would have comforted and enormously aided him, nevertheless, until he died suddenly in 1872, five years after the departure of the French, fifteen years after his first elevation to the presidency, and seventeen years after he had announced the Juarez law concerning courts of justice, Juarez was able to maintain his government through that public support on which he relied. At Juarez's death, there was perhaps only one other man capable of weathering the storms to which the presidential office was subjected. In 1876, after four troublous years, in which he himself led part of the disturbances, Porfirio Diaz became president, and with the nominal exception of one four-year term, he has ruled the country ever since. He came in, however, upon a different principle from that of Juarez, and by a different principle he has ruled. The material development, which means also the exploitation of the national resources by foreign capital, has been phenomenal. The maintenance of order in spite of unsuccessful uprisings of which a censored press tells little, has on the whole been either commendable or sinister, according to the point of view, but in either case has been effective. Foreign capital and foreign settlers have been encouraged to participate

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in the wealth of the country. It is even said that an Englishman, a German, or an American enjoys more security in his business enterprise than any native can feel, and conducts his enterprises on better terms than can be done by any native not belonging to the official governmental group. Meanwhile, the friends of the government declare that everything possible is being done to educate the masses and make them ready for what Juarez proclaimed fifty years ago—a democratic government. Assuming that progress is being made in this, the foreign observer is inevitably brought to feel that after thirty-five years of military despotism, the common people have much left to desire, and even if inclined to think that the dream of Juarez was impractical, he will still wish that it might have come true. As for the people themselves, in so far as they rise to the level of intelligent belief, they are enthusiastic, persistent, and unwavering in their assertion that, given a leader of the Juarez school, they could have realized Juarez's program. That President Diaz, though strong, efficient, and doubtless patriotic in motives, has ever in all his "unanimous" elections really been the object of popular choice, has only the flimsiest appearance of verity. His final election in 1910 was a caricature. The opposition forces had been shattered by the arbitrary and forcible breaking up of their meetings, the imprisonment of their leaders, and the intimidation by soldiers at the polls of voters with the hardihood to present themselves. The defenders of the government profess that a dignified and peaceful campaign would have been tolerated. Those interested in it, and many foreign witnesses as well, have declared that the campaign was notable for self-restraint under trying conditions. However that may be, an actual election was not permitted. The president, through members of his cabinet, had been warned that if the nation were thwarted then, revolution would follow. Uprisings did occur at once following the so-called reelection and within a few weeks took on serious proportions.

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Recent travel and much inquiry in pacific quarters of the country warrant the assertion that discontent is general, not local, nor confined to a small class. Fundamentally its cause is economic, unjust division of benefits and preposterously unequal distribution of taxes being alleged; but the immediate demand is for political reform. It harks back to the little Indian legislator of 1855 as its prophet.

There is up to now only one name in all their annals, the mention of which will bring an emotional response of pride and veneration among Mexican citizens from the northern to the southern end of the country—one name that they delight to put beside that of Washington, who might have been a king, but who would not—and that is the name of Juarez. So strong is this sentiment that the President and every representative of the government, ignoring the historic relation of their régime to his, must join with what heart they can in the annual and occasional demonstrations of it. If a second name is put with that of Juarez in any spontaneous way, it is that of the patriot priest and first great martyr of Mexican liberty, Hidalgo. The time may come when, for a widely different service, a different kind of appreciation will be given to Porfirio Diaz with something like the same general accord; but the time is not yet. For better or worse he has had his day and the future will judge him. The revolution, sedition, brigandage, or whatever it may be called that has been going on steadily now for several months has been directed not against an old man whose control can no longer be more than nominal and whom the people would be willing to let die in peace, it is directed against those who may pretend to be his natural successors without having demonstrated the only right that can ever justify despotism, the right of might. Such right in his years of early vigor Porfirio Diaz proved in a remarkable degree. Such right will have to be shown by his successors if he is to have any. Otherwise, and probably, a new order will come. That it may come by adjustment

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rather than by the drenching of the country in blood is the hope of every friend of the Mexican people.

II. Ocean Voyage, Yucatan, Vera Cruz

THERE are now several ways of approach to Mexico; but the historic way is by Havana and Vera Cruz. It was from the governor of Cuba that Cortez received his commission to go in quest of gold and adventure in 1518; and while he was not the first Spaniard to visit the Mexican coast, nor Vera Cruz the first place that his vessels touched, yet the successful invasion of the country began with his landing there in the spring of 1519. It would be a long story to tell of all the invaders and adventurers that have made Vera Cruz their port since his time, despite the absence of any protected harbor, which lack made Cortez destroy his fleet and which was never remedied till about the beginning of the twentieth century. As for railroads, even a generation ago when the building of one from the United States was proposed, the rulers of Mexico were accustomed to forbid it, saying, "Between the strong and the weak the desert is a necessity." It was in 1884 that railroad connection was first established. The land route, therefore, is not taken by anyone wishing to reconstruct the past; and even for a present sense of the individuality of our neighbor nation we should not choose to step over the imaginary border line from a town nominally American but still in a degree Mexican, to a town nominally Mexican but already a good deal Americanized. The broad track of the ocean, not the narrow glistening rail, shall take us to the land of our pilgrimage.

Leaving New York on a sleety and cruel Thursday of December or January, we slip down the East River, remaining on deck, whatever the cold, and letting the impres-

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sion of our own perpendicular metropolis fix itself as strongly as it will on our departing vision. So we have said "good-bye" to the exigent Land of Now and have determined the picture that will return to us for contrast when we look on older cities in the "land of *mañana,*" the land of the long yesterday. If we sight again any shore of the former country it will be as those who pass by, and with a feeling of detachment.

We find ourselves aboard a steamer which one member of the company, much traveled on trans-Atlantic *Largitanias,* can scarcely regard without amusement at its littleness. There is, however, a well-seasoned old captain, for this voyage a plain passenger like the rest of us, who says that our supercilious friend will change his estimate of the "Morro Castle." The fastest vessel of the Ward Line, she is admirable also for the steadiness of her going in all weathers. As for size, not many years ago there was no craft afloat that could belittle a ship of 9,500 tons.

This captain, born and grown in Ayr, Scotland, and as fond and proud of Bobbie Burns as becomes a good Ayrshireman, is just returning from a visit home after several years' work for "the Pearsons" at Vera Cruz and elsewhere. If we don't know who the Pearsons are, he evidently thinks that we ought to know; and doubtless we shall learn before we have finished our tour. On arriving in Vera Cruz, if we like he will take us aboard one of their dredging schooners, of which he was once in command. Now he is to become chief pilot of the new port of Salina Cruz, over on the Pacific.

The Scottish captain is not the only interesting passenger. On a ship bound for Liverpool or Hamburg one might find the list made up of persons like oneself, bent on merely "doing" the objective country or countries and then returning with the supposed gains of the expedition all jumbled or nicely assorted in their heads. But these people bound for Mexico are to be charged with no such

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levity. They set out with as many large and grave desires as were ever registered at Wishing Gate. The young man with pink cheeks and curly locks has accepted in high hopes of advancement a position as secretary to an American railway official; and his parents, who think that every Mexican carries two pistols and a wicked heart, bade him a tremulous farewell at the wharf. The dark, resolute-looking, "tailor-made" girl is a school teacher, now to become a missionary, whose parents, if she has any, probably sent her from them with Spartan or Puritan fortitude. That angular countryman of ours with the long nose is going to bring suit against the Mexican Federal government for having diverted the natural water supply from a property in which he is interested. He can discourse to you roundly about the deviousness and perversity of the courts down there and of their servility to the wishes of the Executive. He, however, will bring pressure to bear from without, if no satisfaction is given; and he has an English partner who will apply for redress also through the British representative. The very quiet man in the modest clothes may be a professional gambler, the engineer of a mine three days' saddle ride from any railroad, or a United States secret-service man appointed to find out something or other at personal risk. There is a former ship's doctor going to set up practice in a new "camp," and an old man making, for him, a really perilous journey to learn the truth about a mine in which his savings are invested. The mine has been paying since the days of Captain Drake, who may have enjoyed some indirect dividends, but the management changes from time to time and will bear investigation. The brown, gesticulating group yonder, who talk Spanish too fast to be understood by the Cortina method, are on their way home to Guatemala. The small but efficient-looking young Mexican and his beautiful bride have spent two weeks of their honeymoon in New York, where the *señora*, lately *señorita*, found her greatest delight in the Hippodrome. Do not on that account

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question her culture or her seriousness. Her playing on the ship's piano tonight was brilliant. She can discuss with meaning the literature of either her own language or ours. She and her husband are loyal but not implicit Catholics with advanced political ideas; and they assured us that while they do not favor revolution just now, nevertheless, once President Diaz is safely retired, they and scores of thousands are prepared to resist the succession of any but a progressive man. She is interested in social advancement and has herself been a teacher of the poor on her father's plantation. In a little aside she declared her conviction that Mexican girls become model wives in their faithfulness and their devotion to all the interests of their husbands, but generally the Mexican man is not so good a husband as the American of her acquaintance. If her own husband were not an exception, of course, as touching this subject, she would hold her finger upon her lips forever.

This business of reviewing our fellow passengers, some consultation of Terry's and Campbell's guide books, a little study of Spanish, a good deal of parading the deck, and hours given to the sights of the sea, will fill the next week or more. We are due to arrive at Vera Cruz on Friday but Captain Ayrshire says we probably shan't—Sunday morning is more likely;—and so we may as well sink into comfortable quiescence. The study of Spanish, even, may be dispensed with altogether, for the ship's stewards are all Americans or Britons and we are advised one can make one's way anywhere in Mexico now by the aid of English alone, so general has its use become. This is demonstrated by many tourists every year. Yet by the aid of from fifty to two hundred Spanish words and a little knowledge of the grammar, one can travel with added pleasure and satisfaction. Often a clerk or waiter who is advertised to speak English will understand better even the most limited and halting Spanish. The Mexican people everywhere appreciate any evidence that a stranger has taken pains to

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learn a little of their *idioma,* which is probably of all languages the easiest as it is certainly one of the most rewarding of casual study.

The first event will be the sight, early Sunday morning, of palms above an amber beach that soneone says is Florida. We think we have heard the name in connection with the doings of one De Leon. As for our much-traveled friend, he has heard that there is wireless connection along the coast and goes to ask if the Aerogram for the day is issued yet. He is interested, not in the Fountain of Youth nor in a mythical El Dorado, but in the success of the orange crop. All day Sunday this low land and the flotilla of keys that trail away to the southward will be visible, the canvas of many sailing vessels contrasting prettily with the green of the islands. When the sun goes down among them, imagination may flash forward at once to New Old Spain, in its larger conception; for on the morrow we shall find ourselves not in Mexico to be sure, but in Cuba.

Incidents and a Long Wait

At daybreak Monday morning on the first voyage that I took we were called and told that Morro Castle was in sight. The name filled us with a not unpleasant excitement then, for the incidents of the American war with Spain had not yet passed from tense actuality into the calm atmosphere of history. We were entering the tragic presence of the battleship Maine, through a portentous gateway, on our way to a foreign, romantic, and more or less magical city. It was a great moment. There, surely enough, was the castle at the left, there were the answering batteries on the other side, and there were we, breathlessly stealing in between the two terrors. This feeling gave way almost instantly to another, an appreciation of beauty that can no more be described than it can be forgotten. With its tower lamp held up like a yellow blossom against the flush of dawn, the castle, for all its bulk, has no frowning reality. Its lines

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and those of the rampart farther in must have been hard enough once; but the mellow hue of decay, the half-concealment of venerable trees, and other quieting touches have at last subdued it all to a picture of loveliness. Beyond spreads the wide harbor, and along it the low built town of many colors, all harmonious in the dim light, its sky line varied by many palm trees and here and there by church towers that could not belong in an Anglo-Saxon country.

The flag of the United States was floating over the castle just then, and our ship cast anchor near the wreck of the Maine. I hired a russet-colored man with a heavy boat and a tattered red sail, bare feet, and a yellow cigarette to take me around the wreck. We went ashore and visited among other things the old Cathedral, where the sexton assured us of as much history as he could by declaring several times with a good deal of emphasis, "Columbus—ashes! Ashes—Columbus!" We understood this kind of Spanish very well, as far as it went, and our guide books reminded us how Columbus was first buried according to his own wish on the island of Santo Domingo; how, later, in 1795, when the French took the island, certain bones purporting to be his were brought from there to Havana, and how, in 1898 when in turn Cuba was lost to the Spaniards they took the relics away with them to Seville.

In this city of 300,000 inhabitants we began to sense a few of the facts, to see characteristic pictures, and to feel the spell of Latin America. It has two of the five largest cities on the western continent, and may boast a half dozen cities all larger than Havana, which, however, surpasses Antwerp, Dublin, or Hong Kong. In any of them Anachronism, a figure that walks openly enough in every modern town, would be as plain to northern eyes as here, and show as pleasing guises.

Cuba should have only passing mention on our way. We were aboard again before sundown. The view of Havana from an outbound ship at nightfall is most beautiful.

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There is no bewilderment of lights as in New York, but a thin line of sparks like a string of gems dangles along the shore for miles, a suffused glow reveals the outlines of things even more romantically than they appeared in the morning; and the personality that one ascribes to every harbor city appears at Havana to be one of tenderness, as thus seen and left.

Sea life is more abundant and varied in the Gulf than in the Atlantic. Flying fishes, like little creatures of silver, are passed frequently, and from time to time a school of porpoises, bent on making their way across the path of the ship, recall the antics of sheep bolting through a gateway. There is such a thing as heavy grace, and the porpoise at play embodies it.

Three days from our arrival at Havana, or two days and an added night of actual sailing, bring us to the west coast of Yucatan. This time there is no gateway with ancient castles for newel posts, no enclosed harbor with space for a thousand ships, no domes and towers to enhance the sky line, no murmurs of an indolent city's awakening. There is nothing but the word of the officers to tell you that you are riding opposite Progreso, the port of Merida, which is the capital of Yucatan and has more per capita wealth than any other city in Mexico. No place could be more devoid of shelter; and while Progreso is an important discharging point the estimates of cost for an artificial harbor have always in the past been such as to discourage the undertaking. If you inquire you will be told that there is no better place along the whole Yucatan coast. "We used to stop at Campeche," says the quartermaster, "and that's óver a hundred miles farther south. It looked as bad and was in fact worse. When they told you you were off Campeche you saw nothing but water and sky, with a little rim of sand between. Yucatan has no harbors."

But we have not begun to make acquaintance with Progreso. The delay must be pardoned as it is unavoidable.

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The authorities forbid the landing of a person or a pound till the medical officer of the port has honored us with a visit and inspection. In this they follow the American example. The *Señor Doctor,* however, has too much dignity, too much appreciation of comfort, too much regard for social amenities among his friends, to follow the abrupt, matter-of-fact business ways of his American counterpart. If the breeze is too stiff or if the clouds seem to threaten, if there is a bull fight or a wedding afoot, or if he is engaged in a friendly game of cards, clearly it would be inconvenient for him to come out. On one visit of mine the twelve-hour stop of the steamer was lengthened to forty-eight, and on another to sixty-five. We may as well generalize, therefore, about the configuration along the peninsula, about the habits of certain public functionaries, about human progress toward the millenium or toward the vanishing point. For it is impossible, even on ship-board, to talk all the time about one's meals.

When all else fails we can look over the rail at the sharks. This has a fascination, uncanny enough in daytime but of multiplied power and hatefulness at night if there happen to be lamps by which the ghastly and noiseless forms can be discerned. Yes, indeed, they will come up in plain sight enough, and not by ones and twos but by the half-dozen. To be sure, they cannot, however they try, produce quite the *appliqué* effect that is seen in Winslow Homer's painting of the Gulf Stream. They must remain suspended in and somewhat identified with the medium that they infest; and there is a certain unreality about one of them, however obvious he makes himself. Is it not so with all creatures of prey—the tiger, the owl, or the pirate ship, if you ever observed any of them in their haunts? You are not so sure of them as of a cow, or a lumber barge. Still, the sharks at Progreso will do all that you have any right to expect in the interest of verification and definiteness. They will take a hook if you bait it with a chunk of fish or odorous

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meat as large as a ham, and you can try the muscular sense upon them. When you have brought one up to the surface, with the help of fellow passengers, and have lost your only hook, the mate will assure you that they are much easier to "drown" than a bass if you work them rightly, and that the only way to land one is with a runnin' bowlin' around his tail.

Nights at Progreso are lonely to a stranger on deck. Perhaps there is no doctor whose business it is to come out and examine us. Perhaps there isn't any town, though there are a few lights over there to the eastward that look human and wistful. Everything ashore, for aught that we can tell, may be as when Francisco Cordoba skirted this coast in 1517. Nothing is very certain. One passenger who had spent two days and nights thus with the sharks and the gulls, the water and the sky, the warm, unctuous air, the distant lights, and the solitude put his mood into rather sentimental verse:

What meaning have the terms of space—
What is it to be near, or far?
I have not altered, though apace
Removed, nor felt that your loved face
Would alter, or the inward grace
That makes you what you are.

And what reality has time?
Is this not hard to understand—
Half miserable, half sublime,—
That now my thoughts with yours may chime
And still for lagging Fortune's prime
I wait, to grasp your hand

I do not know, but when at night,
In low, companionable tone,
The waves console each other—bright
The long familiar stars, and sight
Leaps home to every landward light,—
I know I am alone!

At times the port is far from lonesome, and humor is more natural than melancholy. I saw a half dozen American and European vessels there at one time, some having

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waited three days already for the perfunctory attention of the port officers. It is diverting to imagine the inside appearance of a man's mind who can thus make large numbers of persons and great values in property wait for release upon his petty convenience and then can show himself complacent and polite as if nothing incongruous had happened. Certainly he has not a Yankee sense of the absurd. "And so that is the Mexican way, is it!" you exclaim. Well, it is a familiar way among certain grades of officials.

There will be doings about the ship almost interesting enough to make one stay aboard, once the embargo is removed. Cattle will be lifted either by the horns or in slings out of the hold and dropped into the "lighters" that have come alongside. A great many American cattle of good breeds go to Yucatan, you are told. If you have been studying Spanish you will enjoy the admonition *"Poco a poco!"* ("Little by little") as pianos are deposited bottom-side up in another lighter. You may see currants from Italy, butter from Denmark, and corn from the United States, if it so happens. You will learn that Yucatan imports nearly everything and exports chiefly one thing, henequin, which is the fiber of a kind of century plant used to make binding twine for reapers, and coarse inferior rope. You wonder that the rest of the world can afford to send Yucatan the means of subsistence in exchange for such a commodity; and you are told that in fact a mere subsistence is a small part of what the rest of the world has accorded most owners of henequin plantations. As for the workers in it, they must be considered separately.

One puzzling thing is the incredible activity of the barefoot workers in these native barges. Only monkeys or squirrels are expected to be so nimble, only horses to be so strenuous and unstinting of energy. They do not illustrate your general idea of Mexican lassitude. You make note of them, but as yet they remain unclassified.

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The Land of Henequin

By the time the ship's tender is ready to leave, you have decided that after all you had better go ashore. You have already seen enough of the "lightering" process to give you a notion of the rest.

Progreso, you discover, isn't anything but a good lighthouse and a port without a harbor, which stands second to Vera Cruz in the republic for quantity of imports received. The government now proposes to build jetties as has already been done elsewhere, the necessary length being four or five miles and the cost several millions of dollars. As for the town, it is credited with 5,000 inhabitants whose dwellings straggle a considerable distance along the beach. It has a park, a church that cost more money to build than a town of the size would afford at home, a bull-ring, a market that will offer a great variety of sensations to eye and ear without undue offense to the nostrils, and a railway station by which one may leave for Merida.

It is a low, flat country, with little vegetation except scrub trees and presently the henequin, which you easily distinguish because of its arrangement in straight rows. The plants, if allowed to grow haphazard, would arouse no suspicion of their being worth anything, gray-green, juiceless-looking, sword-shaped leaves radiating from a gnarled stalk, and growing out of a dry, dust-and-ashes-looking soil, if indeed they do not grow out of the limestone itself. Standing valiantly in their rows, however, they command instant respect, and knowing that they extract annually twenty million dollars' worth of value (American money) from the unfertile soil of the peninsula, you can easily view them as typifying man's subjugation of the world. The poorer the soil for any other crop, the more sturdily henequin is said to grow upon it, and the larger the quantity of growth, the better also the quality of fiber.

At intervals you will see a little hamlet or the buildings of a plantation with its windmills. A clump of palms

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marks the location of a well. Water of excellent quality is said to abound in Yucatan, but it is all underground water, which must be drilled for and pumped. The soil for gardens and most field crops has also to be brought artificially, the rocks being first broken by blasting. So you no longer wonder at the variety of imports that you saw coming ashore from your own and other vessels, though you had supposed perhaps that corn would come more cheaply from some parts of Mexico. Surely in parts of the country, being the staple food of the poor, it must be cheaper than in Nebraska. So indeed it is in parts, and at times; but you are told that crops have been bad for two or three years and transportation and other facilities being as they are and the demand in each Mexican state so nearly equaling the production, American corn is to be had at less cost. This does not wholly dismiss the subject from your mind. Butter from Kansas or from Denmark at a *peso* a pound does not stagger you, nor currants at any price, because, as Mark Twain declared about principles, one can do without them; but that the poor, who must have their corn, should be buying it from the United States disturbs our feeling that the low compensation of labor is somehow adjusted to low costs in a bountiful land.

From the car windows you catch glimpses of the poor natives and reflect that they have at least one economic advantage, that of needing few clothes. At the same time you will become aware of a merit in them—such garments as they wear are astonishingly clean. This is not a condescending remark that on the whole, considering poverty and ignorance, they do very well; it goes farther than that. For in fact it is hard to conceive how people can trudge up and down the dusty roads bearing their burdens, in and out through the dusty fields at their toil, and keep their white clothing so spotless as these people do. It makes one lift up one's head in pride. If the evolution theory is a correct guess, to be a human being is after all a great thing and

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must signify a long upward process. The Mayas, who are the native race of Yucatan, did not learn from the Spaniards to weave their cloth, nor to cut and drape it in simple grace, nor to color in native dyes their threads with which to embroider it. As for keeping it clean, if you study that habit among them you will conclude that it also must have been a long time fixed.

Another comforting observation is that, whatever the wage scale, or the submergence below any such, whatever the cost of living, the seeming scantiness of fare, or the rate of mortality, these are not an emaciated people. Their well-rounded limbs, flat backs and full chests, well-poised heads and full contour of face do not tell of starvation. It must be that to some conditions for which writers have pitied them, they are adjusted by immemorial breeding. You will find this same observation holds in other parts of the republic (we call it so for convenience); and you had better draw all proper comfort from it, as some of the standard tests just mentioned will show badly enough when you come to apply them.

While the train speeds along its level and easy way, you speculate further about these golden-bronze men and women with their glistening white garments and their statuesque figures. Is it not an Oriental fact about them that they can be well fed upon almost nothing, and are they not Oriental in the calm continuance of their own ways of dress and their own style of habitation? For even the wretchedly poor do give some hints of what architecture they approve. Here are questions that the learned have, perhaps, not considered specifically, though the larger one as to origin has been often before them.

Recurring to cleanliness, you ask whether all Mexican laborers are like these. Your more way-wise companion will counsel you not to press that query but only to mark these that you have seen in your note-book.

Whoever these people are, you will remember them

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with a warmth of gratitude for having made spots so vivid in a barren landscape.

We are traveling now under an arrangement with the Yucatan Tours Bureau, so cabs will await us on our arrival in Merida. It has a population above 40,000 and the reputation of being the cleanest city of all Mexico. Its well-washed asphalt pavements, the orderliness of the business streets, and the look of freshness about the buildings in general justify this title.

You will be sure to notice the beauty of some of the gardens, and will be told not only that every tree and shrub had to be planted, but also that the soil in which they grow had to be transported and paid for by the cubic meter. The vegetable gardens of the city are grown by Chinese.

In the way of sights you will be taken to a half-million-dollar theater, to a cathedral finished in 1598 at a cost of $150,000, to the house of Montejo, built by a Spanish worthy of that name in 1549 or only a little over a half century after the first voyage of Columbus. You will be taken also to the Government Palace and will note that it is a substantial structure but will not care for details. Very soon one learns in Mexico that the things to see are not "the sights." The picture of the city in general, with its many gesticulating windmills, the occasional glimpses of beautiful courts within the solid old dwellings, the unexpected presence of a few houses that would not be amiss in Baltimore, the panorama of strangely varied life—this is what feeds the imagination more than concrete and particular show objects. Cosmopolitan looking Mexicans and cosmopolitan looking strangers mingle with the most outlandish-looking foreigners and the most characteristically garbed of Mexicans—the women with their idealizing *mantillas* and the men with their abnormally big *sombreros* balanced above abnormally slim legs. Here too come the Mayas in their cotton with colored borders, their quiet self-possession, and their Oriental reserve.

If you can you will visit the museum; and having gone

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you will regret that you have not a day for the statuary and other Maya curios here preserved. You will be certain later, however, to visit the National Museum at the capital, where a mere tourist can do more in a given length of time.

If you are to continue with the same vessel, you will see nothing of the world-famous ruins of Yucatan, those gigantic and ponderous as well as beautiful relics of a people whose forefathers may have been the earliest of human kind, as some scholars believe. Again, if you must, you will console yourself in your purpose to see other ruins, not like these and not so old, it may be, but of such character and such antiquity as to fill us with the same awe of the greatness of the past in our western hemisphere. If, on the other hand, you can spare a week till the next steamer, as I never could, you may easily spend a day or two on a henequin plantation, and visit the most accessible Yucatan ruins, those of Uxmal. They do not need to be reconstructed by the imagination and the patience of the archaeologist, they stand clear and real for the eye and the camera of whoever seeks them out, not only in the solidity of their age-old walls but in the loveliness, astonishing variety, and unexplainable subject-matter of their decorations. Elephants, leopards, and other animals not associated in our minds with any American civilization are plainly represented. How old are they? How old is Egypt? There are serious and painstaking scholars who believe that the wondrous builders of these colossal and rich palaces, temples, and tombs were as early in their progress as the builders and sculptors of the Nile valley. They are old. But you do not wish to tarry with one who knows them only from having gone over books and printed views in delight and amazement. John L. Stephens has written about them, and there are later supplemental writings. The ruins cover square miles of area and constitute only one of many groups in Yucatan.

So it is recent history to recall that Spaniards caught

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sight of the peninsula in 1506 or that they landed upon it in 1518, or that they made their first settlement in 1528. Columbus and his voyages were but a little while ago.

It will not take much travel to suggest, and any added travel will only confirm the impression that Yucatan is somehow related to Florida, though geologists doubt or deny it. The train ride from Progreso to Merida across the low land with its scrubby growth and its many pools and marshes would have called up remembrances of certain Florida scenery even if one had not just sailed along the keys that are like the dotted line between two heavy pen strokes. Yucatan is not to be thought of as coming under our first general description of Mexico at all, for it compares with the main land as Florida compares with the Rocky Mountain country.

There is likely to be less haste in getting back to the steamer than there was to catch the morning train. In Progreso a visit can be made to one of the great sisal (henequin) warehouses and time can be taken to notice the quality and quantity of the material ranged in great 400-pound bales upon the wharves. Here, as on the plantations, little mules propel the flat cars that convey it along narrow-gauge tramways; and the bales mass up as do cotton-bales on the wharves at New Orleans, by the thousand.

No one who has been reading about Mexico can leave Merida and Progreso without asking as to the status of the people who do the work on the plantations. On a recent trip I devoted a large part of my time to just this inquiry.

Are Yaquis deported here from far-away Sonora? Yes, certainly, as a war measure.

Are they ill treated? They are accorded the same treatment that the native Mayas receive. There is no occasion to treat them with special severity since they are as industrious, peaceable, and dependable as any workers in the republic. After all, however, they are somewhat undesirable in one respect, that they die very rapidly when brought to this climate so different from their own.

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What is implied by saying that they are treated like the Maya laborers? Are they slaves? No one uses the word *slave* in Mexico. The laws and the Constitution forbid slavery. The people are held without sanction of law, but with the connivance of the courts in a feudal bondage to the land. The owner of the land exercises a power whose limits are seldom discussed and the people look to him for whatever protection, guidance, and means of subsistence they are to have.

Can they leave at will? Not if they are in debt, as is usually the case.

Can they be transferred at the will of the owner? He can transfer his debt-claim, yes. But he seldom wishes to, except when he sells the land, as labor is scarce.

Are the slaves—that is the workers—ever beaten or otherwise maltreated? Doubtless, sometimes, but sensational books exaggerate. A great many owners are kind to their work people. Some make great personal effort and sacrifice for their welfare, and feel it a serious responsibility. Food, housing, personal treatment, and exactions of labor vary, of course, with different owners.

Still, if there should be here and there a cruel owner or overseer, the laborers are at his mercy, are they not? What redress have they? Well, there are shyster lawyers who will take the case of such laborers, but often the workers find the attempt difficult and dangerous. The fact is the authorities have favored a pretty tight hold on the only kind of labor that seems possible here; and that means a pretty strong exercise of control by the owners.

If a man owes fifty dollars which I am willing to pay in order to secure his service, can he go away with me of his own choice? You would have to get his employer to go before a judge and sign a release, indicating that all the man's debt is discharged by your payment of fifty dollars.

Then the fact is that by my help the man may with difficulty free himself, and without help he would certainly be

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Courting

. Vera Cruz

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Exterior Church of Santo Domingo, Oaxaca

Interior Church of Santo Domingo, Oaxaca

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Oaxaca Cathedral

The "Zocalo," Oaxaca

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Exterior Church of Santo Domingo, Oaxaca

Interior Church of Santo Domingo, Oaxaca

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Oaxaca Cathedral

The "Zocalo," Oaxaca

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General View of Artificial

Mosaic Design, Mitla

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Harbor, Salina Cruz

Giant Tree at Tule

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Turkeys Going to Market

On the Road to Mitla

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Modern Village of Mitla—Hotel on the Left

Hall of Monolithic Columns, Mitla

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Part of Mitla Ruins from Church Roof

An Interior, Ruins of Mitla

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unable, unless his employer saw fit to release him? That is one way of putting it, yes.

And what excuse is there, in a country with a modern Constitution and with enlightened laws on its statute books, for maintaining such a system? The excuse of business necessity. These people would not do the needed work on a voluntary basis; and the labor problem could not be met at all. The system is not defensible by argument, it is not what it ought to be, but to change it seems impossible. We believe these natives are generally and for the most part better off with some one both to command them and to provide for them. Left to themselves they are both improvident and lazy.

The above, though a composite of several interviews with men in official authority, in business relations, or otherwise well qualified to know, represents the unanimous and, except in details, the unvarying replies that were given me on the points raised. I talked with no one of radical sympathies. It is only as to frequency or infrequency of gross abuse that difference of opinion exists. And without having spent a good deal of actual time among the plantations, one's opinion on this must be taken either from such testimony as one can gather, or from settled doctrines as to the tendency of arbitrary and irresponsible power and the natural effect on its unwilling objects.

Everyone is doctrinaire enough to infer something from general principles. Standing on the wharf ready for departure one looks at the clean, coarse fiber in its bales, thinks of its growth under the ardent but not unwholesome rays of the sun, and would be willing to vote that no man should betray another simpler man into debt and servitude in order to obtain its cultivation. Free labor and a fair share of its return, together with the strict punishment of anyone who advances money on a labor contract, might be hard for existing enterprise to adjust itself to; but on broad humanitarian lines one would be willing to see it honestly, bravely

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and persistently tried. Even should production fall off, there are worse things conceivable. One goes away inclined to give the exploited poor the benefit of the doubt. "That is," retort the defenders, "you would be willing to try experiments at some one's else expense." There may indeed be many things that one would hesitate to try at one's own expense, yet which the most rudimentary justice demands. Disinterested public opinion is needed to arbitrate.

Aboard again, and ashore again! This time, after two nights and a day, it is Vera Cruz. It might have been Tampico, another important and somewhat expensive man-made harbor 250 miles farther north, if we had cared to change lines at Progreso. We should have fared the worse, however; and unless in the way of hunting or tarpon fishing should have had little reward for it. Eight days, less a few hours, is the time from leaving New York till you anchor at Vera Cruz, if the port inspection at Progreso is made promptly. It is said that this sometimes happens.

Encircling the Square—Evening and Morning in Vera Cruz

Vera Cruz has a delightful little park with so many fine trees that its conventionality does not appear. It has a good military band to play martial and other airs in the evening, and a hotel of an aspect as old as Ferdinand and Isabella, from under the *portal* of which the band can be heard to advantage. There are two or three hundred girls who walk round the outer square of the plaza making themselves part of the little poem to which the trees and the music also belong. A visitor who could afford to dash illusions to the ground would call only a very few of the girls beautiful; and there are at least two or three for whom an attempt at modernity has resulted in the absurd. Most, however, are picturesque, and have a quaintness that makes them pleasant to look at in the well-filtered though abundant light. They come to enjoy the music and the activity,

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to distract the minds of an equal number of less interesting young men, and to play, perhaps, with some mild distraction in their own pretty heads. Some have older women as visible accessories, for others mother love is watchful from the benches among the trees, and for still others, as Vera Cruz is a coast town and has learned foreign ways, perhaps no one is vigilant. The girls revolve like a circlet of paper flowers in one direction, and the young men in a circle without take the opposite direction, by which ingenious plan mutual admiration can exchange glances twice on each round. Still a third circle is made up of the lower-class people, men and women, who also love the music, the light and flickering shadows, and a bartering of glances if it were worthy of attention. For one thing I have watched them and have not seen it. There is no look of envy or resentment toward those whom Fortune has placed nearer the center of the wheel of happiness. They belong to a docile, placidly reflective race who take most things for granted. Of the three revolving rings the outmost is not the least satisfying to romantic eyes. As for the young men, they will show better in daytime, when one does not so greatly miss the tight-fitting leather or velvet that they ought to be wearing instead of the foreign clothes which they have not yet learned to wear, and when they and we have other thoughts than now. One smiles at the young men here in the evening.

There are Americans who eat and drink too much under the *portales*. There are money changers who demand five per cent, to enhance the better currency than theirs which you have to offer. There are, to be sought in due time, great high-posted beds canopied with mosquito netting, now less needed than a few years ago, but still not amiss as a precaution; the beds are two in each room, and a room is as large as a town hall. If you get a front room, which is best, you will have air to breathe, will see new charms of the park, but will be kept awake by street noises,

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including those of electric cars. A flat wheel in Vera Cruz sounds very much as it would in Hoboken. So also does a phonograph whose voice is changing.

All these things are easily to be seen and experienced.

You may incline to hasten away because of the reputation of the port for mosquitoes and fever. If your fortune is like mine recently, however, you will see nothing to suggest mosquitoes but the netting over the bed. I remember when they were in evidence. As for fever, in the winter months it is rare, and not so prevalent at any season as a decade ago. The reports give from one to a dozen deaths per month from the population of 25,000, and these chiefly among the classes who cannot or will not meet the requirements of sanitation. Probably you will not take a sip of water in the city except what is bought in bottles at a sufficient price; and this is well enough; but still you ought to be told that the city water obtained from the Jamapa River is passed through great filtration beds on which a good deal of money has been spent, that there is a two-million-dollar sewage system, and that conditions generally are much better than when the bad reputation of the city was established. No one used to stay in Vera Cruz longer than necessary, and any foreigner whose work held him there would have his family no nearer than Orizaba.

It may happen, if your steamer makes port in the morning, that you will have an enforced wait of a day in which to learn some of these things for yourself. Then perhaps you will make a trip to the old Castle of San Juan de Ulua. Begun in 1528, built at an inflated cost of forty million *pesos* in all, but, like more recent works at Vera Cruz, done well if bravely charged for in the bill, beaten upon by the untempered storms of the open sea, captured more than once by buccaneers, made the last stronghold of Spain in the war for Mexican independence, later occupied, in 1838, by the French and again, in 1847, by an American fleet, witness in its dungeons of miseries untold, and still the frowning

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tomb of many civil or political offenders in whom hope is dead, San Juan de Ulua has a more varied and awesome history than any other fortress on the western continent. The Spaniards are gone forever, and it is known how they kept prisoners in mere manholes where the tide would rise to their necks. Other cruelties more revolting are known. The military rule under which Porfirio Diaz has held the country being not yet at an end, we do not know fully what goes on in this most dreaded prison. The dungeons and the manholes are still there; but our guide book naïvely says that the humane government does not use them.

If you go out upon one of the jetties, at the end you will see boys fishing with long lines, heavy "sinkers," and large bait for fish diminutive, though of brilliant colors, or they may be flying kites out here where no trees or wires obstruct. You should admire the masonry, and read from your guide book that harbor protection at Vera Cruz cost four hundred years and thirty million *pesos* ($15,000,000).

You will surely walk or ride out from the main plaza to the Alameda, another, more informal park, and so out the *Paseo de los Cocos*. The winter temperature is delightful. From one of the benches on a Sunday or a holiday you may review a great deal of life.

This *Paseo de los Cocos* has not one striking feature, unless the stretch of avenue and park itself with the rows of graceful trees be meant. Yet, to the visitor with a leisure hour, there is something about the street as a whole that will make itself felt as unique. There are typical houses of every style that the varied character of the people would suggest, including the American, and of every quality from that of comparative affluence to that of the poorest laborer. Whoever has traveled in the South of the United States and has gone up and down the streets of a negro quarter in any but a very large town with his imagination alert will know what is meant by saying that houses of the negro-cabin type, though not all occupied by negroes, predom-

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inate. The little dwellings are pretty in their way, most of them, and decently kept. The fine avenue of trees lends to them a setting that their owners could never have procured. The air of the whole place seems one of greater contentment, of more relaxation and ease of life than the representative Mexican street will give. For the Mexican poor may suggest patience or abject submission to a miserable state; but they seldom show the happy abandon of the negro. As you go along here there is a feeling that normally the world is kind even to the poor. Arrived at the end of the avenue you stand by a statue of liberty whose design you will soon forget, and your eye sweeps on over a view of country that will not be so soon forgotten. The statue marks for these people the end of what is accomplished or determinate; but the road goes on, and there are still palms that wave gracefully, and gentle hills that rim in the picture, and sky that is deep with haze—a soft enlargement every way that if it does not summon them to largeness of achievement must beguile them into largeness of comfort. They are not poets or wordy commentators; but they do come out here and look—have we not seen them doing so, quietly, by families, the white, the black, the yellow, and the various blends of these? If you walk back along the *Paseo* in the gathering twilight you will fancy that the natural scene is reflected in all that you pass. It may be only a fancy but it is likely to remain.

There is an evening train for the highlands, but if you take it you will miss the evening view of the city and what is worse will be able to see little on the way up. So you will doubtless choose to spend the night at *Hotel Diligencias*. From your balcony when you awake you will become aware of a rather fine old church fronting the park, lovely in color, admirable in lines, and of impressive solidity. From your vantage point at a distance you have seen it at its best.

You will betake yourself in the half-light to the railway station, which is less than half lighted, and will vaguely

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hope that you are enough awake to have found the right way out of this perilous and purgatorial state to the paradise of your expectations. You will have learned that a modern union station, in keeping with the substantial customs houses, postoffice, light house, and other public buildings, is under construction; but this will not relieve you of groping through the old one. Make your way to the ticket window and ask for a time table and the agent will tell you *"No hay"* which is pronounced as if alluding to the darkness, "No eye," and which means that the thing desired is non-existent. You will become familiar with it in Mexico partly because every second-hand American wag will emphasize its recurrence. As for time tables, doubtless the passenger is expected to carry the *Guia Oficial,* a monthly railroad guide to be had at trifling cost.

There is so much in anticipation that Vera Cruz may seem only a gateway and you bid it no lingering farewell. Yet this town which was almost a century old when Shakespeare and Cervantes wrote, has a great deal of history that may be read before and after the observations of a day; and even apart from reading you may find more direct impressions treasured in mind from your first day in Mexico than just now you are aware.

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III. Tehuantepec, Oaxaca, Mitla

AS yet there can be no just quarrel with the goings or the tarryings of our journey because they have involved little choice; but henceforth there is all the latitude that a great country of varying interests affords. The visitor for a few weeks must choose, then harden himself against all distracting allurements.

Mexico City is in mind when Vera Cruz is left, not only because it is now the capital and metropolis but because in historic times it has always claimed this distinction and because the route thither is the most famous in the republic. Economy of travel, however, will dictate that some other places be visited earlier. We turn southward toward the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, over the *Vera Cruz al Istmo* Railway to a restaurant with an American manager and Chinese service which bears the devout Castilian name of *Santa Lucretia*. There may be a colony of alligators to swell the importance of the place, for alligators do abound in parts of the Coatzacoalcos River; but the freedom with which native women and children bathe below the iron bridge would argue that the alligators, if present, are little regarded. What makes Santa Lucretia of any note is that there the railroad has its junction with the trans-isthmian route called the *Ferrocarril Nacional de Tehuantepec*. We are on our way to the Pacific terminus of that line, better known in Europe than in the United States, which it is prophesied will be an enduring rival of the Panama Canal tor all freight traffic between the two oceans.

The traveler who left Vera Cruz in the morning reaches Santa Lucretia about bedtime. The eating house, as one writer has nicely phrased it, suggests the old California mining camps with their "cheap bars and camp grub." "Here," he declares, "you put your zinc teaspoon into the sugar-bowl lest you offend by superior ways; drink without

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wincing if anyone asks you to, and hold your tongue." In a literary way I would not criticize this. As to its meaning, I have never tried wincing over a drink, or loosing my tongue in disparagement of one already taken; but I refused to drink at Santa Lucretia with no more hesitancy than I would in Saratoga; and the company, including a young American engineer, an English plantation manager, the German captain of a river boat running to Coatzacoalcos, and some mixed or nondescript personages did not take affront. We continued talking together for hours till my train left, they exercising their liberties and I undisputed in mine.

Santa Lucretia is about midway between the two oceans, though not at the height of land, as the Pacific slope is much more abrupt and the highest point, therefore, about forty miles west of the middle. By west I mean toward the Pacific; and that is directly south. We have been for some little time and are still in a region of heavy rainfall and the country is a typical jungle in consequence; but it will end abruptly at the ridge. The difference between aridity on the Pacific slope and abundant rain on the Atlantic which is indicated for South America is almost equally marked even here where the ridge becomes low, and is narrowed to 125 miles. The west side has comparatively little forest, while the east has the greatest conceivable variety and luxuriance of growth.

As evening began to approach before the change from semi-desert conditions took place, it will be impossible just now to get a full impression of the jungle. That requires either a long time or the traversing of considerable distance. The traveler is aware at the first approach of a coolness after the scorching heat of mid-day on the plains, of a gradual increase in vegetation until it is abundant, and of the insect choir, which, though different voices may enter, seems to produce at nightfall the same droning effect wherever and whenever heard. It is a surprise to find that one is

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to have a comfortable night, a thick blanket proving not unwelcome.

Now the train is slipping downward over the isthmus, the highest point being Chivela, at an altitude of 750 feet, and vegetation begins to grow less. You may be prepared to view a quite different country from your car window in the morning.

If you are up betimes you will catch sight of Tehuantepec, the name of which is also the name of the Isthmus, and about which you can read and hear tales to stir your blood. The tales belong to the whole region and some of them more specifically to other towns like Juchitan, a few miles away; but Tehuantepec is the name with which they have become associated. They are stories of a race prouder, braver, handsomer, and it may be more intelligent than others round about, refusing to intermarry with other tribes and having tastes and standards quite their own. Men and women were numerically proportioned to each other somewhat as elsewhere, no doubt, till the men were killed off. Then the women, still disdaining to marry with men of a lower type, assumed the business and the leadership, and it became a community of women.

A brother of Porfirio Diaz figures in the history of this change. Being governor of the state of Oaxaca, which includes the Tehuantepec region, he did such wholesale violence to property rights, to the virtue of native women, and to life itself, that he could not longer be tolerated. It is said that he was in the act of fleeing from the country when, early in the year 1877, he was captured by the Indians, tortured as dreadfully as he had tortured many victims, and then killed. It is said that vengeance at the behest of President Diaz on account of this act was what prompted a massacre of nearly all male inhabitants of the place long afterward, though he is credited with having planned to kill every tenth male and not all that the soldiers could reach, as actually happened. Porfirio Diaz has not been ac-

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customed to tell his motives or explain his actions, but a cold-blooded massacre did occur, removing a large part of the men who had not been sacrificed in the long war with Spain and the later civil wars; and the general understanding of its motive is as just suggested.

Ten years ago people said little about such matters; but in the spring of 1911, when they might with reason have been more cautious than ever, I found them eager everywhere to say what they knew and believed. Books and periodicals in the United States, too, have not hesitated to disclose a great many things the mere hint of which, in 1910, would have caused some reviewer in the New York *Post* to denounce the authors as guilty of "ignorant abuse." To say that on the whole Mexico has been ruled in a way favorable or unfavorable to ultimate high destiny is perhaps not given to fallible critics at this time. But that the existing rule has been accompanied by deliberate, profuse, and relentless shedding of blood for over thirty years everyone at all familiar with the facts knows. That intimidation and repression, banishment, summary killing of individuals guilty of no moral wrong, and now and then wholesale slaughter were admirably suited to the needs of the nation may be quite obvious to a few minds; but to the average intelligence it seems doubtful.

And here is Tehuantepec shifting brightly across the vision in the morning light. A few women at the station who might be Queens of Sheba unless their garb seem too brilliant, a few who look like the witch of Endor, some market people carrying their wares, a highway bridge over the track, a strange looking hotel with a high wall, a sparsely inhabited street, lined with cocoanut trees on the outskirts of the place, and some bathers in the Tehuantepec River are all that you see of this town of 10,000 inhabitants, as you pass westward.

I spent a night at Tehuantepec on the way back from Salina Cruz, at a hotel whose proprietor, in the good Eng-

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lish of an intelligent Jamaican negro, declared himself an "honest thief" and who justified the adjective in all his dealing with me. I would not advise, and he would not advise, ladies of fastidious requirements to put up at his house, nor in his town. Yet if they could ignore whatever did not look good to them they might, I think, not fare badly in any respect. They should find their rooms only at the hour of retiring, and plan to leave them without scrutiny immediately when awakened.

I walked about in the evening and early morning; talked for hours with an old prospector who has lived among the Indians in their villages; inquired afterward about the place and its people of officials, American and Mexican; read what the books say about it; and found that although a month would be needed for even such study as a casual, non-professional visitor would be prompted to undertake, the impressions and ideas that I was able to gather had the advantage of being reasonably clear and consistent.

The Tehuanas live very much in their own way. No intimate, everyday influence came to bear on their conservatism till the railroad was completed in 1907, if even that has brought any such influence to bear. Of course I speak of the native Indians, not officials or other Mexicans from elsewhere, who are as alien as the American himself. They are not imitative of foreigners. Their adobe houses vary in size and costliness, many being only of two rooms, some being quite extensive; and the furnishings differ accordingly. Their dress, even if they have means to buy costly materials, adheres to their own style, which is simple in cut but often elaborate in trimming, vivid in color, harmonious with their physiognomy and bearing, graceful in effect, and altogether of an oriental suggestion. A young woman of such beauty, symmetry, and carriage that she might pose for Cleopatra is as little conscious of bare feet and ankles as though she lived in Cleo-

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patra's Egypt. If a triangle of meerschaum-color shows on either side above the waist band of her red skirt, it is a thing of habit and she thinks nothing of it. Clothing, for the most part, is to her like the silk scarf that she carries over one wrist, as inseparable as the Japanese girls' fan, or like the necklace of gold coins that she wears—it is for adornment. Concealment of person is no more essential to her than to Eve after the first accession of modesty; but of the little requirement in this respect she is never forgetful. Her modesty is as real and her sense of decorum as definite as that of the civilized and sophisticated American or European. Her neatness, cleanliness, and fitness of personal ornament, are such as to give one a pang when the inevitable result of outside influence is thought of.

Morality is a thing that strangers may easily misapprehend. The morals of these people are somewhat primitive, but not degraded, if the two words are in any danger of being confused. Some will understand if it be said that there is a good deal of unmorality but very little downright immorality—very little wantonness. I have heard coarse men and men of careless speech declare admiration and respect for the women of Tehuantepec.

Two Tehuana girls are employed as servants by a cultured American woman in another town. They are honest, and she trusts a good deal to them. They are also confiding. They do all the rough, domestic work of her house. They are as quiet-mannered as any guest that she entertains. Their scant garments are as clean as she could wish her own to be. She says that they not only bathe, but they wash their abundant black hair every day. They would no more put on shoes than she would put a ring in her nose; but they have pretty sandals to wear when so inclined. Each wears at her daily work a necklace worth one or two hundred dollars and carries the inevitable scarf. Each has a more costly necklace for festal occasions. Their straight, taper-

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ing, and daintily kept fingers show no signs of toil, their slender wrists are not thickened by the wringing of clothes; they seem immune to the effects that we usually think inseparable from labor. And how long will they keep their youth? Well, they mature early but the Tehuana matron is also a creature of dignity, keeps her pride, and has a look of character. The average of good looks in Tehuantepec is doubtless greater than anywhere else in Mexico, and the average in Mexico, to anyone of catholic taste, is distinctly greater than among the people that most foreign observers left at home. Colors and contours to delight an artist are everywhere; though the wretchedly poor, the aged, the lame, the halt, and the blind may show as hideous marks of social injustice here as elsewhere, and there are as many of them as in any fruitful land under the sun.

Of men who appear to be of the same stock as these women of Tehuantepec there are few enough to confirm the legend as to how they were decimated. There are few enough native men of any stock, though the old haughty exclusiveness is breaking down of late. Such men as one does see at all identified with the population are markedly inferior to the women. So the *matriarchate* which has been the rule for a generation will doubtless prevail for at least one generation more in this city of women.

Have the men of the mountains, like the men of the valley settlements hereabouts, been exterminated? By no means in the same degree. My prospector friend told me of places where a camera and tripod, if mistaken for a surveyor's instrument, may bring a fusillade on its luckless possessor, and where the authority of the central Mexican government is not recognized, but where the people are reasonably friendly if they can be assured as to one's designs. There is tungsten in some of the high mountains, and unestimated stores of silver, iron, and other metals, the opening of which might have been hastened but for the somewhat deterrent attitude of the mountaineers. Yet these

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people, less known than the Yaquis of Sonora and regarded as equally warlike, may prove as little opposed to progress on equitable terms as many fair writers believe the Yaquis to have been. They do not trust the powers that be; and to obtain and deserve their confidence would be one of the duties of a progressive, enlightened government.

The most conscious object of a trip south from Vera Cruz is usually to inspect the remarkable railroad and two splendid harbors which, at a cost of about $65,000,000, have established a freight route between the Pacific and the Atlantic shorter by four days and nearer by 1,250 miles than that through the Panama Canal. This is a sufficient object in itself. But, after all, one ought seldom to travel with a single purpose. It would be like throwing away the by-products of the cotton industry. We are on our way to gaze at the artificial harbor, the dry dock which is the largest on the Pacific coast, the modern electric cranes for handling freight, the cars of special type for receiving their loads, the special oil-burning engines, the special swamp road construction, the devices for spraying hot chemicals to kill the almost irrepressible vegetation, and the other means, anachronistic in this land of supposed inaction, through which the uses of our heralded canal, save the passing of war vessels, have been anticipated by a decade. Yet we will not reproach ourselves for having paused over old, forgotten, far-off things. The decade or so will pass, the great canal will be finished, both routes may find use beyond their capacity and we shall see engineering feats to transcend them both; but we shall never, later, be able to muse a day in the Tehuantepec that now charms and baffles us. I had the privilege of visiting one of the harbors and rowing about the jetties in the company of an American army engineer whose name is familiar to most readers, and he was as much interested as professionally he should be. Yet he betrayed more interest in a primitive Isthmian ox-cart than in any appliance that we saw—a cart entirely innocent of

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tire, bolt, nail, buckle, or other scrap of metal; hewn out of wood by rude implements; fastened together by wooden pins and by thongs; a perfect, unperverted example of its type, within a stone's throw of so much foreign innovation.

Two Towns and the Jungle

Salina Cruz is not a Mexican town and as a town deserves little attention. A courteous American consul and an admirable hotel conducted by a refined American woman from Kentucky or Texas or somewhere, figure in the traveler's note book as next in importance to the harbor works. A day is sufficient, and next morning one starts up the slope again toward the other terminus of the road. Long before noon the height of land is reached. This time the jungle is experienced in daylight, and over such distance that its character may be felt. Palm trees, banana plants, trees that might belong to some species familiar at home for all that eye could tell, undergrowth, tangles of vines, mosses, flags, and lily pads make altogether a variety and excess that is inconceivable. Many of the trees bear flowers of showy hues, many of the vines that climb up to the highest branches are masses of red and purple, orchids fasten themselves upon every crevice, and so the vividness and variety of color become almost as great a marvel as the rank prodigality of growth. If you could penetrate a little into the forest, it would be still more illuminated by the brilliancy of birds whose kinds are listed by hundreds in books. You catch occasional glimpses of movement; but unless it be a blackbird could rarely make out the cause. It might be a parrot, an oriole, or a jay, all of which are so numerous that a census has never been taken, though being a little less impudent than the blackbirds they are more difficult to observe. As for the sounds, they are myriad and unending. Insects, frogs, perhaps monkeys, and no doubt scores of creatures that you never heard before mingle their

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cries in a babel that neither the guide book nor your well-informed neighbor can help you to analyze.

To calculating discernment all this is a challenge. Mahogany and dye woods, luscious fruits and excellent oils are here in the jungle. Here is fertility to yield the food of millions, here are riches to reward the labor, the enterprise, and the prophetic vision of many a bold spirit. The instinctive feeling, however, is not unmixed with something like horror. You see a riot of soft but malignant forms, of silent but powerful and malign forces. The fine ecstacies about virgin Nature were mostly written in temperate or semi-arid places where Nature is self-disciplined. Here is no exclusive survival of the fittest but an indiscriminate and revolting survival of everything that mere fecundity can engender and fatten. Individuality, character, symbolism, as we ascribe them to outdoor objects at home, are foreign to this mass of vegetables. Here are no tongues in trees, nor books in the running brooks. The ax and the bush hook one thinks of without dismay. It only seems that ax and bush hook could make little impression. A good conservationist at home, I caught myself drawing an eager breath on seeing a little forest fire, then settling back in quick disappointment at the certainty that the fire could not spread much. Every clearing around a native hut becomes as welcome as an oasis in a desert, and when you finally emerge at Juile into broad fields where cattle graze in numbers, they are as beautiful as asphodel meadows to a returned traveler from the Shades.

It will be night again when Coatzacoalcos, or Puerto Mexico by its new name, is reached. Another night in another hotel conducted by an American and owned by "the Pearsons," another day in surveying a harbor and its equipment, less remarkable here than at Salina Cruz because the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River offered some natural advantage, another impression of a town that is neither Mexican nor American nor English nor a composite of its

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discoverable elements, and in which women seem to be as scarce as in Tehuantepec they are supernumerary, and you have completed your Isthmian observation, you think.

Cortez foresaw that across this narrow separation between the two oceans, where the mountain range breaks down low, would pass a great highway for the world's trade. He so wrote of it. Humboldt called it "the bridge of the world's commerce." As early as 1774 a Spanish engineer declared his belief in the feasibility of the canal idea. About the middle of the nineteenth century, those opportunists, the '49ers, on their way to California gold fields, without waiting for canal or railroad, went across by scores, the Spaniards having long before built a coach road from one ocean to the other. An old stage driver who took many of the miners over was still living, I was told, in 1905. The American gold coins in the necklace of a Tehuana belle, if they do not date back to the '50s, may represent a preference that grew up then. An American engineer named Eads once had a concession from the Mexican government to construct a "ship railway," whatever that may have meant, but could not raise capital for it. It was a British firm, S. Pearson and Son, builders of the harbors at Vera Cruz, Salina Cruz, Coatzacoalcos, and elsewhere, who finally constructed the road, the government at first paying a fixed sum for each unit of work but afterward entering into a joint partnership with the Pearsons which is to hold till 1953. Americans, however, have not ceased to be prominent in the region. There are abandoned plantations and abandoned home sites well distributed along both the Isthmian railroad proper and the *Vera Cruz al Istmo* route, which represent the utterly foolish investment of American money, generally brought about by ignorant and unscrupulous American promotion. I could learn, for example, of only one rubber plantation in which stock has been offered for sale that has a prospect of even moderate returns; and my informers ascribed this exception more to luck than to

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competence of the prime movers, who were inexperienced. Many plantations and private "home sites" not yet abandoned ought to be and will be. Everyone at Santa Lucretia treated the matter either as a huge joke or as a great pity. Missionaries in Mexico City afterwards told me of helping families to pay their way back home, and urged that some general warning be given. The trouble about any general warning is that there are possibilities in the region for the right type of settler acting under the right advice. The American Consul-General, when appealed to, said in effect, "Refer people through their banks to Dun's and Bradstreet's but let them say that they are interested only incidentally in the financial rating of the agents or promoters in the United States. What they need is a thorough special report on the conditions of the plantation or other enterprise itself." One of the most absurd things is the way in which inexperienced persons make a tour under the conduct of some agent, as a party were doing in our train, and flatter themselves that they have investigated. They take for rubber plants a kind of glossy-leaved tree that is as worthless as mullein stalks. They miscalculate the healthfulness of climate, the number of years necessary to raise a crop, the cost and availability of labor, the time involved in transporting perishable fruits—any one of a dozen factors that are vital. The right people to invest in Mexican enterprises are either those who are prepared for wild speculative chances or those who know what they are about.

Your Isthmian impressions are after all not quite finished, for as you climb the gradual slope in the evening train, lights will glimmer with lowly human kindness from behind screens that in daytime your vision did not penetrate, and will mean something domestic, something that is comfortable to think about. After all, men do live here where only reptiles might be thought to have a place, and somehow they shape life to its environment. The environment will yield also to them, and who knows of what they may be the fore-

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runners? You can grapple with the thought of the jungle better now in the soothing dark, and tomorrow you will not regard it with your first abhorrence. You will again see it pregnant with great values for time to come.

Oaxaca

Still back over your course as far as Santa Lucretia, then north, that is parallel to the coast, which is to say west, two hundred miles to Cordova, and again you touch the route that you might have taken at once from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. But still you are not ready to follow it. You are bound for the city of Oaxaca, the capital of the state in which you have been for several days, and then to Mitla, the place of ruins. At one time you were within seventy-five miles if you could have struck across country; but the trail would have led through formidable mountains, where the Indians are of uncertain temper toward strangers, and you could have saved nothing in time or money after guide and mules were paid for. So you make this circuit of more than four hundred miles over three railroads, through two states besides the one that you have left and into which you will return.

A night in Tehuacan, whose bottled water has made you familiar with the name in advance, will give you a taste of perfect climate and a view of Mexicans at a health resort. The hotel has decorations that would cost more in New York than the whole establishment is worth. You walk out into the country about sundown and see women washing clothes but find no evidence that their own, or they themselves, were ever washed. The swift streams rush along with water enough to cleanse a multitude, through the clean, hard banks that they have lined with their calcium deposit; but people and houses look as if the water had brought none of its ministries to them. Is this merely one of the unaccountable variations of custom, or partly explained by the disheartening amount of dust that flies

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about, so that cleanness would be but a momentary state at best? I remember speculating about this at El Riego, a mile or so out; I remember as I returned seeing two soldiers, one reading to the other, under a palmetto tree; I remember the mountains at sunset; and I remember the heavy, fragrant white flower that dropped on the pavement under my window at night with a sound like that of a banana peel. So much I remember of Tehuacan.

Oaxaca has 40,000 inhabitants, which is to say that it is as large as the old Massachusetts town of Salem. It is older by a hundred and forty years—older than St. Augustine by more than three quarters of a century. It has been the scene of many battles, from when the Mixtec and Zapotec Indians made stand after stand against Cortez, the future Marquis of Oaxaca, to the times of Hidalgo, Juarez, and their successors. There is an old church, Santo Domingo, once larger with its accessory buildings than St. Peter's at Rome, where young Porfirio Diaz dangled down upon a rope to the window of his former teacher's prison cell—one of many exploits in the career of this daring and resourceful man. He, like Juarez, was a native of the city.

The cochineal industry originated here. Here are to be bought the best Indian blankets, dyed with vegetable colors. The market is as characteristic as any in the republic; and as becomes the market in one of the best Catholic towns of a Spanish country, it is liveliest on Sunday.

Oaxaca nestles, as do many cities of the Mexican plateau, among mountains that give a noble frame and background to every picture. Solidity is the keynote, in aqueducts, houses, churches, everywhere. There is no vista without a church dome; and churches and houses alike have an appearance not only of age but of permanence that is satisfying. The houses are all made of the heaviest construction to survive earthquakes. I saw one of adobe that has been standing since 1660.

The cathedral has at least one delightful aspect, that

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of the facade from the plaza opposite. Particularly in the evening, this view is one of melting loveliness. The soft creamy or greenish hues of a native stone, the somewhat decayed surfaces, the angles softened by wear, are all more beautiful than they can have been when the builders left them, though the front must always have been one of singular beauty. Within are two or three noted paintings by native artists; but often I have not found Mexican churches favorable places for looking at pictures, and this cathedral with its warm tones and gentle outlines is a sweeter picture than any that it houses.

On one of the high, surrounding hills, what appear from the hotel windows to be several natural mounds are in fact part of the ruins of Monte Alban, to be reached by three hours' horseback ride and worthy of a visit by anyone of antiquarian interests. They may be older than the ruins of Yucatan and are certainly much older than those of Mitla, which nearly every visitor to the region sees. They are also more accessible.

Mitla to Mexico

Mitla, about twenty-five miles from Oaxaca, is the most famous place of ruins in all Mexico. Soon it will be reached by railroad; but I am glad that for me it was still necessary to take a coach. Three horses were driven abreast and a change was made at Tlacolula. There I saw the ceremony of hand-kissing performed with as much gravity between friends on the street as though each withered and ragged crone were a duchess. It was always the older person that was thus reverenced by the younger. At Tlacolula, too, I entered an old church where the guide book said nothing was of interest, and did, it is true, find the interior being done over in lurid vulgarity and furnished with images the hideous crudity of which seems blasphemous to a heretic eye; but I found also some old pictures, the canvas breaking through but the colors as rich as when the brush left them,

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and the whole effulgent still with the light that never was on sea or land. It is not worth while to ask the name of the artist, he was a native and a copyist—all artists are copyists—and there have been many like him in Mexico; but he belonged to the school of those who mix more than "brains" with their colors—who mix in tears and ecstacy, who, seeing the invisible, have the art to make some hint of it appear.

At another little village, sooner reached than Tlacolula, in fact, is one of the largest and oldest trees on earth. A new lettuce is no fresher than the big cypress tree of Tule, with its girth of 160 feet, and its height, relatively small, of 160 to 175 feet. Cortez rested under it and so wondered at its vastness that he made record of it. Humboldt, as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, affixed a tablet to distinguish it, and it has grown calmly on till this decoration is nearly embedded. There are other great trees of the same species near; but none approaches this in size.

Every lane in Tule is hedged in with the organ cactus which stands like elongated prickly cucumbers on end, giving a strange aspect to the irregular streets. The houses are thatched and surrounded by fruit trees and flowering plants. The inhabitants, long accustomed to watch the stranger go by, have never adopted his ways. A woman clothed only from her waist down, disappeared on our approach, but not in confusion. Children did not disappear at all; but stood asking for *centavos* unashamed. Men working over their sandals or their plows hardly lifted a glance.

The road from Oaxaca to Mitla is wide enough for four coaches to drive abreast. It might remind one of Charles Lamb's remark about a certain man's taste—so much of it and all so bad! Along it go in procession the centuries from Homer's day to that of Sancho Panza, but never anything of later style, except the occasional tourist from foreign lands who recognizes in himself a thing forced, unnatural, grotesque. He passes like a comet through serene skies, save that he must pass in a borrowed vehicle; and

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serenity will return when he is gone. The crooked stick that served for a plow in Egypt and Barbary will move along in its furrow, the oxen trudging before it; the carts will creak along the highway; the donkeys with skin bottles puffing on either side will patter on; and the blue sky will arch over them all, unruffled.

An *hacienda* with its old house covering an acre, the walls four feet thick, is the refuge and headquarters of tired and dusty aliens in Mitla. The world is all within the court once you have entered it. Grated windows, doors three inches through, locks that some blacksmith made in 1690 or thereabouts—everything in the place has been quieted by the caress of age. But travel out through the rather squalid village to the monuments you have come here to see, and again you are reminded that age is relative. Not so old as Uxmal with its strange animal figures, not so old as Monte Alban with its picture writing, capable even now of being repaired for centuries of their original use if anyone knew and cared to perpetuate it, yet old enough to be stripped of history and free from ascriptions of origin, these ruins are a contradiction and an astonishment. They are not moss-grown, for moss does not grow here. Trees and shrubs have not veiled and claimed them again to an identity with nature, for only the cactus is at home on these plains and slopes. Storm and earthquake have won no compromise of their erectness and rectilinear power, for they were built to defy storm and earthquake. Even the character of their decoration is such as to set them farthest from any hint of natural objects—not only is it geometric as distinguished from the representation of plants and animal forms, but its designs are worked out in straight lines. If ever architecture spoke these massive halls upon the high ground of Mitla speak for their builders, "Behold we were men, and this work was our work, not a thing of chance or growth; and this our work was greatly done, done after a fashion of our devising, done to remain." It is

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estimated that a million tiles, or more properly flat stones, went into the walls of Mitla that have been uncovered. They constitute a mosaic that differs from the ordinary because the stones are set on edge, and by their inequalities of width, projecting one beyond another, form the design in relief. Doorways are not arched—a curved arch, even if they knew it, would ill have fitted the style of these builders; but great stones from fifteen to eighteen feet long, five feet wide, and four feet thick were placed as lintels and then the same deep intricate design was unflinchingly carved upon them. The walls were so well laid, for the most part without mortar, that each stone is perfectly firm in its original place and only curious examination discovers, even today, where carving leaves off and mosaic begins.

There are several great halls, one called the hall of monoliths, where are six columns of porphyry, fourteen feet high and about seven in circumference, having neither capital nor pedestal but tapered and rounded toward the top in a way that shows artistic thought, and is as much a departure from straightness as this peculiar style would warrant.

A little of the colored decoration that remains where pious Roman priests formerly stabled their horses, shows, strangely enough, grotesque heads. The heads give to some the impression of being grotesque not because of incapacity to make them otherwise but from conscious design.

The ruins of Mitla are large enough to be those of a city, yet are not those of a city. They may have been related to one as the old castle to its village, or they may have been only temples or tombs. Whatever the purpose for which they were built, the men who built them in their geometric perfection must have done much else that would be worthy of attention if known. To have looked at their handiwork is to have faced the riddle of the ages.

Leave Mitla, imagine your way retraced to where you left the axis between Vera Cruz and Mexico, and proceed

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at last to the capital. Orizaba is the first considerable town, girt around with high mountains, well wooded. A coffee center and the capital of the cotton-weaving industry in Mexico, it is best remembered merely as a beautiful hill town, the first up from Vera Cruz in which fever is unknown, the natural first station on the journey upward. Here the European allies in 1862 by consent of Juarez made their first headquarters.

Up from Orizaba, with its altitude of 4,000 feet, round the famous Maltrata curve, still winding steeply up, never down, at every village buying fruit and baskets of intoxicatingly fragrant *gardenias* from women and girls as dark and comely as Ruth or Rebecca, and at a distance of 173 kilometers (110 miles) from Vera Cruz we shall find ourselves on the level of the great pleateau. As we turn again and again up the incline villages and farms spread like little gardens far below us; and all has a look far different from that in the jungle, of having been long subdued to human use. Every path has been beaten for centuries by the sandaled or naked feet of men and women not belonging to our race, but seeming far nearer kin to us now as we look out upon their homes and haunts than when we had only read of them.

The Mexican blanket is more and more in evidence as the elevation increases and the air grows colder. The statuesque gives way to the picturesque, the beauty and grace of nature little trammeled or adorned to the dignity and the humor of umber figures bedecked in high colors and draped with the pride of grandees.

On across the plain, all afternoon, passing the great prehistoric pyramids of the sun and moon at San Juan Teotihuacan, which I have seen many a time from car windows, and think of as old friends though I never visited them, and so at evening we shall arrive at Mexico City, a little giddy from the altitude, it may be, a little bewildered by the kaleidoscopic changes of the day, but feeling rich in the experiences that it has brought us.

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IV. Mexico City

THE mingled sounds of hoofs upon asphalt, of street cars, of automobiles demanding the right of way, and of many human feet and voices, the downward swoop of an elevator, and then the smell of "coffee and cut roses" triumphing over that of fresh ink on your newspaper—all these that you experience at the beginning of your first day in Mexico City do not give any overwhelming sense of being swung out into far places or of being projected backward into the sixteenth century. This Mexican *Herald* has telegraphic columns as long as those of the "daily" at home and editorials written in English as familiar.

Though it may have been two or three weeks since you landed in Vera Cruz, probably the tall American with the long nose or some equally remembered fellow passenger will be sitting within reach of a nod; and there will be also some of last night's "arrivals" who will tell you, if you ask, that they were just four days coming from Buffalo or three from St. Louis, with Pullman and dining car service all the way. This is rather startling but is only a prophecy of what will soon be accomplished as far as Guatemala and beyond. Already tolerable trains run from Gamboa on the Tehuantepec line, southward to the Guatemalan border. The great Pan-American system which was the dream of James G. Blaine will before long be in operation at least to the Isthmus of Panama.

You are at an American hotel. If you were a German or a Frenchman you would be at a German or a French hotel and would find things as little foreign to you as everything here seems to American observation. You would still be reading your newspaper in English, it is likely, but for Germans and Frenchmen in Mexico English ceases to be a strange tongue. In short, you are in a cosmopolitan city. The American population alone is estimated at 7,000.

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Then there are the English and the English-speaking Germans and French alluded to just now, and it would be hard to say how many English-speaking Mexicans. On the principal business streets and in business hours more English is heard than Spanish, and more than of any other language whatsoever, though *man spricht Deutsch* and *parle Français* also with such frequency as to denote that other than American enterprise is at work.

No city is the center of the United States as Mexico City is that of the Mexican republic; it is metropolis, political and financial capital, chief seat of learning, publishing center, travel center, and heart of the nation in almost every organic way that can be thought of. Everyone who lives or even winters in the republic comes to "the City" from time to time. Paradoxically enough, it is one of the least Mexican of all places in Mexico. It is no place in which to make any detailed first-hand study of character and conditions. One may, however, do much generalizing here, and profit much by the knowledge and observation of others.

London and New York, cosmopolitan as they are, have each its marks of nationality so that a traveler awaking in one would hardly fancy himself in the other. There are so many Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans in London, all wearing clothes conformed to a world pattern, and so many Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen in New York, all similarly conformed, that an off-hand analysis of the human stream on a busy thoroughfare might give no clue; but there are always signs at hand. The hackman in New York is a different figure from the London "cabby," the policeman on Fifth Avenue and the policeman on Pall Mall do not look alike, the New York "sky scraper" may be suggested by individual buildings elsewhere but is dominant in the view of no city outside of the United States. Similarly, in Mexico City, everything official, or institutional, or architectural, is Mexican on its face. South America, Spain, Palestine, would show likenesses; but I am indi-

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cating that cosmopolitan appearance and international resemblance dissolve under close examination. There are taxicabs; but if a taxicab from Mexico City, driver and all, could pass through New York, it would be gazed at, even in that *blasé* metropolis, from Battery Park to Harlem. The street cars are of a familiar enough model, built in the United States. It is one of the first facts learned that, if not under American control, they are under English, and so equally far from promising any Mexican aspect. But the motorman, and the conductor who comes to take your *seis centavos* (three American cents) have quite other than Anglo-Saxon ear marks. The "running stock" of the road, for that matter, would reveal some variations if watched long enough, for example an electric *hearse*, that is a flat car, with a black canopy designed for funeral purposes mounted upon it. Such a car will be followed by passenger coaches as many as the size of the funeral requires. Policemen and letter carriers, and, in spite of their German uniform, soldiers also, are as Latin-American as careful selection could have made them if such had been applied. The American stores as well as the shops with American clerks, and those with polyglot French and German managers or clerks, or with "American"-speaking Mexican clerks, are non-committal enough in a casual view of their stock, barring of course souvenir photographs and curios; but look up at almost any of the buildings in which they are housed and you will know that you are not in the neighborhood of John Wanamaker's or Marshal Field's emporium. Even between the crowds in one national metropolis and in another the likeness is always superficial and confined to certain quarters. Intermingled with "citizens of the world" who almost constitute an international type of themselves, and with foreign people of business, there are always the clearly indigenous, those who in the nature of things would not be where they do not belong. One knows them instantly to be the rightful inhabitants; and nowhere are they more strongly

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marked than in Mexico, with the sandals, the cotton suit of two garments for man or woman, the gaudy blanket, the wide hat or the *rebozo*. They appear as free from self-consciousness and go as calmly about their affairs in Mexico City as in Tehuacan. I once saw two imperturbable Aztecs in native costume drive a flock of a hundred or more turkeys along San Francisco, the most bustling street of the capital, using a strip of cloth on the end of a stick to direct their feathered charges, and apparently unconscious of the varied world around them. One turkey was holding up an injured and bleeding foot that had been run over by some car or cart, but otherwise things appeared to be moving admirably.

Among the well-to-do one can find the native type by noticing who go in and out at old houses of settled character, apart from the business district. A frame building is almost unknown, by reason of which the fire loss is practically nothing though companies of "pumpers," that is firemen, are prudently maintained. The prevailing style of house in Mexico City, as elsewhere in the republic, is the hollow square, built of stone or of either brick or adobe stuccoed over, with a tunnel through the lower story from the street to the inner hollow. In other words it is the Spanish plan, Oriental before it was Spanish, of a flat, tile-roofed house of two or three stories built around an open court, fronting directly on the street and with no outside ornament except the window balconies, the heavy gratings, and sometimes elaborate carving or other adornment on the wooden doors. The outside walls, if stuccoed, may be tinted variously; and if the occupants have bad taste the effect may be almost as bad as they would achieve upon a clapboard mansion in Illinois. There is no lawn, either in front, where space would permit none, or in the court, which as often as not is paved throughout. This court or *patio*, however, is usually made beautiful by a profusion of plants and flowers, occasionally by statuary and fountains. There are not

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only the ponderous doors at the entrance from the street, but grilles at the farther end of what for convenience we have called the tunnel; and the glimpse of the *patio* that one gets, pleasing as a rule even without such enhancement, acquires from these iron gratings an added charm of half concealment such as to many eyes a lady's face may borrow from a veil. The entrance is wide enough to admit a coach and pair, with purpose, too, for the family coach does actually enter. The "carriage house," as we should say, and the stables as well, are commonly parts of the house itself. They occupy a corner of the lower story, toward the back, the servants' quarters occupying the front part of this same story. It is true, in a very large house stables may be built on a second court behind that of the house itself, reached by a second "tunnel" at the back. The *portero,* or doorkeeper, is an important functionary who, with his family, occupies a room, not necessarily blessed with any furniture, near the door, answers every summons on the knocker or bell by day, locks the doors about ten o'clock at night, and expects a fee if called from his straw mat after hours to admit any belated resident or visitor. The family live on the second story, where a "corridor" or balcony runs completely around, reached by a stairway from the lower court. Here again there are flowers and foliage plants in pots and boxes. This upper veranda is a pleasant place, usually affording a sunny side if one is chilly or a shady side if the weather seems too warm.

So much we may learn without much intrusion or asking of questions if no introduction actually admits us to a house. The people who go in and out of these spacious dwellings, each of them making as separate an atmosphere for itself as a cloistered monastery, are the leisurely, graceful, and dark-skinned *Dons* and ladies that we should expect.

We shall observe that when we left hotels, restaurants, and shops behind, we left most of our American and other

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foreign friends. The foreigners, to be sure, do not all live in hotels. There is a highly uninteresting colony where various attempts have been made to transplant American styles of houses or to compromise between these and the established type. Then there are hundreds of families that either own or hire houses of the Mexican plan, or live in *viviendas* (apartments) as they find them. If we come across people of our own kind, they will be so much in evidence as to tell us we are in one of the new suburbs that they inhabit, and we will betake ourselves elsewhere for observation.

Central Points

For much that we desire we may make the parks our stalking ground. The *Zocalo,* is it is called, is the real center of the city, so far as grouping of interests is concerned. One writer has said that in no American city are the parks used in any such way as in Mexico. Washington is the nearest approach to it. A park is a lounging place for the idle hours, a promenade for the exhibition hours, and a forum for the most interesting talkative hours of genteel people, to say nothing of laborers and others with no dignity to maintain. The *Zocalo* in Mexico City is all this. Then, too, around it or within a few minutes' walk are the Cathedral, the Flower Market, the National Palace, the Museum, the National Academy of Arts (*San Carlos*), the National Pawn Shop, the Thieves' Market, and other objects of admiration or curiosity. All these might be seen between sunrise and sunset if there were not a somewhat troublesome schedule of open and closed days for some of them; and yet at almost any of them a week could easily be spent.

Before beginning our career we shall have learned the whereabouts of the *Alameda,* a more fashionable park, beyond which the axis of interest, so to speak, having run northwest from the *Zocalo,* bends to the southwest and runs on to a third park more famous than either, two and a half or three miles distant, at Chapultepec.

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Time would fail us to do much more than check off as "seen and noted" the really interesting institutions already mentioned. The Cathedral is the foremost church edifice in Mexico, perhaps in North America, cruciform in plan, with two towers that are both beautiful and unique, having domes shaped like the bells that they support. It occupies the site of the principal Aztec pyramid of the city and is built, historians say, on foundations made largely of Aztec carvings, which have been found and are still found in great numbers whenever excavations are made in the vicinity. The Cathedral is a massive structure of basalt and gray sandstone in the Spanish Renaissance style, over 390 feet long by 180 broad, and is known to have cost several millions of dollars. The decorations and treasures of the church, previous to the confiscation by Juarez's government, were almost fabulous, and even now it is rich in old wood carvings, paintings, and other such accessories as could not readily be converted into public funds. One painting is an undoubted Murillo, two or three others may be of the same or equally high origin, and a number by native painters are good. Mexican onyx in lavish quantities enriches the interior, but not to excess, for Mexican onyx is of soft rather than dazzling beauty, in appearance about equally resembling wax and marble. There are, as always in these churches, many accessory and temporary things which are gaudy, hideous, and altogether out of character, but the general effect is powerful enough to overcome their presence. Critics who compare it with the great churches of Europe regard the Cathedral as a beautiful and impressive structure, characterized on the whole by harmony and restraint.

The middle-class women and such of the wealthy as frequent the place, with their *rebozos* or *mantillas* and black garments, are wholly in keeping with the architecture, the aged and darkened carvings, the pictures, the gigantic vellum-bound books, the soft light of the candles, and the murmur

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of the chants. Indians from the rural districts in their bright native garb come and kneel to kiss in apparent rapture whatever presents itself as most sacred. Their understanding of the difference between the religion of their early ancestors and that which they profess is merely that a more glorious temple and a superior set of divinities, more realistically portrayed, have somehow displaced the old ones. "No matter," says the broad-minded and indifferent-minded dispenser of off-hand opinions, "for a half hour they have been happy. Idolatry and superstition appear to be very comforting, exalting things." Indeed! Opium also is a comforting and exalting thing, at times and in certain effects; but to avail oneself of its nepenthe has not seemed favorable to personal progress or to bearing one's part in the common march forward. And how can we prove that progress is desirable? We do not try. Samuel Johnson was once asked, since the cultivated are not all happy and the ignorant not all miserable, how he would argue that knowledge and culture are desirable. He answered, in substance, that there is no person who has them and could be induced to part with them, and no person lacking them unless a fool, who fails to desire them. Progress commends itself directly to the sincere intelligence, and to any other it need not ask to be commended. For the definition and the proof of progress we have no time here. I have seen such *peones* as these emerging from ignorance and superstition to a sense of their own misery—not a very agreeable change, you say—but to a larger hope for their children, and to a sustaining belief in the dignity of their own souls which would neither unqualifiedly admit any reprobate or even decent fellow-mortal as vicar, nor longer think it right for any governor to hold them as beasts. I have seen them exemplify all the simple virtues that smart writers deny them, work and sacrifice for their new faith, and approach old age and death with a less fitful happiness than they could draw from myths and fables.

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I speak not as the highly regenerate, not in deference to so-called missionaries who find easy places in the balmy tropics and draw more money than they could command at home, not in defence of missionary secretaries who think the indolent, the languid, or the ill-prepared are fit enough to send out. But self-sacrificing, high-minded, gifted, and wise men and women have built their strength and their virtue into the Protestantism of Mexico with its hundred thousand adherents, and its educated, heroic native pastors living on $25 to $40 a month; and any intelligent northern man of the white race who has lived in Mexico and permits them all to be called to naught is unfair. I have known Unitarians to contribute up to the full measure of their ability to Presbyterian work in Mexico because its value was manifest without analysis of doctrines. I have known American Roman Catholics to contribute for the work of a Methodist missionary because he was doing good. They did not consider that they were helping to proselyte anybody from Catholicism as they recognize it. Whether they would have been sanctioned by the Vatican I doubt; but they made a natural human response to things as they found them. American, English, and French Catholics visiting the country have repeatedly written that Mexican faith, so far as the rank and file of the people are concerned, is a dead faith. The Aztec religion was highly ceremonial. "The introduction of the Roman religion had no other effect," according to Humboldt, "than to substitute new ceremonies and symbols for the rites of a sanguinary worship." Catholicism as exemplified by the Spaniards was generally at its worst, and as propagated among the Indians it was emptiness unqualified. It has improved. I heard a priest, not an American nor a Frenchman but a young Spaniard from the Philippines, after sending a sick man away with his proffered fee, to a physician, ask, "How can you Protestants consign these poor cattle to either Heaven or Hell? They have never been taught anything. Surely they will need some place of proba-

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tion." Such honest and rational treatment as his will help. The Protestant church will help; Catholicism has improved most where Protestantism has been most active. There are Mexican Catholic clergymen who admit this. A sermon or some discourse to the people in Spanish is now a very common part of the service; formerly it was unusual. Another consideration is that the missionaries do not gather adherents solely or chiefly from attentive members of the Roman church, but very largely from the neglected and the unchurched. To suppose that all the Mexican people are already Christianized according to the tenets of the Roman church is to make a blind assumption. Protestant missions are as legitimate and almost as sorely needed in Mexico as in India; and they entered only after urgent entreaty. There is a kind of reciprocity involved in whatever work may really overlap that of the Roman church, for when the establishment in Mexico was the richest in the world considerable money was sent to help weak and strugling Catholic churches in the United States.

So much of reflection as we visit and leave the greatest religious edifice in Mexico, a city of churches in a land of churches. There are hundreds in the capital alone, some as beautiful and more aristocratic, though not so large nor so interesting as the Cathedral.

The simple and impressionable Indian was always a lover of flowers. He brought flowers as well as vegetables through the canals that led to this very spot—to the old city of Tenochtitlan on the shore of a lake now disappeared. He still knows how to tend them and to mass them in seductive array. The Flower Market of Mexico City in early morning is a place to go and see roses, poppies, and other flowers really abundant for once, and at prices, despite the tourist "bulling" of the market, that should make a New York florist blush or grow angry by comparison. Sweet peas enough to fill a wash bowl, spicy and fresh, may be had for a nickel. Nor do they become contemptible for their

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cheapness or their abundance, here in the hands of these romantic children of the sun.

The Thieves' Market is another place where variety is inconceivable, where beauty and precious values may be present though in ambush, and where romance, albeit of a different sort, may easily spin its web. Who wore these jewels before some enterprising thief at much risk claimed them for display here? Or what enterprising rogue made them, or bought them for a song to barter with the "Gringo?" What hands lovingly caressed this old book, yellowed with years, and what deft fingers embroidered this gossamer-like shawl of silk? Were these little shoes taken ruthlessly from baby feet or did their owner outgrow them or move to a country where none are needed? What happy and confident bride concealed her blushes and eager tears behind this veil? To what treasuries did this great hand-made and joyously elaborated key once give entrance? This little old painting with its wonderful amber varnish, cracked but luminous, over the glory of color—who painted his life into it? A place for fancies is the Thieves' Market. One of the most curious things that happens is not rare, namely, that someone who loses an article of value goes forthwith to the *Mercado del Volador* and makes it his own again for a tithe of what it first cost him.

The Pawn Shop or "Mount of Piety" here as everywhere under the sun, is a varied museum illustrating the separableness of improvident man from his belongings and those of his wife and children. But this pawn shop, at least in intent, is a beneficent institution. It is not managed in the interest of the pound of flesh. A rich man, in 1775, seeing how the common people were robbed by money lenders, gave a fund to endow a concern which should loan something approaching the value upon a given article, charge only a fair rate of interest, and make redemption of it as easy as possible. The national government recognized what appeared to be the merit of such a scheme and made

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an appropriation to extend it, not only in Mexico City but elsewhere in the larger towns of the Republic. The "good loan shark," by the way, has just arrived in the United States, ushered in by the Russell Sage Foundation, one hundred and thirty odd years after it came into use in Mexico.

At the Academy of *San Carlos* and also at the National Museum are some of the worst paintings that can be imagined and they are the first that a visitor is likely to see. Flesh tints, always constituting one of the crucial tests in portrait or figure painting, were a new thing to be reckoned with when the skin of the Indian and the mixed breed was to be painted, and some of these dignitaries have the complexion of an old whetstone or of a white man who has survived a gunpowder explosion. When you have seen the best of the work here, however, you will have seen a triumph that for veracity may rank a little higher or a little lower than the successful treatment of the blonde or the near-blonde that we call brunette, but which for intrinsic beauty goes beyond comparison. It is not the color of a chestnut, nor of glowing varnish upon an old violin, it is not the color of gold bronze, it has no exact representation in ivory, nor in ancient vellum; but if a composite of all these could be made, one who has no technical knowledge of color and who avoids considering too severely may imagine that the result would be something like this. He knows, if he has seen Indians of the finer types, that whatever the ingredients of this color they have found them. The Mexican artists too have found them, and have found the counterfeit of life which makes their pictures speak and move.

A great deal of the riches in art that once abounded in Mexico was destroyed or taken away during the French usurpation, and some of it suffered during the civil wars. Yet there are old masterpieces here to repay the pilgrimage of an art lover from New York. Murillo, Zurbarán, Rubens, Titian, Guido Reni, Juan de Carreño, are all represented. It is, however, the work of the early and the modern Mexi-

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can schools that will make the most striking impress on a visitor whose thought is full of Mexico. Noble in quality, both when religious scenes are depicted and when original and distinctively Mexican subjects are treated, most impressive in number and spread of canvas, superbly hung and lighted, the pictures in the San Carlos gallery exalt and transport the visitor of average responsiveness as few arrays of paintings in the whole world, probably, will do. It is not the awe of venerable old pictures but the glory, the opulence, the vivid palpitating joy, loveliness, grief, courage of life which startles. It is intimate, though in type or incident we might describe it as romantic or strange. It fits into what one has tried to actualize when going up and down among the Mexicans. It fuses the ideal, the romantic, with the real of yesterday's observation. Whether one should desire to see these pictures by Echave, Cabrera, Iberra, Obregon, Gutierrez, Ortega, and Feliz Parra as early as possible, to carry their vision into one's observation, or whether it is better to have seen first with half-illumined eyes and matter-of-fact mind would be difficult to decide.

The National Museum has its collection of pictures, numerous and valuable, but of no such account as those of the National Academy of *San Carlos*. It has ethnological and geological and zoological exhibits; but it is for the Aztec and other antiquities of prehistoric Mexico that the museum will be most remembered. The archaeological section can be seen and a very strong impression got of it in a half hour. For it has specimen after specimen of colossal-sized carving in porphyry and trachyte rock, the character of which will make itself felt at a glance. Is this the Western world? Are we sure we are not in a museum of Bible lands, and of lands that Xenophon and Caesar described? Here are near cousins, surely, to the gods and demigods, demons and grotesqueries of Egypt, India, Assyria. A wise scholar may tell us that this great figure of Chac Mol is

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nothing like a sphynx, that his head faces wrongly, that his body is not that of a lion but of a man, etc., but we have seen a resemblance that will not be explained away. The professor may tell us that other figures do not resemble the squat Buddha. The professor knows too much. We see the resemblance. The professor has aimost become brother to the monoliths, and he distinguishes them all according to their individual marks. It needs some one not of the family to take in resemblances at a flash. Such an outsider knows when he sees them, usually. There are Ethiopian types here, as unmistakable as a photograph of the stalwarts who helped Roosevelt weigh his dead lioness in Africa. There are faces that are Mongolian, if we ever saw any such, and others that are Semitic. We who are not learned are sure as we stand here that the natives of pre-historic Mexico had more than one connection with the civilizations of the ancient East. If asked which of the various theories as to origin we believe, we shall probably declare, "All of them." Nor shall we be without learned support in our conviction.

A stone calendar weighing twenty-four tons shows that the Aztec year had eighteen months of twenty days each, like that of the Egyptians, with an extra period of five days to complete the astronomical period, and in its proper time a leap year. This, and another huge cylinder believed to have been a sacrificial stone are both admirably carved and of very hard material.

The National Palace, in part of which the Museum is housed, is both old and new, having been begun in 1692 and altered from time to time ever since; and it is a rather imposing structure.

On the site of the present *Zocalo* or *Plaza Mayor* the Aztec priests found the symbolic eagle on the cactus and here they made the center of their town. It was here that Cortez found the chief *teocalli*, about where the Cathedral now stands, and here some of the fiercest fighting was done. This

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center, the "Aztec forum," became also the center of the Spanish town which immediately began to grow up, the waterways about it being filled up to make streets. Little by little, through the centuries, the lakes have receded, the canals have been filled, more or less successful drainage has been effected, until it is harder to conceive the ancient city, with waterways regularly intersecting its streets, and upon the two "inland seas" beyond, one salt, one fresh, the myriad canoes bringing in their tribute,—this is even harder than to imagine Ely or some of the other cathedral towns of England as formerly upon islands.

The drainage canal which makes the chief guarantee of security against flood, was contemplated as early as the fourteenth century, begun in 1607, abandoned and re-begun under different authorities including that of Maximilian, and at last finished by President Diaz in 1896 at a cost of sixteen million dollars. It does not, however, prevent the soil from still being marshy, so that cellars are impossible, and the death rate is more than it would be if the city were on the higher ground not far away. One may give only qualified belief to the theory that vagrant cows trod out the city plan of Boston; but clearly enough the site of Mexico was determined when jealous neighbors of the Aztecs would not let them settle anywhere else. Why the Spaniards clung to the unwholesome choice is less clear.

The *Alameda,* the other center, is a more aristocratic park, very beautiful, and associated in sentiment with Carlotta, who did much to improve it. Just before reaching it, on the way from the *Zocalo,* one sees the only moderately impressive though very costly post office, too much lightened and weakened in appearance by broken surfaces and open spaces near the top, but really one of the best post office buildings in the world. The interior provokes no criticism. Its superb marble, Italian bronze gratings, and richness of material throughout, together with the general plan, suggest a building for some art purpose rather than for the business

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of the government; but it serves no less well for that. The eight-million-dollar theater at the east end of the *Alameda* is a thing to challenge admiration at once. Let us hope no one will insist on gilding its statuary or otherwise ruining its delicate beauty. Its curtain, a wonderful glass mosaic picture of the mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, as they loom before the city, was made by Tiffany in New York. One cannot help wondering what use will be made of so fine a theater when it is finished, seeing that Mexico has no drama worthy of the name and no native actors worth mentioning. Good opera, indeed, especially Italian opera, is heard and appreciated—I heard Tettrazini in Mexico before she had ever sung in New York. However, every Latin-American capital must have its costly national theater, so why cavil as to what shall be done with it? It is a conventional ornament. To speculate on what could have been done in the way of model tenements with the millions spent here is equally idle. The tenements will come; and the children of the poor will be taught to live otherwise than wallowing in filth. For the beautifully clean asphalt streets of Mexico do run close to only half hidden wretchedness with which the worst negro alley in our own vaunted Washington is not to be compared. The people are not descended from the cleanly Mayas but from the less scrupulous Aztecs; they have long been living in conditions alien to them of which they are neither the makers nor the masters and which give little room for dignified human life. So in looking at them one is grateful for visions of the people in the market of Tehuantepec, or even, oppressed as they are, those in the fields of Yucatan.

Let us not be accused of wandering far from the *Alameda*, for, as just intimated, we have turned but a little aside.

I was happy enough to know this lovely park when one could pass all along it without being startled, amazed, and shocked by the colossal statue of Juarez which now fronts *Avenida Juarez* at about the middle point of the southern

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edge. Colossal as is the statue, one feels what must be the instant effect when a great wreath, not of marble but of gold, is clapped down upon its head by one of the still more colossal angels. There are urns, also of gold, that claim at least as much attention as the central figure, and there are two lions being relentlessly crushed by a weight on the small of their backs. One fancies that some enemy of Juarez must have had to do with this hideous perpetration. If the gold leaf could be all removed, the total effect would be less than half as bad.

The Juarez statue is representative of many things. Mexican aptitude for drawing, design, pen-work, wood carving, painting and all allied arts, on the side of mere facility, is almost unbelievable to an American. There is hardly a school where some boy cannot draw the teacher either in likeness or in caricature as he chooses. There is no church society or other little local group that cannot have a memorial or memento nicely engrossed without going outside its own membership. The love of color and of ornament is everywhere. So it is with music. Every village has its brass band. The tattered peons really enjoy listening to music of the best sort. But restraint of taste seems lacking among rich and poor, ignorant and educated. Women overdress. Men make display puppets of themselves. Apart from the outside severity of the conventional dwelling, architecture tends to the ornate, the over-glorified. This is not a universal indictment. It is a statement of general observation. But the emotional susceptibility, the responsiveness, the manual dexterity, the mental ingenuity, and the temperamental patience being undoubtedly present, there would seem reason to hope that with increase of general culture will come larger creativeness than we matter-of-fact Americans have yet attained. The really superb achievements in painting at times when conditions were at all favorable, are a promise of this. But sculpture is a severer test, and architecture surely the severest of all.

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Afternoon Walks and Drives

The "quality" of Mexico City walk up and down the *Alameda* on Sunday, listening to one of the best brass bands in the Americas. On Sunday afternoon the same people ride behind Kentucky-bred and other thoroughbred horses, though usually in quaint, comfortable carriages, out past the *Alameda*, along the *Paseo de la Reforma*, past the great bronze statue of Charles V of Spain and that of the valiant Cuauhtemoc, through splendid avenues of trees, to Chapultepec. To Chapultepec, in a hired coach, as it is one of the few inexpensive things in Mexico City, let us betake ourselves, and there at sunset, leaning over a parapet on one of the inclined approaches to the old castle, aware of its reminiscent though not dreadful shadow behind us, aware of the sad, sempiternal great trees below us, gaze off to the tender color and stupendous bulk of Popocatapetl and his consort, the White Lady (Ixtaccihuatl) as they float in the haze and last glow of evening. Here Montezuma took his ease. Here Maximilian and Carlotta dreamed their dreams. Here, it may be, American soldier boys, in 1847, rested after a not too glorious fray and forgot to question the wherefore of present commands in musing upon "the old woe of the world." Change has written its record here as surely if not in as hard characters as on the Palatine or the Acropolis. Yet the old cypress trees live and grow, with a kind of melancholy vigor which prophesies long continuance and succession of their kind to witness the coming and the passing of many another generation and perhaps still changing races of men.

Those who profess to know a gay capital when they see it declare that Mexico City is not such. It has its clubs, its cafés, its showy balls, its handsome women, its glare of lights at night, its bull fight on Sunday in the largest bull ring in the world, and its various other pleasures and vices. Its people are vivacious and, in the main, happy even when a political cloud of dread omen hangs over them. Hardly

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any people can be more lavish in expenditure for play or more extravagantly overdressed.

That a strain of seriousness, bordering on melancholy, and quite distinct from the heavy solemnity ascribed to the English in proverbs, does seem present even in their enjoyment cannot be denied. So perhaps Mexico is not a gay capital. I am sure that neither New York nor Washington is gay. Perhaps Paris or Monte Carlo, analytically considered, is not. Nothing is gay that is not naïve, spontaneous, youthful;—and Mexico has memories enough to make it old.

V. Excursions From the Capital

THE valley of Morelos lies close to the valley of Mexico, though at a lower level and with a high wall between. It is possible, if one has pneumonia and hours are precious, to take a train in the unhealthful capital at daybreak, arrive in balmy Cuernavaca by noon, and be declared on the way to recovery next day. Under usual conditions, however, the valley of Mexico is not to be so eagerly left. While the nights are often chilly, the climate is otherwise almost irreproachable and the natural charms of the valley are worthy of some large-visioned poet of outdoors. It should not be discredited because it had one piece of lowland whose open drainage the Spaniards could stop and upon which a somewhat miasmic though beautiful city could be built. So even if one cannot tarry for months to etch in the picture of maguey fields on the drier flat lands, of cypress trees, of dome-crowned villages, and of encircling mountains, at least one can pay the respect of a slow departure. This may be done by way of the Viga, the one Aztec canal that still remains in use, leading south toward Cuernavaca as far as Xochimilco.

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A Village of Canals

There are those who will tell you that they have seen this canal, so extravagantly described in books, and that it is no more than a slimy ooze. They have seen the miserable *diminuendo* at the city end that is finally lost in a sewer; but they do not know the Viga. What stream, even the mightiest, without very special protection, can make its way through a city of 450,000 inhabitants and still remain "undefiled for the undefiled?" Even at the city end of this ancient canal our friends, if alert, might have seen something to describe other than the excrements of obscene breweries along the banks, and unlimited oceans of mud; they might have seen the people, one of the superlatively clean tribes, thank Heaven! propelling their dugouts up and down, and in the dugouts enough vegetables for a thousand tables, besides flowers in quantities really exciting to think of.

For thirteen miles as one goes out along the Viga there are no tributaries. There is only one channel of nearly uniform width, arched by quaint bridges and enlivened by an unending succession of barges going to market with garden truck, and of little canoes that dart along upon other errands. Gradually the water becomes purer till it is void of offense. Then begins unalloyed enjoyment. The remoter plain may be somewhat brown in the dry season, varied only by the maguey, cousin to our old friend the henequin plant, while near by on either hand are luscious green fields with cattle wading or grazing at will. The canoe moves easily, propelled not by oars or paddles but by a long, light pole thrust to the bottom. In places this is varied by tossing a rope to one of the boatmen, who leaps cheerfully ahead with it over his shoulder, now in water, now upon a tow path, his muscular though not heavy limbs bare to the thigh. Boys fish from the banks. New things are constantly appearing, not to tease the eye and the mind as on a railway journey, but to beguile the imagination. At

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last, after about four hours, the canal resolves itself into a great number of smaller canals which are fed by springs in themselves worth a visit, and are conducted in and out among the so-called "floating gardens" so as to make every garden an island. Within the memory of men still living much of this area was a lake and some of the gardens were actually floating; but now the little oblong patches of soil rest upon bottom. The willows that grow straight up like Lombardy poplars were once only stakes to keep the unique real property from moving off. Masses of water plants buoyed up by air chambers on their stalks float upon what remains of the lake and show how land began to form. As would be guessed from such an origin, the gardens have the richest mould, they never lack water, and the sun smiles upon them as only a southern sun can. Each is as large as a good town lot and any of them if actually afloat would sink from the weight of vegetables and flowers. The poppy, the sweet pea, and the bachelor's button are favorite flowers, though carnations and marguerites also abound and roses are by no means uncommon. All these and other blossoms hang down and are reduplicated in the water. They scramble over the tops of the houses. In daylight or in moonlight they make incomparable pictures at every turn. The graceful, brown-armed figures gliding about in their canoes strike no jarring note. Nothing annoys. The most appropriate exclamation at Xochimilco is, "I did not believe there was such a place in the world!"

Barges go down heavy with the current to Mexico and come back light. Few large cities have sources of so abundant supply for vegetables and flowers, with means of transportation so cheap. Xochimilco was a source of supplies for the Aztec capital in the old days; and, unless scholars have wrongly translated, an occasional source of victims for the Aztec sacrificial stone. Whoever lived here at any time, if he had marauding neighbors, must have been an easy prey, for gentleness and soft confiding in the loveliness of an

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idyllic world are as natural here as a square front to all comers must be in a country of highland blasts. A friend of mine had a quarrelsome retainer who chose to follow him from one locality to another and always managed to involve himself and his master in trouble. They went to Xochimilco and Gabriel fought with no one. It seems he could find no one to fight with.

It cost three Mexican dollars ($1.50) to bring out seven of us in a large covered canoe, with enough luggage to burden four or five carriers in transferring from the canoe to the house. A canal ran very near the house occupied by our friends, the only foreign family in the village, by whom we were to be entertained. A canal runs near everybody's door in Xochimilco; there are a hundred miles of them at least. Fish abound and come in fine condition from the cold water. We saw many gold fish of no diminutive size, and bought for fifty *centavos* a wriggling carp that weighed about six pounds.

This American friend at whose house we stopped, an engineer, was in charge of work installing a new plant to increase the water supply of Mexico City. He took us along a small canal until suddenly it widened, deepened, and came to an end. We were floating upon a basin seventy-five feet in diameter, twenty-five feet deep, and filled with gushing pure water. It was one of the marvelous springs at Xochimilco, flowing about eight million gallons in twenty-four hours. There are several others, not so large, but still of great output and all of the same pure water, fed probably by the melting snow and ice of Popocatepetl.

A feature of every landscape hereabout is the little church. Above the fringe of green vegetables or of glorious bloom, over the thatch of the hut, between the willows, against the bulk of the mountains, there is certain to be a church in the view. We must have seen twenty, all commanding because of the lowness of the houses round about, all venerable-looking and harmonious with the feeling of

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Tehuana Girls

Making Bread

Zapotec Children in Ruins of Mitla

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Carrier at Rest

Worn and Broken Carving, "Goddess of Water"

River Bank, Coatzacoalcos

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Aztec Calendar found near the Cathedral, now in the Museum, Mexico City

Bronze Statue of Charles V, "Paseo de la Reforma," Mexico City

Chac-Mol, the "Tiger King." A Maya Carving from Yucatan, now in the National Museum

Squat, Buddha-like Figure from Oaxaca

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Post Office, Mexico City

Market, Mexico City

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Chapultepec

In the Alameda, Mexico City

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Ixtaccihuatl

Popocatepetl—Almost Up

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Popocatepetl

On the Way Down

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Drawing Sap from the Maguey

View in Amecameca, near Popocatepetl

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the place; never, on any of them, a "steeple." The spire with its call to upward pursuit of the unattainable, is no part of Mexican church architecture. The dome seems to suggest contemplation and repose. True, the Spaniards were restless enough, but their restlessness was not upon the side that churches represent. Concerning religion they leaned back upon authority, and came easily to that perfectness of satisfaction which must have expressed itself powerfully at times to anyone who has traveled in Mexico, the land of domes. There are said to be more of these, chiefly of the *media naranja* (half orange) form, than in any other country in the world. And if the Anglo-Saxon cannot adopt this form for his emblem, being self-conscious, he can be happy in visiting a land whose temperament it suits.

From Xochimilco it is not far to Eslava where, only a day late because of our little journey into a primitive world, we can take the train from Mexico to Cuernavaca. One gets almost a bird's eye view of the region of Mexico City from the top of the range at a height of 10,000 feet.

Health and Pleasure Resorts

Cuernavaca, though not inviting comparison with the little Indian Venice, is in its way the loveliest spot yet visited. At Xochimilco one rubs one's eyes and looks again to make sure that the scene really belongs to the world of wide-awake. At Cuernavaca, one settles forthwith into a conviction of always having known the place, and a feeling that everything here is the normal by which things elsewhere may be tested. With an altitude of only 4,500 feet, more than two thousand feet lower than the valley of Mexico, and with a southern exposure among sheltering hills, this other valley has no cold winter, no cold nights and no hot ones, no droughts, no inconveniences of climate, hot or cold, wet or dry. The town of 7,000 inhabitants is all clean, orderly, thrifty, resposeful, and old. The thick walls, the heavy doors, the elaborate latches and hinges, all bear the testi-

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mony of age. It is a place of running water, and fountains are numerous.

Of course the town has its cathedral, this one founded in 1529, and of course, being of sufficient antiquity, it has a palace of Cortez. We visited his palace in Oaxaca, and his residence in Mexico City, and must not fail to pay this one our respect, particularly as it is now the state government building and commands from the roof a superb view of the green valley and the peaceful mountains. It is one of the oldest buildings in America, begun by Cortez in 1530.

The chief exhibit of Cuernavaca is the Borda Garden, established about the middle of the eighteenth century by Joseph le Borde, a Frenchman who had made enormous fortunes in Mexican silver mines. It is said to have cost a million *pesos* then, but time has added much that the owner could not buy, both in definable beauty and in the pervasive charm of imaginative suggestion. There are old walls, built high and solid enough to endure; trees grown old but of unfailing vigor; old Moorish fountains that have become weathered and flawed but lost nothing of their airy Saracenic grace; walks that Carlotta trod many a time, when Cuernavaca was the summer capital and when old Joseph, their first owner, had been long sleeping in a poor man's grave; benches on which she must have sat; and roses and oleanders that she may have tended. You will think more of Carlotta in the garden than you will of its original owner whose name it bears; and many other thoughts you will have which you will never convey unless to someone at your side under the shade of the tropical trees with their unfamiliar names and their delicious fruits.

Cuautla, in climate and general character needs no description to one who has visited Cuernavaca. It is not quite so old, not quite so large, and not quite so full of romance; but having famous hot sulphur springs is rather more haunted by invalids and *resters*.

No longer in the state of Morelos now, but in a state

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whose name it shares, Puebla has a little more altitude, a little cooler climate, but the same quality of softness in the air, the same sulphur water that flows so abundantly in Cuautla, and a degree of the same popularity with those needing to be cured. Puebla, however, is more of a city, and can assimilate these latter visitors as Cuautla can not. Moreover, Puebla has some charming suburbs and rest spots to which, being a city, it dispatches many of the impotent or the indisposed. With a population just under one hundred thousand, it narrowly misses being the second city in size of the republic and if it must yield to Guadalajara in this respect it still claims second place in the consideration of the visitor. It has the name of being conservative as to taste and social customs, anti-foreign, Romanist in religion, even reactionary as to politics. Certainly it is not progressive in many of the usual implications of the word; but without being so it would seem to have made progress in whatever contributes to its charm. The capital of the richest state in Mexico, it has a look of comfort and of competence. In architecture, in landscape, in the equipages upon its clean asphalt streets, in the dress of its well-to-do citizens, one is reminded that essential harmonies may be preserved in more than one style. Puebla society is accused of being exclusive and perhaps this is confirmed rather than otherwise by the eagerness that I observed in the daughter of one of its prominent families, when visiting in another town, to make acquaintance with the American and English colony, including the Protestant church there. If so, when their opportunity for reciprocating came the family were generous beyond expectation in making a little glimpse of their own life possible. I was invited to call at the house, which does not happen to a young man in their own set unless he is an accepted suitor. They were meeting an American in his own way. The daughter whom I knew greeted me first, after the servant. I was conducted to where the maternal head of the household and her oldest daughter sat

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to receive their callers, and was introduced. Then for a few moments I sat in a second parlor with Miss *Maria*, as I shall call her—an impossible departure from their conventional etiquette—till the younger sisters began to come in one after another, down to a little toddler of four years. Puzzled at first by a stranger whose speech was foreign, she ended by sitting on my lap. Whether the entry of this beautiful troupe was also contrary to established rules I do not know. Some very wise persons will say that of course such special favors were tantamount to a matrimonial acceptance; but they certainly had not the shadow of such meaning. I was not only an American, but I was an American from another city, in Puebla for no more than three or four days, and they had decided to treat me according to American ways of hospitality so far as they knew them. If in any particular they happened not to know they would err on the side of kindness. On a second call to take leave, I did not see the children till I was going out, but then found them, all four, in the corridor in a row waiting to bid me good by. It is years since then and I have never met one of the family since; but this pretty and gracious picture, together with the others that I remember of the luxurious and beautiful home and perfectly managed household, is still a source of enjoyment.

Puebla has more Mexican history than any other city except the capital. Not founded till 1532, when the Spaniards felt the need of a city half-way between and more healthfully located than either Vera Cruz or the Aztec capital on Lake Texcoco, it nevertheless has a miraculous story of its location, two angels having pointed out the spot to Fray Julian Garces. So it was called *Puebla de los Angeles*. It soon outgrew the neighboring Indian town of Cholula as Mexico City did its ancient neighbor Xochimilco. Leaping over to modern times, it was captured in 1821 by Iturbide, the first ruler of independent Mexico, was occupied by the Americans in 1847, and was besieged and taken by the French in 1862. A little later, May 5, 1862, its recapture

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by General Zaragoza was the most brilliant victory in all the history of Mexican arms, and May 5 has been as great a national holiday ever since as the Fourth of July is with us. The French regained the town again next year and held it till 1867, when it was captured by General Porfirio Diaz and the French garrison were made prisoners. Zaragoza's victory in 1862 changed the name of the town to *Puebla de Zaragoza.*

No longer a "city of the angels" Puebla is still a city of churches. Any commanding view of it will show from fifty to seventy domes, agreeing in outline with those other domes, Popocatepetl and Orizaba, on either hand, and in color showing all the variety of tiles for the manufacture of which Puebla is noted. Popocatepetl is accompanied by his consort Ixtaccihuatl and also in this case by a strange figure, that of the pyramid of Cholula, nearer at hand. To the north is Malintzi, almost as towering as the other two giants, so that there is always an enclosing rim to the region, and every where the land has its bounty of growing crops.

Of all the churches, the cathedral is the most notable. Not so large as the cathedral in Mexico City, it is still very large—323 feet by 101 feet. If not quite so rich upon the exterior, it is generally felt to be even more harmonious; and within it has not only the same advantage but has also fortunately kept more of the opulence of decoration and furnishing that history associates with both these buildings. The interior is even "gorgeous" as described by one writer. It is not only in broad general effects that it gives the impression of richness; whether one examine the onyx and marble altars, columns, and pavements, or the wondrous old Gobelin tapestries of extremely pagan subjects given by Charles V of Spain, or the statuary, or the paintings by European and Mexican masters, or the wood-carving and inlay work in ivory, the effect remains throughout of unstinted devotion of rich materials, of labor, of ingenuity, and of art. Taking it all together, some discriminating critics regard the

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Puebla cathedral as having more to reward study than any other church in America, not even excepting that at Mexico. Again, curiously, like the cathedral at the capital, it is not the fashionable church.

A Toltec Pyramid

From Puebla it is less than two hours to Cholula, the town of the pyramid. I speak of going by tramcar and not by that contrivance out of due time, the Interoceanic Railway. Not that progress need be lamented, even by the sentimentalist, for it is by innovation, so often deplored as an enemy of romance, that romance is made perpetual. Not till a thing has passed out from daily habit and commonplace utility may fancy beset it with a glamor of things past; but the consecration is one in which epochs are not finely observed. This quaint and dingy conveyance, and the tiny mules in front, now tugging pitifully over a hard place, now at a level jog, and again scampering away down some slope before the pursuing car—these might have belonged to any age not ours—so they do not offend.

On either side now as we pass, grain fields show that the earth yields willing increase, and at intervals are reapers who thrust in their sickles and turn with tedious movement to lay the grain in sheaves, as was the manner of reaping long ago. Such oxen as these that plod along, with yokes rudely bound upon their horns, labor steadily forever on imperishable old Greek bas-reliefs. Somewhat as now we see them, asses went burdened in the time of Mary and Joseph. The jars that are borne on dark and graceful shoulders are of a form long familiar before Rebekah came out from Nahor to draw water. As for the women and girls who are washing at many pools by the way, they are types from the age when Nausicaa spread her new-whitened garments by the shore of the sea.

It was in the afternoon that I arrived at this town so variously celebrated, and found in it neither a remnant of the great and splendid city which the scribes of Cortez

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lyingly represented, nor a mere "town of one-story white-washed mud huts" which was all one mole-eyed modern writer could discover. I found under the dominant shadow of the giant mound a sleepy and romantic-looking village in which the signs of former Spanish dominance are plain, in which the hues of venerable towers and domes seem dissolving under the breath of decay to mingle with the softer air, in which the tones of bells in harmony still call a simple people to worship at unthrifty hours, and in which balconies and grated windows suggest many a fancy of love-making in years gone by. In short, Cholula is a provincial Mexican town. There two civilizations met, the older was nearly obliterated by the other, and that in turn was left to slacken when the usurpers who brought it had been driven out. The impulse of new Mexican life has not been much felt there, so Cholula dreams on in its valley.

Within five minutes two ragged boys attached themselves to me for better or for worse. They first helped me to buy and eat some bananas and mangoes at the market place; where a canvass of every booth must be made before the woman could return change for my dollar, and then it came all in *centavos*. They pointed out an old sacrificial stone and were able to hint vaguely that it has a fearful history. In fact, it was doubtless wet many a time with human blood. At each of the churches they made me wise as to how much money I should give the sacristan, having a care, I think, lest my stock of *centavos* should unduly lessen before they had received their part. One advised the use of my field glass for looking at a picture in the convent; and the other thought me an ill-furnished *Americano* because I had no camera. They sold me for ten *centavos*—so far had we advanced in friendship—a clay head that is *muy antiguo* (very ancient) and for which they had at first asked a dollar. They even became confidential regarding their family affairs. Both father and mother were dead, and their only dependence was an aunt, who was at times

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very abusive. When I remarked that they did not seem unhappy, both at once, with the most aggrieved tone possible, exclaimed, "*Como no, Señor?*" ("Pray, why not?")

Together we sauntered out to the pyramid. This is larger than any other such—about two hundred feet high and more than a mile in circumference. The latter measurement is greater than that of the largest Egyptian pyramid, though in height some of the Egyptian structures are greater. It must also be said that while the Egyptian monuments were built of natural stone this thing of little honor, as our unpoetic friend would describe it, was built of mud. That is to say, it was built of sun-dried bricks, the junctures of which can still be seen, and was faced with stone and plaster which have either crumbled away or been removed. Its form, however, must have been at one time strikingly like the Egyptian though truncated. This *teocalli* of Cholula is not the best preserved in Mexico. "The Pyramid of the Moon" and "The Pyramid of the Sun," the two principal ones at Teotihuacan, noticed on our first journey to the capital, are more perfect specimens. But the one at Cholula is more famous, and the vegetable growth of a milder climate has made it more beautiful. Its flat top, about an acre in extent, and with a stone parapet all around, is not so empty as theirs; but is surmounted by a Spanish church which takes the place of the once splendid temple, and with which also the hand of time has been at work. Nor is the spot without an added charm of pathos to the imagination of most visitors, probably because of that valiant resistance and bloody massacre which have been noted since the conquest.

When I asked my guides and instructors who built the pyramids, they said, "*Los Aztecas.*" Other authorities have disagreed, thinking the pyramid older than Aztec occupancy, and ascribing it to that gentler and more civilized people, the Toltecs. Indeed, faith in the general accuracy of my informers was somewhat shaken at this point; for when I

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asked who built Popocatepetl, they again answered, *"Los Aztecas."* I tried to bring them to a worthier notion of the old giant towering in the distance, wrapped about just then with the whiteness of two distinct cloud-levels below, and above with his monk's cowl of eternal whiteness. The attempt may have been lost. They seemed to take my correction at once; but ready agreement is a finished art with them, and I am not sure of their thoughts.

On the summit of the mound one commands a fine view of the country round about for many miles, broken here and there by a mountain and bounded at last by the crests that make the limit of the valley. One does not think it strange that here the ancient god of agriculture bade his last farewell to Mexico. Should he ever return, as some natives still hope with well nigh Hebrew fondness, seeing that the Spaniards by no means brought him on their arrival—should he ever come again to this valley of Puebla, he will find that meanwhile he has not been wholly without devotees. Rude enough is their devotion; but Heaven seems to acknowledge it with harvests.

Cortez declared that from this eminence he counted four hundred pagan temples; and it is of record that as he destroyed them he set the natives, however unwilling or little able, to replace each by a building for Catholic worship. It would seem that in this instance Cortez may have told the truth, for churches stand as close everywhere as lighthouses on a rocky coast. If so many can be seen from one point anywhere else in the world it would be interesting to know where. They lend themselves so to beauty in the landscape, and look such perfect symbols of peace and simple piety that one is not willing to regard them otherwise. One accuses oneself of ungratefulness when the thought occurs that blood was wrung from an unhappy people in the demand for tribute to these sacred buildings—a demand from whose impoverishing effect they have never recovered.

Having taken a farewell glance at the panorama in the

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slanting light, there was nothing to do but go my way. A native ran after me, offering an arrow-head for sale and declaring with great emphasis that it was genuine. I assured him of my implicit belief, and said that I had seen pecks of such curios found in the Connecticut valley. He turned back in no ill humor, apparently less vexed than amused. At the railway station, for I confess I left by railway, we three friends justly divided the now lighter burden of *centavos,* and said a cordial good night. I hoped that for once the terrible aunt would not be severe.

Higher Than the Alps

Either Cholula or Amecameca around to the west will serve as a way station for one who means to climb Popocatepetl. It happened that I went up on the west side from Amecameca. This account of my experience will lack the distinction of a first ascent. The summit, though two thousand feet higher than the highest Alp, has been scaled many a time since a companion of Fernando Cortez braved its then unprecedented height. The yawning mouth of the drowsy volcanic monster, which we entered, has become a place of industry for human pigmies like ourselves; the sulphur that it spits out as venom is an article of commerce; and stolid Indians, going every day to bring this down, think the ascent as commonplace as any other hard day's toil. Yet if you ever make it you will probably not do so with indifference. Eighteen thousand feet above the sea, ten thousand feet above the surrounding plain, and shaped for all the world like the crown of a high sombrero, with snow covering all above the top of the broad band, the "smoking mountain" will never be lightly approached by a stranger, it is safe to say, unless the threatened railroad is built. Even if limbs are good, and lungs are sound, and heart proves equal to the strain, you will find the task one to be reckoned with.

The first thing is to get on speaking terms with the

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giant. "Popocatepetl" it is written, but that is not enough to know. The natives call it *Popo'cataype'ttle*, and, as has been hinted, it means "smoking mountain." It belongs to the primitive tongue of the Indians and has no more to do with Spanish, the language of Mexico today, than old Welsh names in Wales with the modern language of Great Britain. If you cannot manage it in its full bulk and weight, call it "Popo" as tourists often do.

A letter of introduction sent forward to the ranch some five thousand feet above, brought the overseer down at a smart jog with pony and pistols. He found us all eating in a restaurant. The moment he appeared and addressed us in tolerable English we knew that if our troubles did not soon begin it would not be his fault. Sufficiency is marked all over him. He helped to find horses and guides, fix prices, and arrange for supplies. The typical Mexican ranchman, by the way, is a gentleman, a born fighter, ambitious, patriotic, and resourceful. He will figure largely as the animating spirit of any change that may come, either by moral influence or by force of arms.

Next morning, the women of the party having spent the night packed away in a hotel that was too small for them, and the men having slept on the earth floor of the railway station, our young *ranchero* with his odd costume, wiry figure, light air, and gay songs led the way out of town, the guides trotting along behind and occasionally making short cuts. We had several hours of travel thus, women and men alike riding our beasts in the way that nature intended. About four o'clock we reached the shanty, whose hospitality we were glad to find. Señor Perez, for our guide now became our host, announced that here we were to lodge. And indeed night already began to settle upon that side of the mountain. Such is the angle that the sun seemed scarcely to have entered the western half of the sky before it hid itself.

We had seen the mountain from the top of the old Toltec

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pyramid of Cholula; we had seen it through notches among the hills where only goats and Mexican donkeys could keep footing upon the trail; we had viewed it in morning and in evening light from Chapultepec; and some of us were to look down upon its great surface from the rim at the top. I have studied all these different aspects, but never did it make the breath stop and the heart grow sick with a feeling that could not be controlled, as when we looked, straight up it seemed, at the terrible cold height in the last glow of that afternoon sun, and knew that it did not hang over us more nearly than did the adventure for its conquest on the morrow.

Nineteen of us, and Perez with a partner and friend, making twenty-one in all, slept as best we could packed around one small room with heads toward the many chinks in the wall and with feet toward the center. The circle was not complete; for at one corner was a rough fire-place discharging most of its smoke into the room. The chinks, though they admitted enough cutting blades of air, seemed not to let much of the smoke escape. We lay in our clothes, of course, and in whatever extra blankets we had, for at that height of 13,000 feet the air at night is cruel to one who has spent months in the mild climate of the plateau. Our shoes only we removed, as no one wished to awake with swollen and aching feet.

At three in the morning we rose, and at five were started. Should anyone be curious as to how the two hours between had been spent, some of our party could answer for the employment of them. In the numbing, blistering, altogether strange cold of that lofty air, we had spent most the time helping to catch a stray horse, identifying horses and saddles that each person as far as possible might have his own of the day before, adjusting girths that stiffened fingers refused to manage, and calling down blessings on the guides, no one of whom was more useful for such matters than a sheep. On the whole perhaps they were worth what they

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received; each member of our party was to pay, for horse and guide during three days, the sum of $8.00, Mexican money, or $4.00 in our own.

Finally we mounted. Those of us who had been martyrs for the rest were chattering with cold. More than half had been sickened by the smoke or some other cause. No one had eaten much breakfast, as it is against all advice. Yet some, of course, were more cheerful than others. Part of these were to be among the first "quitters."

We rode our horses to the snow line, fourteen thousand feet high in the month of January, and there left them. Some were almost exhausted, so that they had been brought along only by leading and coaxing. All suffered from the cold, as they were accustomed to the plains below. Persons who knew said that going much beyond this point would be fatal to them.

Henceforth it was to be real climbing. The zigzag path was easy to follow with the eye, but painfully hard for already lagging feet. However, we kept along. I myself felt no other distress than this sensation of labor and a continued rebellion in my stomach.

After what seemed a very long time of our starting and halting, the sun came up out of the low country and showed itself. The angle from us was as if we viewed a cartwheel from a church steeple. Such a phenomenon in itself would have been curious enough to pay for some effort. But we were bent upon other things, those who still held out, so we gave it very brief attention. Adjusting our colored glasses, for we had been warned against the glare of a tropical sun upon the snow, we thrust our sandals into the path and kept on.

By this time it was pure doggedness with the best of us, and we had reached an altitude of some sixteen thousand feet. As the snow began to melt, the difficulty was increased. Often our foothold gave way so that the desperate climbing of a full long minute was lost by a single slip. The need

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of stopping to rest became more and more frequent. One man, indeed, a physician, about fifty years old, had been obliged from the first to lie down every few feet. Now he was far below most of us and it seemed useless for him to think even of reaching where we were. Yet he kept on.

When we were two-thirds of the way up my nausea, which I had attributed to the smoke, left me. The chief cause of this feeling is doubtless inequality of pressure upon the organs, and particularly failure of the heart to adjust itself to lessened resistance upon the arteries. With some climbers mere weariness probably accounts for more than they are aware.

Whatever had been the cause of my own ills, they were all forgotten when the break in the everlasting curve was actually seen; and when we had actually won the battle I felt like a war-horse. Others apparently did also; though some postal cards that we wrote did prove rather shaky.

Most of us carried our own blankets, barometers, and lunch-boxes all the way. After mere "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of general admiration, we attended first to the lunch-boxes, and afterward to the barometer and similar matters.

The crater of Popocatepetl is at the very middle of the perfect dome. Its rim is unbroken all around and is of nearly equal height, though the side at which we looked over is a little lower than the other. It was topped then by a smooth abrupt wall of hard snow about six feet high. From side to side it is fully six hundred yards—surprisingly large. It is more than five hundred feet deep and some two hundred yards wide at the bottom, where there is a sulphur lake. The color of this is green—not greenish like sea water, but green.

At several points in the side of the old crater are little holes as large as a man's wrist, from which sulphur smoke issues with an unpleasant, hissing noise. All the sides of the crater are decidedly warm, though not too hot to touch. We went down some little distance. We measured, guessed, commented, gazed, and wondered.

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Then we started toward the world again. When we were ten minutes downward, which would mean a good hour's distance in the opposite direction, we met Perez with the doctor and a school teacher in tow. He afterward succeeded in landing them at the top, though not within the hour.

Thus far scenic effects have hardly been mentioned. During the grim effort to get up we took little notice of them, beyond marveling at the sunrise so far below us. When at the summit, we could see less than must at times be possible, for there were cloud masses lower down. The impression of distance is not so great as on one New England mountain of local celebrity which rises a thousand feet above its surroundings. From such a petty height every distance and bulk is appreciated, and level fields seem to be very far below. They are not too far to seem far. But from old Popo the eye cannot measure by anything. Everything is gigantic and in equality of proportion, for the things below which are not gigantic are lost altogether. Yet the clouds and the snow, and the colors upon both, and the shapes of mountains, and the blue of the upper sky (for there is a lower sky also, to one who climbs)—all this gives a feeling not easily to be described nor soon forgotten. Two other snow-capped mountains stood in view above the vapors, Orizaba, a few feet higher than Popo, and Ixtaccihuatl, not quite so high. The valleys were so full of dense, perfectly white and level-lying clouds that it seemed every time we looked as if we could sit upon a straw mat and slide down the snow, across the snowy cloud reaches, and up the other side.

Most of the party did slide down on the snow crust, but two of us were obliged to walk for lack of a man with an ironbound stick to steer the craft. We walked when we did not run or sprawl, the guides calling after us, "*despacifto*" (a *teeny* bit slow!") at every jump or slip. Their caution was wise, no doubt, but we had lost all respect for

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them. We brought on ourselves more local soreness of muscles from this coming down than from going up; but we enjoyed the descent and arrived at the snow line soon after those who slid. In another half hour we were at the shanty.

Our goggles had not prevented some cases of inflammation from the glare; and sunburn is a mild word for what we suffered, but on the whole the hardships and difficulties were not so great as we had thought possible, for they were all such that we got over them. Popocatepetl, smooth, even dome that it is, is doubtless one of the easiest mountains on the globe upon which to reach so great a height. There are no glaciers, no treacherous ravines, none of the special terrors that attend mountain climbing elsewhere. One's trying experiences are likely to arise for the most part from within. However, he must be a hardened climber indeed to whom the ascent would appear commonplace.

Towns and More Towns

It would be resented by enthusiasts for each town if I should say that Morelia, to the northeast of Mexico City, in the state of Michoacan, and Guadalajara, three times its size, in the state of Jalisco, look in any way alike; that there are no differences worth noting between Guanajuato and Queretaro, capitals of two neighboring states of the same names to the north of the Federal District; or that between Aguas Calientes and San Luis Potosi, similarly related to two states in the next tier northward, though still four hundred miles from the border, one might be at a loss to distinguish. There are differences in setting, altitude, latitude, mean temperature, numerical population, and chief industries. Guadalajara has for sale its famous pottery, and Aguas Calientes its even better known Mexican drawn-work on linen. Guanajuato has its mint and its mines which do add landmarks to the surrounding hillsides, its really splendid theater, and its gruesome catacombs. In Queretaro they will show you a chapel on the site of Maximilian's execu-

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tion, and the remarkably rich church of Santa Rosa which claimed the enthusiastic praise of Charles Dudley Warner for its unsurpassed wood carving, its wealth of gold leaf decoration, and its beautiful paintings. There are the features of local pride and interest; but after all a description of one town, as seen by a northerner, would read very much like the description of another. One tires of those worthies, Cortez and Maximilian, after a time. If, as in the Queretaro church, one learns that a superb altar piece was burned not from public necessity, as Juarez ordered many things destroyed, but by the French in mere greed and wantonness, one's flagging interest revives. It is always stimulating to have something that one can resent.

On the whole, even the tourist is likely to imbibe something of the quiescent mood of the country. It is not inherent and peculiar to Mexicans; the animals have it. Though very little of a horseman, I have ridden young stallions in Mexico as unhesitatingly as I would ride old Dobbin on the New England farm, and with as little danger. I have gone through yards full of mules, and suffered no harm. They clatter in strings along the highways without a strap except the girth of the pack saddle, and driven by one small boy for a dozen or twenty mules. I never saw one show signs of viciousness. One will kick, naturally, if he gets his leg over a chain trace. Bulls are driven along the roads by children; at different times, on foot or on horseback, I have passed scores and they always gave me the road. The explanation I have never heard. One man says it is in the breeding; but why should breeding have happened to affect them all so—horses, mules, cattle? Another asserts that it is in the fodder—one feeding a day of barley and barley straw will not make an animal very spirited, he says. But on this same fodder the animals show remarkable strength and endurance and keep in condition if otherwise well treated. Neither do they show absence of life in its

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harmless demonstrations. The peculiarity is not due to uniformly humane treatment I can vouch, nor can animals be cowed by any crueler treatment there than some receive in the United States. Rattlesnakes around Lake Chapala almost never bite. It must be "the Mexican habit," which contrary to the usual idea, is non-aggressive. The tourist gets it, and becomes willing to sit in the central park of any typical Mexican town—the park is always there—and let life pass by for his delectation or enlightenment. This experience is about the same in any of the places mentioned.

There is a town, Pachuca, that deserves special description as unique. It has a park, but it has an almost perpetual cold wind, and frequent dust storms that make sitting in the park only an occasional enjoyment. It is in the bottom of a cup, with only one low side toward Mexico City, from which three railroads come out the sixty miles and terminate. Down the sides of this cup, in the rainy season, the water rushes till the streets, flooded from all sides, become rivers. Through a little gap in the high wall the northern winds rush in. In the dry season the people look eagerly for the rains, as their surrounding then is a desert. In the rainy season every afternoon makes them pray for the freshets to cease. Every morning is an amethyst above and an emerald under foot; but every afternoon from May to September the clouds blacken and the floods come. Market women have drowned in the streets. Forty thousand people live here, including perhaps a hundred Americans and the remnants of a colony of Cornish miners—tin miners they were in Cornwall—who lived here for thirty or forty years. One by one the Cornish families are going back home now to live henceforth on what Mexico has bestowed. And what makes the place? Silver. Silver and *pulque*. The only crop grown with any large success in the immediate neighborhood is the maguey, from which the national intoxicant is made. One English millionaire owes a large part of his fortune to his activity

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in *pulque,* and there are several members of his family personally the worse for too much use of it. Maguey was grown by the Indians before the Spaniards came, but silver is the chief local interest. There are about three hundred mines in the vicinity and some of them have been worked since early in the sixteenth century, till the output must be estimated in billions of dollars. The claim marks, the piles of tailings and "*tepetate*" (slag), the yawning mouths of tunnels, and the curious mine buildings lend variety to the precipitous hillsides. The silver that they yielded, until a few years ago went the sixty miles to Mexico by stage or mule train. As late as 1901 there was no bank, and paper money was unfamiliar. The Mexican silver dollar, the *peso,* then worth about forty-three cents, was almost the only familiar unit of value, and a man who had a month's salary about him, unless poorly paid, was grievously burdened. It was no uncommon sight to see a servant accompanying someone on his way to a business appointment literally staggering under a load of dollars. It is not quite true to say that this dollar was or is the only familiar unit. It is the official unit, the unit in business. But the market women cannot reckon in *pesos* nor in *centavos.* They hold by the old Spanish scheme of *real* (shilling), half-*real,* and quarter *real,* which runs into fractions. This, however, little irks them, for they sell only a *real's* or a *cuartillo's* worth at a time. If you want five times the amount you repeat the transaction five times. It is forbidden to buy or sell merchandise by any but the metric units or to reckon money by other than the decimal system. A weighing scale cannot be imported unless with whatever other markings it may have it bears the metric scheme of grammes, kilogrammes, etc. In the markets the law is relaxed seeing that it is hard for the common people to change, but in shops it is usually enforced. An inspector of weights and measures was in a small dry goods place when a boy asked for a *varra* (about a yard) of cloth. "We sell it by the meter, thirty *centavos.*" said

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the proprietor. "But I don't know *meter,*" protested the boy, "how much would a *varra* be?" "Well, a *varra* would be about twenty-five *centavos,*" vouchsafed the man. The boy asked for a *varra,* paid twenty-five *centavos,* and went out. "You are fined," said the inspector, "for selling cloth by the *varra.*" "How much am I fined?" asked the shopkeeper. "Twenty *reales,*" pronounced the inspector, half severely, half indulgently. "But you have imposed my fine in *reales,*" exclaimed the shopkeeper, "and therefore you are also fined," Both men laughed, neither fine was paid, and the inspector afterward told me the story on himself.

A Pleasant Ride

At ten one morning, though six would have been a better time, we left Pachuca on two hired horses, bound for Regla. An hour's riding over the famous road to Real del Monte, along which many a fabulous fortune of silver has gone by mule-cart, and whose sharp turns have witnessed many a bold bandit adventure, then a short canter across a flat, and we came to "the *Real.*"

A little way back we had seen a man wearing a blanket that we coveted for its rich colors and its characteristic Mexican design. Now, as we dismounted, he was coming into sight, and I went to greet him, with some compliments regarding the blanket. He was soon prompted to offer it for ten pesos (five dollars), and to explain how an old woman among the mountains of Puebla had woven it for him. For eight *pesos,* after some argument, the blanket was bought. It was well bundled and well wrapped, as its condition required, but we were sure that after thorough washing it would come out as beautiful as an Oriental rug, nor were we to be disappointed. Perhaps we ought to have paid the ten *pesos,* but we were not clear about it and there was no one to arbitrate.

Having greeted the native Protestant pastor and his wife, we went up the street a few doors to take dinner with

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"Aunt Mary," a good soul whose title of affection had become so familiar among English and American miners for fifty miles around that she was scarcely known, even at the postoffice, by any other name, and all the shopkeepers had learned to call her by the Spanish equivalent *"la tia Maria."* More than twenty years she had remained in this place, ten thousand feet high, where husband and brothers, miners all, had lost their lives, and where she was soon to end her own, though we did not know that the present meal was the last we should have with her. So, here and there, no doubt there are many solitary foreign women who stay to do good in a land where they have suffered.

The hottest two hours of the day being over, we took leave of "Aunt Mary," left a little contribution toward the charities that she was dispensing every day from slender means, and joined our friend the minister, who was going toward Regla as far as Velasco. Pleasant chatting carried us through Omitlan to his destination at Velasco, a little farm village among the mountains. Cornish "pasties," strong tea, and saffron cake full of plums, all pressed upon us by the bountiful *"tia Maria"* at noontime, now inclined us more to repose than to exertion. Rain, also, began to threaten, and we hesitated. Soon, however, we were to leave the republic, and Regla, so long heard about, might remain by us forever unvisited. So we kept on through San Antonio, turning to the right from that hamlet to the interesting and beautiful blue *"Ojo de Agua."* We retraced to San Antonio and took the opposite direction to Regla, arriving there at a quarter before five o'clock.

When we reached the gate of an old *hacienda* it was with half a feeling of distrust that we entered, being told that so we could best see the noted falls. Inside and at the left of the entrance is a venerable chapel. At the right of the entrance is an exceedingly quaint garden with steps leading up to a quainter balcony, which runs along the side of a great nondescript building and terminates in some-

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thing like a conservatory. Clearly there are living apartments beyond that, and pleasant they must be. From the office a courteous Spanish-looking young man came out, invited us to dismount, and told us that we could reach the falls only by walking. He furnished us a guide with keys and we started along a way which presently became a tunnel, then an arched and vaulted succession of underground chambers where smelting appears to have been done, then, emerging again after we had despaired of it, opened into a path along the edge of a ravine. Our guide told us naïvely that the subterranean passage was haunted, but that he himself had never seen anything ghostly. He assured us, however, that is *"una cosa muy espantosa"* (a very frightful thing").

Moving along the ravine, we came at last to a sight of two high natural walls, approaching each other at an angle; and gurgling and plunging down between them at their point of greatest nearness, a waterfall. This, though not wonderful in size or height, is a joyful thing to look at, and would in itself have repaid us for the journey. What attracted our attention most were the columns that form the two rocky converging walls. They are nearly perfect hexagonal prisms, basaltic in the popular sense, whether or not in the mineralogist's definition, and about three and one-half feet in diameter. Their height was not easy to determine, but I judged it to be some hundred and fifty feet. Most remarkable, I think, is a broken formation by which at one place not the sides but the smooth ends of the prisms are exposed to view, though considerably inclined upward. To the right and left of these are columns that stand erect, and above them are short stumps that are also perfectly upright.

The *hacienda,* church, and connected dwellings were built about a hundred years ago by the famous Count of Regla. The cost of construction may have been millions of dollars. Hours would be well spent in exploring the place,

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for which we had only minutes. This Count of Regla was the rich man who endowed the National Pawn Shop of Mexico. He it was who lent the Spanish crown a million *pesos* and offered if the king would visit him to pave the coach road with silver for his coming.

Again on horseback, having given our thanks to the Spanish-looking young man and our *peseta* to the guide, we started homeward.

The country from Regla to Omitlan is as unlike the barren Pachuca plain and hillsides as could well be. Cattle are grazing, crops are growing luxuriantly, the road has a consistency of genuine earth under foot, and there is green everywhere. The peasants' huts are cleaner and much more comfortable, the simple costumes of carriers and donkey drivers give signs of acquaintance with water, here and there are little shady groves where rabbits skip; and all is a picture of simple, rural prosperity. Velasco and Omitlan, but for the Indian blankets and wide hats and the low style of buildings, are like contented, hill-surrounded farm villages at home.

One slope as we came along startled us by what seemed to be multitudes of glaring lights. They proved to be the points of a thousand maguey pants, wet with a little shower that was all the outcome of earlier cloudy threatenings, and now all aglow with red reflection from the setting sun. I had seen windows lighted up so, but never anything in nature. The flash of a thousand polished spears could not have been more brilliant.

Still later, for night was approaching, we looked through the notch in the mountains beyond which we knew was Real del Monte, and saw framed between their dark masses that beautiful constellation, the Southern Cross, which has an additional charm for the fancy because from our latitude at home it is never seen. This cluster of beacons was before us continually as we galloped along the shadowy roads for an hour, finally slacking rein and breath

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within a few moments' ride of "the Real." On Saturday night there is just enough chance of slightly unpleasant encounters to make a spice in the after recollection. It is only twenty years since all this neighborhood was thoroughly infested by bandits. Now the worst fear is of some drunken miner who might give trouble.

A little before eight o'clock we were again with our friends in their pretty flower-hidden parsonage, where we were to spend the night.

An incident of one trip to Real del Monte has always returned to me with a peculiar pathos. On a high hill overlooking "The Real," where it can be seen for miles around is the cemetery of the English people of Pachuca and Real del Monte, enclosed by a white wall. It has been there now for more than a generation, and there are graves enough to keep each other company. I happened along as a child's funeral was approaching and waited to attend. From the foot of the hill the coffin is always carried up by two sets of bearers, alternating as often as they need. No hired person ever touches a shovel to a grave. All such labor is performed by friends and neighbors, which is peculiarly significant in this country where no white man does manual work. On this particular occasion all the children of the colony, between fifty and a hundred, attended, dressed in black and white and carrying wreaths. While no lover of funerals I have remembered this one as signifying the group unity of fellow-countrymen in a strange land. I felt as if something almost traitorous were being done when last spring, ten years later, I found all the prosperous families of the colony going home. A rather melancholy fact for the less prosperous who remain! They will become identified with the new American colony that is growing up, and as a consoling tie some of their former neighbors will still be represented by sons and daughters to whom England is not home, and who, though jealously claiming citizenship as Britons, find that they cannot be happy away from the

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land of their birth. Strange ramifications of interest and sentiment indeed, come of life in a foreign country.

VI. The West and North--Homeward.

TWO young friends of mine who were going from eastern New York to Mexico thought California so little out of their way that they would be foolish not to include it in their journey, which they did. They got a check cashed in San Francisco and made a new beginning; a railway ticket to Mexico City costs more from San Francisco than from Toronto. To infer that Mexico has a long coast line on the west will not be going astray. Those who are fresh from school geography will disdain the weakness of mere inference here; and you may feel about equally superior if you have lately referred to a map. My friends were describing almost an equilateral triangle, so that after three thousand miles of travel they found themselves little nearer their destination than before.

Maps and other sources of indirect knowledge are likely to play a larger part in our acquaintance with the sections of the republic not yet visited. Whoever has seen as much as the foregoing chapters cover will find his allotted time well toward its end, else he is no mere winter tourist. He may be the prospective author of some first-hand studies among the aborigines of "Unknown Mexico," or of investigations concerning the economic and social conditions which have lately been characterized under the strong phrase, "Barbarous Mexico," or of learned disquisitions on fauna and flora, on geology, on archaeology, or what not. He may be an intending settler, a prospector or a dawdler. He may be well enough in his way; but to the brisk and somewhat careless traveler he is of course no companion.

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Toward home then we shall be gradually making our way, alert for any thought of somebody else that may help us to generalize, sympathetic and intelligent now toward many things that a little while back we dismissed simply as barbarous, by an insidious process turned students of prosaic books of reference during odd hours upon train or in hotel, finding nothing dull which broadens our acquaintance with this country of our travel. It has become the way of the three-months' visitor "to love that well which he must leave ere long."

Customs and Comparisons

There is very much, we discover, that we should like to have got at first hand but must now gather in these secondary ways. Familiarity with the bull fight will not be one of them, for whoever wants to see a bull fight has opportunity enough. The writer of these papers is unacquainted from choice. Those to whom the romantic traditional associations obscure the actualities of the thing and who can think back to the old tournament jousts during the performance may enjoy it. Those who wish to read about it are advised to take Mr. Arthur M. Huntington's "Notebook in Northern Spain," Miss Katherine Lee Bates's "Spanish Highways and By Ways" or any one of a number of books in which it figures; including the Mexican guide books. To some it is only an exhibition of a poor old horse being impaled or having his entrails gored out by a tortured animal that would gladly be let alone—sickening and revolting. Many American men who carry an air of bravado on their travels and want to see what is to be seen are unable to sit through one killing. Mexicans apologize for the institution even while they admit they enjoy it, and say that it is sure to disappear though its death is slow. The morbid curiosity of foreigners helps to perpetuate it. I never heard a Mexican silly enough to argue that it is "less brutalizing than football" though some Americans have so argued. The in-

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fliction of bodily injury or pain is no object in football unless to some player unworthy of the game—certainly not to the spectator—while in bull fighting the glee of the whole matter is the glee of killing. If the bull fighter himself suffers the sport is all the better for that.

Many comparisons of various kinds at first made to the detriment of Mexico are afterward revised. With writers about Mexico the "palm shack" and the "mud hut" are favorite objects of contempt. The bamboo and paper house of the Japanese is appreciated but the Mexican palm shack, which may be a cousin to it, is still treated with derision or disgust. Yet the palm shack has its merits. It affords excellent ventilation where ventilation is desirable; and if it is not always of marked cleanliness, neither are the places where men and women starve among us at home. At its best it may be very inviting. The "mud hut," that is the adobe house, is certainly the kind I should build in Mexico if I could spend only two or three thousand dollars on a dwelling. It is fire-proof, earthquake resisting, warm in winter, cool in summer, highly durable, and, when plastered, capable of being colored and re-colored to suit the taste of the occupants at small expense. I have mentioned one in Oaxaca that is 250 years old and still good.

Whoever speaks of Mexico as a benighted country does not refer to the method of lighting her towns. A direct change from the candle lantern to the electric arc took place there while only the most progressive American towns had as yet adopted electric lighting. As Mexico had no natural gas, no known supply of native coal from which to make gas, and no oil except what was imported, there was every stimulus to develop her many slender but high waterfalls from which abundant electric current could be generated. Part of the lacks named above have since been filled; though domestic coal is still not abundant, and so iron, of which there are considerable deposits, especially in Durango, is smelted at a disadvantage and in limited

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quantities. Monterey has the largest and most modern plant, where even heavy Bessemer steel rails are made.

The Mexicans as a people are artistic in temperament and intellectual when given a chance. In an imitative way they are clever at all sorts of handicrafts. They have less mechanical ability than Americans, less business invention or initiative, and less general practicality. The representative Mexican physician, I believe, knows as much of the theory of his profession as the American physician, and has done more reading aside from his profession; but for applying his knowledge to cases commend me to the American. I have known of some unfortunate experiences with Mexican doctors and particularly surgeons for whom as men of culture and of intellect I had great respect. The same characteristics appear in the trades. A Mexican carpenter can do nothing for you which requires ingenuity; but if he makes you a plain chest he will insist on making it better than the American carpenter would think worth while.

Mexicans on their part are as likely to think us better than we are as to think us worse. A native preacher of really admirable attainments after spending a winter in New York gave an account of his impressions. It was extremely interesting but also amusing to some American hearers because of the way in which he lauded us for merits that we do not possess. The extreme courtesy of everybody in New York was one subject of comment with him. New York policemen, he observed, are not armed except with a stick, and have no need to be. That there are some speakers and writers who regard Americans as mere exploiters of their country cannot be denied, and while one-sided their view has an element of truth. Americans own some of the henequin plantations of Yucatan; Americans control mines where labor is as much oppressed and safety of life as little regarded as ever under Spanish management; American policy of finance has compelled a constant apology or defense of the Mexican government when it was indefensible and so

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made us enemies of progress among our southern neighbors.

There are of course no end of customs and objects which do not lend themselves to any comparison at all but which one remembers and would like to describe. One is the celebration of Christmas. The *puestos* or special Christmas markets are interesting but I have reference more to the *Posada,* which translated means "the inn." A shrine is set up, and the manger, the divine babe, Mary, and Joseph are represented as well as other figures or incidents pertaining to the life of Christ. Some of the company remain inside while others forming a procession outside sing or chant their supplication for admittance. This is denied, also in song, nine times, symbolizing the failure of Mary and Joseph to find lodging, but on the tenth time it is granted, after which the remainder of the solemnity is held before the shrine. A less serious part of the ceremony comes with the giving of gifts, which are likely to be figures in the forms of dancers, clowns, or animals, filled with candy or other dainties. Some larger figures of earthenware are hung from the ceiling and blindfolded members of the party hit at them with sticks, the aim being to make sudden distribution of the contents.

Another curious custom belongs to the Easter season. On Saturday of the *semana santa* (Easter week) at an appointed hour, Judas the betrayer is burned with great demonstration. I saw him suffer, representatively, in front of several *pulque* shops on the day which I recall. Announcement beforehand will have gathered a considerable crowd at each place. From the roof or upper window of the shop, a rope is made fast to some opposite building. In proper time the man who is to manage the affair shows himself and slackens the rope so that it is within reach from the ground. Then Judas is borne out and greeted by shouts and the waving of many small paper banners which have been distributed by some merchant, perhaps the keeper of the shop, and which bear an advertisement of his wares.

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Judas makes plain at once that some humor is admitted to the occasion. He is sure to have grotesque features, usually with a large and well colored nose, like those of our comic valentines. Not infrequently he has a high hat and always a coat that is "to laugh at." He may have been given an old basket, or a great empty gourd, or some cast-off garment to sling across his arm to make him more ludicrous. If his ordeal is to be before a shoe shop instead of a "drinkery" then he will probably have a pair of shoes or a hat which will be coveted by the people below. So far as I have observed Judas always keeps a cheerful air through the whole ceremony, until the fatal end, when of course he can no longer preserve any air at all.

Hurriedly taken to the middle of the street, the curious figure is hung upon a rope, a fuse in the region of his coat-tail is lighted, and the rope drawn tight again. Judas begins to revolve merrily, much to the enjoyment of the crowd. Then some explosive in his inward parts takes action, and all that is external, being of paper, is either blown to tatters or quickly consumed.

Once again the rope is lowered and scores of loud-hooting boys charge at the flimsy skeleton of Judas, which still remains dangling. Perhaps, for mischief, it is jerked out of reach again once or twice. But it is soon caught, and every boy of the howling company makes wild efforts to get at least some splinter as a trophy. Doubly triumphant is he who clutches the one thing of value that poor Judas possessed, whether that may have been shoes, hat, or some other piece of apparel. In an instant all is over, and the crowd begins to disperse, every one with a satisfied look.

This performance was doubtless attended, generations ago, with great religious fanaticism. Now there is nothing of the sort, though it is participated in by only the most ignorant of the people. There seems to be no more thought of symbolism than in our eating of Easter eggs, and no more sentiment than in most of our Fourth of July noise. It only

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shows that the half-clothed and half-civilized native *peones* and their families have as much barbaric love of demonstration as we. For a stranger, however, it is full of curious interest and suggestion.

Western Coast Towns

The map and the guide book—for we must resume our journey—will tell us that even more than our own country, Mexico has been slow to develop along its western slope. Acapulco, some three hundred miles north of Salina Cruz, has a harbor generally conceded to be the best natural port in America, and one of the finest in the world, offering without man's effort advantages for which substitutes have been so costly at Vera Cruz and Tampico. Acapulco is completely land-locked, with high protecting hills, and amid characteristic tropical scenery. Some dredging is needed to make it of use for the largest steamers. Here the galleons of the old Spanish traders used to put in, and the buccaneers that pursued them. Fortifications were built in the seventeenth century, and for more than a hundred years this was the entry port for all the traffic of Spain not only with her Philippine possessions but also with India. Cargoes were unloaded, packed across the isthmus about four hundred miles to Vera Cruz, and re-shipped. But of late a port without a railroad could not flourish, so Acapulco has not greatly prospered. The Cuernavaca division of the Mexican Railway is being extended, and when it reaches the coast Acapulco will assume importance. Manzanillo, already having railway connections over the "Central" by way of Guadalajara, but lacking complete harbor protection as yet, is another port destined to grow. San Blas, yet a little to the north, then Mazatlan, and last, half way up the east side of the Gulf of California, Guaymas, make a succession of harbors most of which are too shallow for large vessels, but all capable of being deepened, well protected, or capable of being made so, and extremely beautiful. Absence of rail-

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road facilities, which are just now being provided, has left undisturbed in these towns a great deal that is quaint, while being on the coast, they have slowly gathered strange accretions of life from every quarter of the globe. You may sit in the plaza and study them. There are more various breeds of people than in the interior and more variously mixed. Over there is a Chinaman with the bundle of linen that seems the attribute of a Chinaman the world over; and those girls just beyond moving along with a gait that is half glide and half waddle might be his daughters. They are more probably the daughters of some Chinese shopkeeper who plainly has a Mexican (Indian) wife. Of complexion they have rather more than either of their parents are likely to have had of a decided pink with a waxy cream color. You do not know after looking twice whether to call them pretty or repellent; but they look clean, healthy, and satisfied with life.

The negroes that pass now and then do not differ much in appearance from those to be seen in the Carolinas, though most of them, if you listen, are talking Spanish.

This mother with three children is a mongrel looking female—one may say it with slight shame and not unkindly since no other phrase describes a jaded creature in whom the Aztec, the African, and the Iberian are all mingled, and if not badly mingled have still not fortified her to make more than sad, persevering battle with life and frequent maternity. But do you notice how immaculate are the starched clothes of the three children and how almost pathetically clean her own cheap garments? Have you any notion how much work is involved to make the integuments of four as clean as that? Your laundry bills may at times have given you a hint that did not belittle it. And this woman has either devoted such an amount of work for today's outing or paid someone yet poorer to do it. Smile if you will as she sends one of her progeny back to the *dulce* man with a goody that he has already begun to enjoy but

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Pyramid at Cholula, with Church on Summit

Cholula. Pyramid from Farther Side

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Puebla Cathedral

San Luis Potosi

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"Portales" and Church in Aguascalientes

Puebla

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Central Plaza, Pachua

Real del Monte. English Cemetery on Lower of Two Hills

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Guadalajara Cathedral

Guadalajara

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Approach to a Mine—Guanajuato

Guanajuato

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Lake Chapala

Chihuahua

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Torreon

Monterey

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which she fears is not wholesome, and the *dulce* man, with the universal politeness of the land submits to an exchange. So you might smile if you could witness the housekeeping of this mother of a family. More scrubbing will be done in a week than we might think necessary for a month; but the tolerance of all kinds of filth within arm's length of the door, unless some public authority looks after it, is a thing to admire. She is cleanly, but she does not know what sanitation means. She has a craving for beauty as the personal bedeckments of the family attest; but she has neither cultured tastes nor the unspoiled instinct for simplicity of some of her ancestors. She has a spark of aspiration after various things if only her aspiration were well directed and she were not so fragile a piece of yellow clay.

That *peon* on the other side of the walk is *borracho,* which being interpreted means drunk—very drunk. The well meaning young fellow of his own class who shakes him and is greeted with a muddled but emphatic protest, wishes to save him if possible from being helped away by a policeman. "You don't want a trip to the *Valle Nacional,* do you?" he inquires in answer to the protest; and the name has a sobering effect. Unless you have been reading books you will not know what the *Valle Nacional* is; but the *borracho* has an idea. The name is burned in on his mind so that even an excess of *pulque* or other drink does not wholly obliterate it. It is the place, so he believes, where a fellow arrested for being disorderly may find himself consigned to help raise some of the best tobacco in the world, under such climate and conditions that he will not last for more than one crop. The poor people have their bugaboos, many of which are unsubstantial, and *Valle Nacional* is one of them. The army is another, and the army has shown itself decidedly unsubstantial on occasions. Why not, if composed of men to whom it was a bugaboo until it became an unwelcome reality?

This woman with the powder so thick on her face and

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the ludicrous grandee air is the wife of some small merchant of European or mixed blood and the young Indian girl, so much superior to her in physique, in comeliness, and in apparent interest in life, is her servant.

Western Mexico has two beautiful lakes which might have been named along with the cities of Morelia and Guanajuato some time ago. One is Patzcuaro, dutifully described by almost every writer because of the painting of the descent from the cross at Tzintzuntzan attributed to Titian, Cabrera, Ibarra, and other great or lesser artists. The companion lake, Chapala, is the largest in Mexico and the most popular for vacations. Both lakes are full of fish and haunted by game and song birds. Both are high and have a delightful climate.

Among the sierras of the west live tribes of Indians acknowledging no allegiance to the Mexican government, little touched by any religion except that of their forefathers, little altered in customs or life by contact with white men, and thousands of them unable to speak Spanish. They differ markedly in type, one tribe from another, there being one popularly called *Chinos* by the Mexicans because of their Mongolian appearance.

Homeward Routes

On paper, that is in books planned so as not to need revision for two or three years, railroad connection is complete from Guanajuato all the way up the coast through the ports and beyond to Nogales, Arizona. In fact there are gaps as yet in the southern part. For the immediate present the tourist will choose a route farther eastward. There are three principal routes from the capital to the United States; one by Zacatecas, Torreon, and Chihuahua to El Paso, Texas; one turning a little eastward at Torreon to Eagle Pass, Texas; and one still farther to the east by way of Monterey, entering the United States at Laredo, Texas. Each of the American border cities has its Mexican

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neighboring town just over the line: for Nogales, Arizona, Nogales in Sonora; for El Paso, Texas, Juarez in Chihuahua; for Eagle Pass, Texas, Ciudad Porfirio Diaz in Coahuila; for Laredo, Texas, Neuvo Laredo in Tamaulipas.

Mention ought to be made of Durango, a fine city of 40,000 inhabitants, which is reached by a side trip of six to seven hours southwestward from Torreon, which with an altitude of six thousand feet has a delightful climate, and about which is an interesting region but little developed. The country is mountainous and full of mineral deposits. Fish and game abound.

Zacatecas, hidden in a ravine between silver-bearing mountains, has a population of thirty-five thousand and is noted for mining, for churches, and for nearness to some interesting ruins, La Quemada. The climate is not one of the attractions though the scenery has a barren beauty. A trip to a mine is sometimes made part of a visit here. My own acquaintance with silver mines happens to have been made at another famous camp but essentials would not differ. A tram car drawn by mules is the most likely conveyance from town. Stone or plastered and whitewashed monuments on the hillside indicate the boundaries of the "claim." When the actual buildings are reached, the departments working above ground are too numerous to mention—offices, assaying rooms, sorting, grinding, washing, packing rooms, blacksmithing and repair shops, smelters, etc. Many of the cripples of the industry find employment in these super-terranean departments. The man who drives nails in that "skip" is blind of one eye, the man who turns the wheel over there at the bellows is totally blind, and yonder you may notice a poor fellow standing on a wooden prop which serves as a leg. These are natives. But here comes a young Englishman from the chief office who lost his arm only six months ago through some mishandling or imperfection of a machine. You have bespoken a pleasure about as grim as visiting the forge of Hephæstus. Along with the blind and

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the cripples, you look every moment for dwarfs and giants. Now enter through the long tunnel where you see the little flat cars issuing drawn by mules, and keep close to your guide. The walls of the tunnel are part masonry, part natural rock. When you reach the far end of this nearly horizontal tunnel, you are already far under a hill. The elevator or "cage" will take you up the shaft to the surface, or down to lower and lower levels. Notice the great pumping engine lifting thousands of gallons of gray mine water per minute night and day and always under careful watch, to keep the whole enterprise from being submerged. In some places you would still find only bull hides, roughly sewed and used as buckets, strings of them being hauled to the surface; but you are visiting a somewhat modernized establishment. There are sixteen different levels, one below the other, to which you may plunge in this cage of yours, till your technical friend tells you you are only a petty two or three thousand feet above sea level and your sensations tell you that hell cannot be far below. Along every level run narrow shafts, broadened wherever rich ore has appeared in quantity. Along every shaft crouch men and little children, half naked, under their dripping loads. Over each group of Indian laborers is a Mexican, an English, or quite possibly an American boss, his lamp, a candle, stuck upon his hat with soft clay. He himself does no work except in emergency—no white man in Mexico above or below ground does manual work—but even so his position does not provoke envy. Heat, blackness of thick darkness, strange half-muffled, reverberant sounds, a sense of pressure in the ears and of deadly weight upon the lungs, a saturating drip, drip at every turn, and confused glimpses now and then of human figures at toil—this is about all that the casual visitor to a mine can record. Above ground again you may watch to see how the workers emerge and will see them riding upon an open "skip"—not a "cage" this time—some standing upon the low edge and reaching over to cling to the rope

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by which the car is hoisted. Deaths, you are told, are only moderately numerous, the greatest numbers being on Mondays or following feast days when *pulque* has been imbibed. The Mexican laborer is not lazy on a work day, but if free to do so he must observe all the festivals and memorials, for he is a creature of custom. The mules that you see mixing the great *torta* (cake) of amalgam out there are not creatures of custom and do not observe holidays nor die with incontinent suddenness; but they have shockingly sore legs from the effect of vitrol in the mixture. They are relieved, when too much affected to turn the great rolling stone that grinds the ore. You may console yourself that modern stamp mills are displacing this invention of 1557 as well as some of the uses of human labor just shown you. And yet there are to this day also mines where *peones* toil to the surface upon notched tree trunks for ladders, denied even the perilous aid of the "skip."

Torreon, with a population of fourteen thousand, has its chief distinction in being a railway junction as already indicated. An accident to our train made me acquainted with it, and I found it a good deal Americanized. Chihuahua is even more so, being nearer the border, and is twice as large. Silver smelters—for still we are in the region of rich silver mines—iron foundries, and factories give it a modern air. Hidalgo, the "Author of Mexican Liberty," was put to death here in 1811. Though the city of Chihuahua is chiefly famous for the raising of a useless and sickly kind of dog, it is the capital of a state larger than Ohio and Pennsylvania combined. This area is sparsely populated by Tarahumare Indians, the best runners in the world, and by miners and ranchmen many of whom are Americans. It is the old sister state of Texas, and like it in having vast regions devoted to cattle raising. Lumbering and silver mining are also among the industries.

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On the Border

A writer in a religious weekly not long ago spoke of the twentieth century as being on one side of the Rio Grande, and the sixteenth on the other. No one would expect this to be the case and yet one is constantly surprised to find how little it is so. Monterey is about as American a city as San Antonio, and San Antonio lacks little of being as Mexican as Monterey. The baggage man, the customs agent, and lately, by reason of a decree, the train conductor also are of quite different types on the two sides of the line; and from these one might easily generalize. But an article by Charles Moreau Harger in the *Outlook* for January 25th, 1911, apropos of the admission to statehood of Arizona and New Mexico, reveals that on the American side from Brownsville, Texas, to San Diego, California, the "twentieth century" is only blended with the sixteenth. From the Gulf to the Pacific, the quiet, non-official population who have nothing to do with large affairs but are so important in any prophecy regarding the future character of a region, has a considerable residue of the Mexican to whom the whole southwest once belonged. He is the "native," here as in Mexico itself. Forty-one per cent of the population of New Mexico are Spanish American; there are 135,000 of them in this one state. How many more are of mixed blood would be hard to guess but the number is certainly large.

The Mexican as a rule is without strong national or racial antipathies. Says a friend of mine who has studied the subject for years: "They are the amalgamators of all races. Large numbers of the poorer Mexicans are coming to the United States now and by intermarriage will do much to solve the negro problem and the Indian problem. What the final race will be I cannot predict but my observation makes me think it will be good. There are at present about as many Mexicans as there are American negroes in this southern strip; and the amalgamation can be seen all along the border, especially in San Antonio, Texas. There is a

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city by itself in San Antonio where all the breeds may be studied by anyone who will take the trouble." As well as the poor, some Mexican families of means and culture have always remained in the United States since the border was shifted southward to include them.

On the other hand, the aggressive American is in evidence on the southern as well as the northern side of the border, occupying the positions in which initiative and the ability to manage would naturally place him. Nor is he the only modifying influence. "From all these colonies in the United States Mexicans and mixed bloods who have got a little American education are constantly going back to Mexico along with the Americans who go looking for land. The flow southward will increase now that the free land in the United States is nearly all taken. The Roosevelt Dam and other projects, and the statehood of Arizona and New Mexico will hasten the movement. The national line has little effect to stop it. Already American influence is increasing all the way southward to Colombia, South America."

Last Words

No, it is not true that the Rio Grande makes a barrier four centuries wide. We have a quite immediate reason for being interested in a people who are so destined to affect us and to be affected by us. They recognize the future and are preparing for it; English is taught in all their schools and hundreds of their young people are studying in various institutions in the United States. It behooves us to know what kind of people they are. "They are all gentlemen of the deadly knife or the too ready pistol," says one. "The Mexican of position is an adroit and plausible rascal. The poor Mexican is a petty thief. They are polite, but their politeness means nothing. A Northerner can never understand them; and they do not wish him to."

Now it is true that the carrying of arms is more common in Mexico than among us, though less common than

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a few years ago. That is not a race characteristic, but belongs to a state of society, as it did in the pioneer days of our own West. I doubt whether we, less accustomed to have weapons at fingers' ends, should be more restrained in the use of them if they became fashionable ornaments among us.

It is true that not all Mexicans of brains are honest; but when the system under which business and government have been done is taken into account the standards of honesty that prevail are commendable. It is true that parasites have occupied very many of the public offices; but Mexico is not alone in that reproach. A son of a governor in one state drew a salary as instructor at an institute where he seldom or never appeared; and meanwhile an underling was paid a miserable pittance to do the work. Some Americans in the town characterized this arrangement in a way that doubtless it deserved; but they did not compare it with our system of appointing first and second-class postmasters to a sinecure and paying an assistant rather meanly to conduct the office. The governor's son was only taking advantage of an analogous corrupt system against which it is true he ought to have set himself resolutely as a good citizen. About the same time, in the same town, another young Mexican of the same social set was dissolving a highly lucrative partnership and going out to make a place for himself in a new community because he said he wished to be an honest man. The ingenious conclusion is that Mexicans are both honest and dishonest. There are petty thieves among the poor and the unfortunate, naturally. As everywhere, their number depends a good deal on the extent and degree of misery that prevails, and on the measures taken to discourage their activity. As for veracity, it has its different codes and interpretations. A young man who was studying English in a private class said to the teacher, "The hours of my work have changed so that I can no longer attend." Two days later he made a special errand to say, "I have lied to you. My friends tell me that you Americans are very literal, and that with you, if I mean

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to be truthful, I must tell the exact truth. Now the fact is that I have lost my employment and cannot afford to pay for more lessons at present. I hope to come back within a few days or weeks." The Mexican is not literal. But considerable acquaintance with him does not make me think him especially given to deceiving others to their hurt. That he is polite cannot be denied. If you meet a stranger or a procession of them on any highway not a city street, there will be none so lowly or so haughty that he will not look to exchange greetings with you. A baggage man will not bellow "One side!" but will call instead, "With your permission, Señor!" If you have business dealings with a Mexican, he may not always have your interest foremost in his mind; but to treat you with a manner lacking in consideration would be to violate his own breeding. There are a great many humorous and entirely true stories of the courteous airs with which gentlemen of the cross-roads used to divest travelers of their belongings. One relates that a bandit asked an American if he would graciously condescend to favor him with "a light." The American answered that it would be his greatest pleasure. Before his action was comprehended, he had thrust the cool end of his cigarette into the barrel of the small revolver that he was carrying ready in hand, and thrust the other end up to the mouth of the suppliant Latin. The only part of this story that is not characteristic is the slowness of the bandit. But if the Mexican is polite it ought not to be imputed to him for evil as he inherited it from both his Spanish and his Aztec ancestors, and it works no inconvenience to anyone except in the fact that politeness is looked for in return. The American railroad man has largely eliminated himself from the republic not because he was inefficient but because he carried an air of contempt which, while it did not always reflect his actual feelings did always offend the sensitive native. I have had grateful evidence that the politeness referred to is not always hollow. And I recall what an elderly English-

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man told me of his experience. He had made a fortune and had lost it all again. "And who do you suppose came and offered me help to get back on my feet?" he said. "Not any of the Englishmen that I had known from boyhood and some of whom could have done it easily, but two of the Mexicans whose high compliments I had never thought meant anything more than an extravagant habit. I tell you, they showed themselves men and friends, and I have never forgotten it." The politeness of the poor has at least so much substance that you will constantly see them share their scant meals of *tortillas* and do other acts of kindness toward the roadside beggars. They have no organized charities to take care of worthy cases and it is to be feared many unworthy cases share in the bounty.

The writer in the *Outlook* mentioned above quotes the owner of a one-hundred-thousand-acre ranch in New Mexico as saying, "I have bought tens of thousands of sheep from Mexican shepherds without a written contract and never had one fail to do as he agreed, which is more than I can say for American stock owners." He quotes Judge John R. McFie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico, thus: "Nowhere have I found better jurors or men with a higher sense of justice than the Mexicans. I have tried murder cases where the defendants were Mexicans and every member of the jury was of that nationality, yet have always found the verdict fairly given and conviction has followed regularly if the testimony warranted. They are good citizens, are fair minded, and adhere to the Court's instructions more closely than any other jurors I have found. Probably there are more defendants of this race than of Americans, proportionately to the population, but their offenses are mostly of a minor sort."

Remember that this relates chiefly to poor Mexicans of the laboring class, though as once indicated above there are also many cultured and intelligent Mexicans who have preferred never to leave the United States. Is it not gratuitous

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to assume that such people are incapable of democratic self-government if given fair education and a chance? Yet such has been the assumption of the American press generally during the revolution of 1910-1911. Not until its close, indeed, did the American press acknowledge that there was a revolution. The *Public*, in its issue of June 9, 1911, says: "In less than a year after all the great newspapers were assured that there was no revolution in Mexico nor reason for one—assured into silence,—they are obliged to report the complete overthrow of Diaz by a revolution that was in full vigor while they ignored it. Was this poor journalism? Or what?"

Unmistakably the revolution has progressed even while these chapters have been in preparation. The Mexico that exists today, politically, I have never visited. I never heard of the men who have come into power till a few weeks or months ago. It was hard for any Mexican to be generally heard of who did not belong to Diaz's group. In March, 1911, when I visited the city of Oaxaca a local engineer was in prison for disseminating treasonable ideas, as the government regarded them. Others arrested at the same time had repudiated or apologized for their acts and were promised pardon; but he declared that he wished only for ability to have made his agitation more effective. So his friends told me that he would doubtless be stood up against a wall to face a firing squad. Yesterday I received a letter saying that our friend the engineer is now *jefe politico* of the city and that the District Superintendent of the native Methodists is his *apoderado* (deputy). Only those somewhat familiar with the violent prejudice and opposition to Protestant work in Oaxaca during the past can appreciate this latter fact. But while my reader cannot find this so exciting as it is to me, not having talked with the distracted friends and relatives, yet the engineer's ups and downs may illustrate how complete a reversal has taken place in a short time. Not many months ago the leader of the revolution, Francisco

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Madero himself, was in prison. On the 7th of June at his entrance to the capital, he was given such an ovation as probably no other Mexican ever received.

Whether the friends of representative government shall remain uppermost will depend very much on the good faith and genuine patriotism of a few individuals. This is always so at a critical time. Who knows but that Washington might have been able to establish a military despotism here? Fortunately, though generals and soldiers have gallantly participated, Mexico owes its present new chance, not to any general primarily, but to a popular uprising and to Francisco Madero. To General Reyes no great credit is due. When called on to risk something and help, he failed to respond. Madero is no military hero. He is a civilian. His leadership is a moral leadership and signifies a national faith in the possibility of a genuine civil government for the nation. All sincere democrats will wish him well and hope for firm establishment of the principles of Juarez.

If democratic government fails it will be because some powerful man is a traitor to the people; and if no such man arises within the next year or two, the cause will be reasonably safe. Whatever the outcome, be assured that there is a general and sincere longing among the people for the establishment of liberty, a genuine respect for law, and a full consciousness of the necessity for order and submission to the sovereign will. Sometime, too, if not at present, these things will be achieved. The Indian patience waits long but does not forget its object. Perhaps something of the old high dauntlessness of the Spaniard ought also to be separately acknowledged in the Mexican spirit. Or perhaps it should all be recognized simply as humanity aware of itself. For it Mexican men by the hundred have willingly languished in prison. Mexican women have offered their bodies as food for starving soldiers. For over a century it has persisted, often obscured but never quenched; and in the end it will not be denied.

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Pronouncing Vocubulary

Acapulco	Ah-ka-pool'-koh
Acolhuas	Ah-koh-loo'-ahs
adobe	ah-doh'-bay
Aguas Calientes	Ah'-gwahs Ka-lee-ayn'-tays
Alameda	Ah-lah-may'-dah
Amecameca	Ah-may-kah-may'-kah
Americano	Ah-may-ree-kah'no
Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna	Ahn-toh'-nee-oh Loh'-pays day Sang'-tah Ah'-nah
apoderado	ah-poh-day-rah'-doh
Augustin de Iturbide	Ow-goos-teen' day Ee-toor-bee'-day
avenida	ah-vay-nee'-dah
Benito Juarez	Bay-nee'-toh Hoo-ah'-rays
Berda	Bohr'-dah
borracho	bohr-rahch'-oh
Cabrera	Kah-bray'-rah
Casas Grandes	Kah'-sahs Grahn'-days
Calderon de la Barca	Kahl-day-rohn' day lah Bahr'-kah
Campeche	Kahm-pay'-chay
Cervantes	Sayr-vahn'-tays
Chac Mol	Tchak Mohl'
Chavala	Tchah-pah'-lah
Chapultepec	Tchah-pool'-tay-pek
Chichimecs	Tchee-chee-meks'
Chihuahua	Tchee-wah'-wah
Chinos	Tchee'-nohs
Chivela	Tchee-vay'-lah
Cholula	Tchoh-loo'-lah
Ciudad	See-yoo-dahd'
Coahuila	Kwah-wee'-lah
Coatzacoalcos	Kwaht-zoh-kwahl'-kohs
Colhuas	Koh-loo'-ahs
Como no, Senor?	Koh'-moh noh Sayn-yohr'?
conquistadores	kohn-kees-tah-doh'-rays
Cordoba	Kohr'-doh-bah
Cordova	Kohr'-doh-vah
Cortez (Fernando)	Kohr'-tays (Fayr-nahn'-doh)
Cuauhtemoc	Khwah-tay-mok'
Cuautla	Kwowt'-lah
cuartillo	kwahr-tee'-yoh
Cuernavaca	Kwayr-nah-vah'-kah
De Leon	Day Lay-ohn'
despacito	day-spah-see'-toh
Diligencias	Dee-lee-hayn'-see-ahs
Dons	dohns
dulce	dool'-say
Durango	Doo-rahn'-goh
Echave	Ay-tchah'-vay
El Dorado	Ayl Doh-rah'-doh
El Paso	Ayl Pah'-soh
El Riego	Ayl Ree-ay'-goh
Eslava	Ays-lah'-vah
Feliz Parra	Fay-lees' Pah'-rah
Ferrocarril Nacional de Tehuantepec	Fay-roh-cah-reel' Nah-see-oh-nahl' day Tay-wahn-tay-pek'
Fray Julian Garces	Fry Hoo-lee-ahn' Gahr'-says
Gamboa	Gahm-boh'-ah
gardenias	gahr-day'-nee-ahs
gringos	green'-gohs
Guadalajara	Gwad-ah-lah-hah'-rah
Guanajuato	Gwah-nah-hwah'-toh
Guatemala	Gwah-tay-mah'-lah
Guia Official	Ghee-'yah Oh-fee-cee-ahl'
Gutierrez	Goo-tee-ay'-rays
Guaymas	Gwah-ee'-mahs
hacienda	ah-see-ayn'-dah
Havana	Ah-vah'-nah
Ibarra	Ee-bah'-rah
Iberra	Ee-bay-'rah
idioma	ee-day-oh'-mah
Ixtaccihuatl	Ees-tah-see'-wahtl
Jalisco	Hah-lees'-koh
Jamapa	Hah-mah'-pah
jefe politico	hay'-fay poh-lee'-tee-koh
Juan de Carreno	Huahn day Kah-ray'-nee-oh
Juchitan	Hoo-chee-tahn'
Juile	Hoo-ee'-lay
Laredo	Lah-ray'-doh
La Quemada	Lah Kay-mah'-dah
Los Aztecas	Lohs Ahs-tay'-kahs
Madero	Mah-day'-roh
maguey	mah-gay'
Malintzi	Mah-leent'-zee
Maltrata	Mahl-trah'-tah
manana	mahn-yahn'-nah
mantillas	mahn-tee'-yahs
Manzanillo	Mahn-zahn-nee'-yoh
Maria	Mah-ree'-yah
Mayas	Mah'-yahs
Mazatlan	Mah-zah-tlahn'
media naranja	may'-dee-yah nah-rahn'-gah
mestiza	mays-tee'-sah
Merida	May'-ree-dah
Mercado del Volador	Mayr-cah'-doh dayl Voh-lah-dohr'
Michoacan	Mee-choh-ah-cahn'
Miguel Hidalgo	Mee-gayl' Ee-dahl'-goh
Mitla	Meet'-lah
Mixtec	Mees-tek'
Monte Alban	Mohn'-tay Ahl-bahn'
Montejo	Mohn-tay'-koh
Monterey	Mohn-tay-ray'
Montezuma	Mohn-tay-zoo'-mah
Morelia	Moh-ray'-lee-ah
Morelos	Moh-ray'-lohs
Morro	Mohr'-roh
Murillo	Moo-reel'-yoh
muy antiguo	moo'-ee ahn-teeg'-woh
Nogales	Noh-gah'-lays
no hay	noh ah'-ee
Nuevo Laredo	Nuo-ay'-vah Lah-ray'-doh
Oaxaca	Wah-hah'-kah
Obregon	Oh-bray-gohn'
Ojo de Agua	Oh'-hoh de Ah'-gwah
Omitlan	Oh-mee-tlahn'
Orizaba	Oh-ree-zah'-bah
Ortega	Ohr-tay'-gah
Pachuca	Pah-choo'-kah
Paseo de la Reforma	Pah-say'-oh day lah Ray-fohr'-mah
Paseo de los Cocos	Pah-say'-oh day lohs Koh'-kohs
patio	pah'-tee-oh
Patzcuaro	Pahts-kwah'-roh
peon	pay'-ohn
peones	pay-ohn'-ays
Perez	Pay'-rays
peseta	pay-say'-tah

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peso	pay'-soh
plaza	plah'-zah
Plaza Mayor	Plah'-zah Mah-yohr'
poco a poco	poh'-koh a poh'-koh
Popocatepetl	Poh-poh'-cah-tay-pay'-tul
Porfirio Diaz	Pohr-fee'-ree-oh Dee'-ahs
portal	pohr-tal'
portero	pohr-tay'-roh
Posada	Poh-sah'-dah
Progreso	Proh-gray'-soh
Puebla de los Angeles	Poo-ay'-blah day los Ahn'-hay-lays
Puerto Mexico	Poo-ayr'-toh May'-hee-koh
puestos	poo-ays'-tohs
pulque	pool'-kay
Queretaro	Kay-ray'-tah-roh
ranchero	rahng-chay'-roh
real; reales	ray-ahl'; ray-ahl'-ays
Real del Monte	Ray-ahl' dayl Mohn'-tay
rebozo	ray-boh'-soh
Regla	Ray'-glah
Reyes	Ray'-ez
Rio Grande	Ree'-oh Grahn'-day
Salina Cruz	Sah-lee'-nah Krooz
San Antonio	Sahn Ahn-toh'-nee-oh
San Blas	Sahn Blahs'
San Carlos	Sahn Kahr'-lohs
San Juan de Ulua	Sahn Hoo-ahn' day Oo-loo'-ah
San Juan Teotihuacan	Sahn Hoo-ahn' Tay-oh-tee-wa-cahn'
San Luis Potosi	Sahn Loo-ees' Poh-toh-see'
Santa Lucretia	Sahn'-tah Loo-kray'-see-ah
Santa Rosa	Sahn'-tah Roh'-sah
Santa Domingo	Sahn'-toh Doh-meen'-goh
Sancho Panza	Sahn'-choh Pahn'-zah
seis centavos	say'-ees sahn-tah'-vohs
semana santa	say-mah'-nah sahn'-tah
senor	sayn-yohr'
senora	sayn-yoh'-rah
senorita	sayn-yoh-ree'-tah
sierra	see-ay'-rah
sisal	see'-sahl
sombrero	sohm-bray'-roh
Sonora	Soh-noh'-rah
Tampico	Tahm-pee'-coh
Tamaulipas	Tah-mow-lee'-pahs
Tarahumare	Tah-rah-oo-mah'-ray
Tehuanas	Tay-wah'-nahs
Tehuantepec	Tay-wahn-tay-pek'
Tenochtitlan	Tay-nohch-tee-tlahn'
teocallis	tay-oh-cah'-yees
Teotihuacan	Tay-oh-tee-wah-cahn'
Texcoco	Tays-coh'-coh
tia Maria	tee'-yah Mah-ree'-yah
tepetate	tay'-pay-tah-tay
Tlacolula	Tlah-coh-loo'-lah
Tlascalans	Tlahs-cahl'-lahns
Torreon	Toh-ray-ohn'
torta	tohr'-tah
tortillas	tohr-tee'-yahs
Tule	Too'-lay
Tzintzuntzan	Tseen-tsoon'-tsahn
una cosa muy espantosa	oo'-nah coh'-sah moo'-ee ay-spahn-toh'-sah
Uxmal	Oos-mahl'
Valle Nacional	Vah-'yay Nah-cee-oh-nahl'
varra	vah'-rah
Velasco	Vay-lahs'-koh
Vera Cruz al Istmo	Vay'-rah Krooz al Ees'-mo
Viga	Vee'-gah
viviendas	vee-vee-ayn'-dahs
Xochimilco	Soh-chee-meel'-koh
Yaquis	Yah'-kees
Yucatan	Yoo-kah-tahn'
Zacatecas	Zah-cah-tay'-kahs
Zapotec	Zah-poh-tek'
Zaragoza	Zah-rah-goh'-sah
Zocalo	Zoh'-kah-loh
Zurbaran	Zoor-bah-rahn'

NOTE. Review Questions on this "Reading Journey through Mexico," and Suggestive Programs based upon the six sections will be found in the Round Table of this magazine.

SEAL COURSE FOR C. L. S. C. READERS.

The preceding "Reading Journey through Mexico" with two additional books form a Chautauqua Seal Course. The following books are suggested, but others may be substituted if desired: *History of Mexico,* Fred A. Ober, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50; *A White Umbrella in Mexico,* F. Hopkinson Smith, $1.50. A fee of fifty cents will entitle the reader to the review questions, upon answering which the seal will be awarded.

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Bancroft, "The Native Races of the Pacific States," $60; "A Popular History of the Mexican People;" "Resources and Development of Mexico;" "History of the Pacific States," $270. Prescott, "Conquest of Mexico," 70c. Wallace, "The Fair God," 75c. Biart (Lucien), "The Aztecs" translated from the French by J. L. Garner, $2.00. Humboldt, "A Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain;" "Geography of the New Continent," 5 vols. Lord Kingsborough, "Antiquities of Mexico," 9 vols. Brocklehurst, "Mexico Today." Wright, "Picturesque Mexico," $7.50. Tweedie, "Mexico As I Saw It," $5.00 net. Hale, (Susan), "History of Mexico," $1.50 net. Burke (N. R.), "Life of Benito Juarez. Stephens, "Incidents of Travel in Yucatan." Lumholtz, "Unknown Mexico," $10. Creelman, "Master of Mexico." Flandrau, "Viva Mexico," $1.25 net. Smith, "A White Umbrella in Mexico," $1.50. Kirkham, "Mexican Trails," $1.75 net. Butler, "Sketches in Mexico," $1.00. Barton, "Impressions of Mexico," $3.00 net. Campbell, "Guide to Mexico," $1.50. Terry, "Guide to Mexico," $2.50 net. Gooch, "Face to Face with the Mexicans." Lummis, "The Awakening of a Nation," $2.50. Ober (F. A.), "Travels in Mexico, $1.00; History of Mexico," 75c to $1.50. Romero (M.), "Geographical and Statistical Notes on Mexico," $2.00; "Mexico and the United States," $4.50 net. Calderon de la Barca (F. I.), "Life in Mexico during a residence of two years in that Country," $2.25 net; "Mexican Year Book," $6.00 net. Noll (A. H. & McMahon (A. P.), "Life and times of Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla," $1.00 net. Turner (J. K.), "Barbarous Mexico," $1.50; Edwards (W. S.), "On the Mexican Highlands," $1.50 net. Harper (H. H.), "Journey in Southeastern Mexico"—privately printed (H. H. Harper, 100 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.). Wallace (D.), "Beyond the Mexican Sierras, $2.00 net; "Foreign Relations." Douglas (J.), "United States and Mexico;" paper gratis; Am. Assn., for International Conciliation, 501 W. 116th St., New York City.

Any prices not on this list will be given an application to the Chautauqua Book Store, Chautauqua, N. Y.

On Muleback In the Sierras

By James Ravenel Smith

FOR one who is not wedded to extreme personal comfort, and who is not in a hurry to get anywhere, mountain travel through Mexico has many charms to offer. Among them, first of all, may be mentioned the humble but headstrong means of locomotion he bestrides—the wiry little Mexican mule—for without him the journey would be impossible. Charm and mule are not often hitched to-

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gether and in this case the charm is simply one of gratitude to the method of travel, for its slow and solemn plod introduces one to a fairyland of beauty and loveliness—a very riot of color and a wealth of grandeur that amazes one and repays a thousandfold over the other slight discomforts that one has to endure in the shape of the superabundance of fleas that one may meet at a mountain *hacienda* or the scanty fare and rough sleeping one has to put up with on the trail.

Fleas, it may be mentioned, are an incident to all mountain travel in Mexico, and it is a peculiarity of the country that they are present in great quantities at high altitudes while in the valleys they are absolutely non-existent. Thus in this particular one leads a checker-board existence; now one sleeps peacefully and now one doesn't. To journey with any degree of comfort the traveler needs quite a caravan of mules and *mozos* (drivers) besides the animal he bestrides, for he cannot depend on the country for subsistence and a good supply of food must be conveyed as well as camp outfit and bedding. Very comfortable beds may be carried in the shape of a mattress with pillow and paraphernalia which rolls up quite small and is covered by a *"vaquete"* or cowhide—one mule easily carrying a couple of such beds.

Even this train of mules is interesting and picturesque to the novice, for as they wind along the mountain side with their whimsical burdens, the musical call of the *mozos,* pitched in cadence in order to "carry," and in the liquid Spanish tongue adds a touch of local color and of human interest which is not unpleasing. After a little experience, however, one is content to view this addition to the scenery at a distance, for the smell of the harness and of the train in general is decidedly disagreeable and one learns to ride far in advance of the caravan and enjoy the glorious scenery, pure and simple, "local color" being too odoriferous for real beauty!

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And such scenery! Truly the painter of these vistas must have the rainbow for his palette and a genius beyond human to shadow forth even faintly the picture before him. The large masses of the mountains shine across the cañons through a clear but nevertheless blue atmosphere which is indescribable. The mountains themselves are made of a rock of every shade and hue, though red largely predominates, and the brilliant colors showing through this atmosphere make a picture beyond words.

The trail that leads over the mountains is a trail and nothing more, and at times is even that only by courtesy. It amounts to a rough and tumble scramble up the mountain side—a scramble which is often perpendicular and entirely rocky, and the mules need and, indeed, have the qualities of a billy-goat to make any progress at all. The first day's journey over such a trail is an eye-opener to a practical horseman and he feels at the end of it only thankfulness that his life and that of his mule have been providentially spared by some miracle. But after a day or two he realizes that the animal he rides is as sure-footed and reliable in apparently the most dangerous places as a wild mountain goat, and he learns to ride with a loose bridle and to allow his little mount to pick his own way through the steep chaos of tumbled rocks, while he lounges comfortably in the huge Mexican saddle and does nothing but enjoy the scenery. Moreover he finds when he does get to a level stretch on the top of some mountain or through some pleasant valley, if his animal has good blood in him, as they often have, that his mount can develop surprisingly pleasant paces and be quite lively. The mule is the locomotive and parlor car of Mexican travel all rolled into one, and when all is said and and done a mighty good parlor car at that.

Travel is mostly pleasantly done in the early morning hours and it is customary to get under way as early as three o'clock. This necessitates rising at two or before, and you do not bless the guide when he shakes you by the shoulder

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in the pitchy hours of the morning just when you know that sleep is doing you most good. These early rides are often the most rewarding, however, especially if the moon is up. When the camp is in the bottom of a valley through which flows a purling mountain river one can go to sleep with pleasurable anticipations, if the morning trail leads up the overhanging mountain, for whether moonlight or starlight the view is to be not only magnificent but lovely. If the night is dark it will be necessary for each *mozo* to bear a torch to light the trail, and the twinkling lights spread out over the mountain side like will-o'-the-wisps, climbing ever higher and higher and getting fainter and fainter as the dawn turns from black to grey and then to red, are entrancing sights to watch. At first one does not watch it, for the absorbing fact that it is so black that you can scarcely see your mule's ears and that you are traveling a trail you would not dare to move a foot on by yourself for fear of accidents holds your full attention. But after a while you realize that your mule has the power of seeing in the dark as clearly, apparently, as you can in daylight and that he is actively trustworthy, and that, anyhow, you can't do anything about it even if he wasn't; so, somewhat unwillingly, you learn the second lesson of absolute faith in the supernatural accomplishments of your mount, and you abandon yourself again to drinking in the scene, leaving the responsibility of accident to your animal who plods along wagging his ears mulishly, utterly indifferent as to whether you trust him or not.

Having definitely delivered your body over to the care of your beast there is plenty to occupy the mind in watching the scenery develop and the mountains grow with the growing light, turning from a dull grey to pink, till finally they stand forth in their natural rainbow clothes so harmoniously and withal so peacefully blended as to give a sense of abiding rest and depth of content such as comes but seldom to the average mortal.

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If it is a moonight night or rather morning, the beauty is, if possible, enhanced. Torches are dispensed with and the shadowy mountains shine mysteriously through the silver light and as you slowly rise you watch the mist forming along the bed of the river till suddenly the whole valley below you is a fleecy carpet of billowy white with the great mountains rising out of it like massy Titans, peaceful, grand, and awful in their hugeness and solemn stillness. It is an inspiring sight. And as the journey continues and such scenes unfold themselves in an ever-changing, ever-glorious panorama of living beauty you bless the day you decided to make the journey, you bless the lazy Mexican drivers, and everything connected with the trip—the mules, even the fleas—for your heart overflows with wonder, peace and gratitude at being alowed to see such marvels.

Columbia's Emblem

In their holiest temples the Incas
  Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
  For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
  As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
  Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
  Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
  When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
  A song for the garnered Corn.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

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E. H. BLICHFELDT

Mr. E. H. Blichfeldt, the author of the "Reading Journey in Mexico," which occupies the body of this issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, made a special trip last spring with this writing in view. He has lived three years in Mexico, beginning shortly after his graduation from Wesleyan University in 1900. He became familiar with the life of a mining camp; was within easy access of Mexico City, which he visited often; and by offering to teach English privately to Mexicans found access to and acquaintance with many prominent families of Mexicans and particularly with the sons of such families. Army officers and Roman Catholic priests were also among his pupils. Living for a time in the same city with one of the largest state institutes, which he served as Examiner in English, he became familiar with student life and student sentiment, often quite different from that of the families represented. His chief study and main interest throughout, however, was the life of the common people whom he took every means to see and know and of whom he writes with sympathy. His work as a teacher brought him intimately in contact with missionaries of whose usefulness he speaks with some authority.

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—Juy, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION.. DAY — August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

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SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR SCOTT'S BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 15

1. *Sketch* of Scott's Life.
2. *Map Talk.* "The Scotland of the Waverley Novels."
3. *Criticism.* "Scott's Plots."
4. *Analysis* of "Ivanhoe."
5. *Talk.* "The Historical Truth of 'Kenilworth.'"
6. *Discussion.* "Scott's Use of Setting in 'Rob Roy,' 'The Talisman,' etc."
7. *Debate.* "Which Characters of the Waverley Novels are better drawn, the men or the women?"
8. *Paper.* "Scott the Poet" with readings from "Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR CLUBS AND LOCAL CIRCLES

The following programs cover the history of Mexico. Ober's "Young Folks' History of Mexico" and Susan Hale's "History of Mexico" will be found useful, and Terry's "Mexico" is an invaluable guide.

FIRST PROGRAM

1. *Map Talk.* "The Physiography of Mexico."
2. *Five Minute Papers* on the (1) Toltecs; (2) Chichimecs; (3) Aztecs. (Ober; Bancroft's "Popular History of the Mexican People;" Hale's "Story of Mexico;" Butler's "Sketches of Mexico.")
3. *Book Review.* Kirk Munroe's "The White Conquerors of Mexico." (A tale of Toltec and Aztec.)
4. *Character Sketch.* "The First Montezuma." (Ober.)
5. *Story.* "The Reign of Nezahualcoyotl." (Ober; Hale.)
6. *Reading* from H. Rider Haggard's "Montezuma's Daughter." (Spanish Inquisition and Cortez.)

SECOND PROGRAM

1. *Roll Call.* "The Peoples of Mexico Today." (Lumholtz's "Unknown Mexico;" Martin's "Mexico of the Twentieth Century;" Kirkham's "Mexican Trails;" Winter's "Mexico and her People of Today.")
2. *Book Review.* "Maya; a Story of Yucatan" by William Dudley Foulke. (A romance of adventure in the sixteenth century.)
3. *Paper.* "Mexico at the Height of her Power." (Ober; Bancroft; Hale.)
4. *Talk.* "Manners, Customs, and Religion of the Aztecs when Cortez Reached Them." (Ober; Martin; Winter.)
5. *Character Sketch.* "Cortez." (Ober.)
6. *Reading* from Wallace's "The Fair God." (Mexican life at time of the Conquest.)

THIRD PROGRAM

1. *Roll Call.* "The Flowers, Beasts, Birds, and Fishes of Mexico." (Lumholtz; Martin; Kirkham.)
2. *Paper.* "Cortez's March to the City." (Ober; Hale; Bancroft.)
3. *Character Sketch.* "Malintzi" (also called Marina.) (Hale.)
4. *Book Review.* H. Rider Haggard's "Heart of the World."
5. *Talk.* "The Siege and Destruction of the City." (Ober.)
6. *Recitation.* W. W. Campbell's "With Cortez in Mexico."

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FOURTH PROGRAM

1. *Book Review.* G. A. Henty's "By Right of Conquest." (With Cortez in Mexico).
2. *Paper.* "The Rule of the Viceroys." (Ober; Hale.)
3. *Five Minute Biographies* of (1) Hidalgo; (2) Morelos; (3) Yturbide; (4) Santa Anna. (Ober; Winter; Hale.)
4. *Talk.* "Life in Mexico." (Martin; Kirkham; Winter; Lumholtz; Butler; Flandrau's "Viva Mexico.")
5. *Composite Story.* "Benito Juarez." (Martin; Winter; Ober; Hale.)
6. *Recitation.* Arthur Guiterman's "Quivira."

FIFTH PROGRAM

1. *Book Review.* Frances Courtenay Baylor's "Juan and Juanita." (Mexico and Texas with well-drawn Indians), or Goodloe's "The Star Gazers.")
2. *Talk.* "War with the United States." (Ober; Bancroft; Hale; North's "Camp and Camino," chapter IV.)
3. *Paper.* "Verse of the Mexican War."

(The following list is taken from "Poems of American History," edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson.)

The Valor of Milam, Clinton Scollard; Ben Milam, William H. Wharton; The Men of the Alamo, James Jeffrey Roche; The Defence of the Alamo, Joaquin Miller; The Fight at San Jacinto, John Williamson Palmer; Song of Texas, William Henry Cuyler Hosmer; Texas, John Greenleaf Whittier; Mr. Hosea Biglow Speaks, James Russell Lowell; The Guns in the Grass, Thomas Frost; Rio Bravo—A Mexican Lament, Charles Fenno Hoffman; To Arms, Park Benjamin; Monterey, Charles Fenno Hoffman; Victor Galbraith, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; Buena Vista, Albert Pike; The Angels of Buena Vista, John Greenleaf Whittier; The Bivouac of the Dead, Theodore O'Hara; What Mr. Robinson Thinks, John Russell Lowell; Battle of the King's Mill, Thomas Dunn English; The Siege of Chapultepec, William Haines Lytle; Illumination for Victories in Mexico, Grace Greenwood; The Crisis, John Greenleaf Whittier; The Volunteers, William Haines Lytle.

4. *Paper.* "French Intervention." (Ober; Bancroft; Hale.)
5. *Original Story,* based on the career of Maximilian and Carlotta. (Ober; Hale; Martin.)
6. *Recitation.* Selection from list in paragraph 3.

SIXTH PROGRAM

1. *Book Review.* Lumholtz's "Unknown Mexico."
2. *Paper.* "Mexican Art and Literature." Paper in Terry's "Guide" convenient.)
3. *Character Sketch.* "Porfirio Diaz." (Ober; Hale; Lumholtz; "Diaz" by Creelman; Martin; Turner's "Barbarous Mexico.")
5. *Talk.* "The Rule of Diaz." (Ober; Hale; Lumholtz; Martin; Winter; Turner.)
6. *Reading of Clippings.* "The Insurrection of 1911." Gleaned from contemporary journals and magazines.
7. *Reading* from F. Hopkinson Smith's "A White Umbrella in Mexico," or from "Letters of Madame Calderon de la Barca."

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON A READING JOURNEY THROUGH MEXICO

I. *Mexico and the Mexicans.* 1. How did the Mexican War affect the size of Mexico? 2. Speak of the natural resources of the country. 3. What opposite descriptions may be given of moun-

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tainous Mexico? 4. How is Mexico a "land of contrasts" in temperature? 5. Discuss latitude and temperature. 6. What variety of blood exists among the people and what is its social influence? 7. At what time does authenic Mexican history begin? 8. In what part of Mexico does the early history center? 9. What peoples appear before the year 1100? 10. How did they differ from each other? 11. What legend is connected with the founding of the City of Mexico? 12. What did Cortez find? 13. What were the respective characteristics of the Spaniards and the Mexicans? 14. Toward whom does the Mexican extend his patriotism? 15. What was the condition of the country between 1521 and 1821? 16. Who was Iturbide? 17. Santa Anna? 18. How did the republic fare from 1822-1864? 19. What was Napoleon III's scheme with regard Mexico? 20. How did the plan develop? 21. What were the fates of Maximilian and Carlotta? 22. Discuss the relations of Juarez and Diaz. 23. Describe Diaz's government. 24. What is the fundamental cause of the Mexican insurrection of 1911 and against what is it directed?

II. *Ocean Voyage, Yucatan, Vera Cruz.* 1. What is the historic approach to Mexico? 2. How do the passengers differ in purpose from those on European steamers? 3. How desirable is a knowledge of Spanish? 4. What is the appearance of Florida? 5. Describe the picture of which Morro Castle makes a part. 6. What were some of the experiences of the early visit? 7. What are some of the sea sights? 8. What sort of harbors has Yucatan? 9. What is said of the activity of the port physician of Pregreso? 10. How does it compare with that of the sharks? 11. What sort of cargo is unloaded at Pregreso? 12. What is to be seen in the town? 13. What are the peculiarities of henequin? 14. Why is corn imported from the United States? 15. What quality is shown in the dress of the natives? 16. What is their physique? 17. What is the appearance of Merida? 18. What possibilities are suggested by the ruins of Yucatan? 19. How is henequin forwarded? 20. What is the condition of the Yaquis? 21. What is to be seen in the park at Vera Cruz? 22. What sanitary conditions prevail in the city? 23. Describe the Castle of San Juan de Ulua. 24. The jetties. 25. The *Paseo de los Cocos.*

III. *Tehuantepec, Oaxaca, Mitla.* 1. Why is it desirable to go to Santa Lucretia from Vera Cruz? 2. What are the natural characteristics of this region? 3. What is the highest point on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec? 4. What sort of people live on the Isthmus? 5. What is the attitude of 1911 toward the cruelties of the Diaz rule? 6. What is to be seen of the town of Tehuantepec? 7. What is said of the Tehuana women? 8. What is the attitude toward progress of the mountain men hereabouts? 9. What "modern improvements" have advanced business on the Isthmus? 10. What contrasts of the primitive and the up-to-date are suggested? 11. What sort of place is Salina Cruz? 12. Describe the jungle. 13. What can be said of Puerto Mexico? 14. What has been the history of this isthmus? 15. What is true of its possibilities? 16. What are some of the sights of Tehuacan? 17. What are some of the names connected with Oaxaca? 18. What is its appearance? 19. Wherein lies the beauty of the cathedral? 20. What expedition

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from Oaxaca is suggested? 21. What is to be seen on the way to Mitla? 22. Describe the ruins of Mitla. 23. For what is Orizaba known? 24. What may be seen on the ascent from Orizaba to the City of Mexico?

IV. *Mexico City.* 1. How is the population of "the City" made up? 2. In what respects is Mexico City like and in what unlike other large cities? 3. Describe the prevailing style of house. 4. What "sights" are near the *Zocalo?* 5. Describe the Cathedral. 6. Speak of the abundance of flowers. 7. What may be found at the Thieves' Market? 8. What is the purpose of the Pawn Shop? 9. What problems confront the painter of native types? 10. Examples of what artists' work may be found in Mexico City? 11. What characteristics mark the Mexican School of Training? 12. What are some of the valuable exhibits of the National Museum? 13. What historic interest has the *Zocalo?* 14. What purpose is served by the Drainage Canal? 15. Describe the Alameda and its surroundings. 16. What aptitude for artistic expression have the Mexicans? 17. What are the memories connected with Chapultepec? 18. What are the contradictions of the Mexican temperament?

V. *Excursions from the Capital.* 1. What is the climate of the City of Mexico? 2. Describe the Viga and the "floating" gardens. 3. What is the character of the people of Xochimilco? 4. What are some of the characteristics of the place? 5. What is said of the country's churches? 6. Describe Cuernavaca. 7. For what is Cuautla popular? 8. What distinctive features has Puebla? 9. What instance is given of interest in Americans? 10. What is the history of Puebla? 11. What are the views in and around Puebla? 12. Describe the cathedral. 13. What primitive conditions are to be seen around Puebla and Cholula? 14. What sort of place is Cholula? 15. What were some of the author's experiences in the town? 16. Describe the pyramid. 17. What sort of view is that from the top? 18. Describe Popocatepetl and its ascent. 19. What are some of the principal towns north of the city of Mexico and for what are some of them noted? 20. What is said of the "quiescent mood of the country?" 21. Describe the silver mining town. 22. What were the experiences of the trip to Regla? 23. Describe the cataract and its surroundings. 24. What was seen on the return trip?

VI. *The West and the North—Homeward.* 1. Speak of Mexican distances. 2. What especial interests may appeal to the traveler? 3. What is the author's opinion of the bull-fight; of the "mud hut?" 4. Discuss Mexican attainments artistically and intellectually. 5. Speak of Americans in Mexico. 6. Describe the celebration of Christmas. 7. What natural feature of value has Acapulco? 8. Discuss other west coast towns. 9. What mixture of races may be seen on the west coast? 10. Describe the lakes of western Mexico. 11. Describe the Indians of this section. 12. What are the three principal routes from the capital to the United States? 13. What border cities face each other across the line? 14. Describe a silver mine. 15. What are the characteristics of Torreon and of Chihuahua? 16. What of the saying that one side of the Rio Grande is living in the twentieth century and the other in the sixteenth? 17. Discuss some of the characteristics of Mexicans. 18. Speak of the revolution of 1910-1911.

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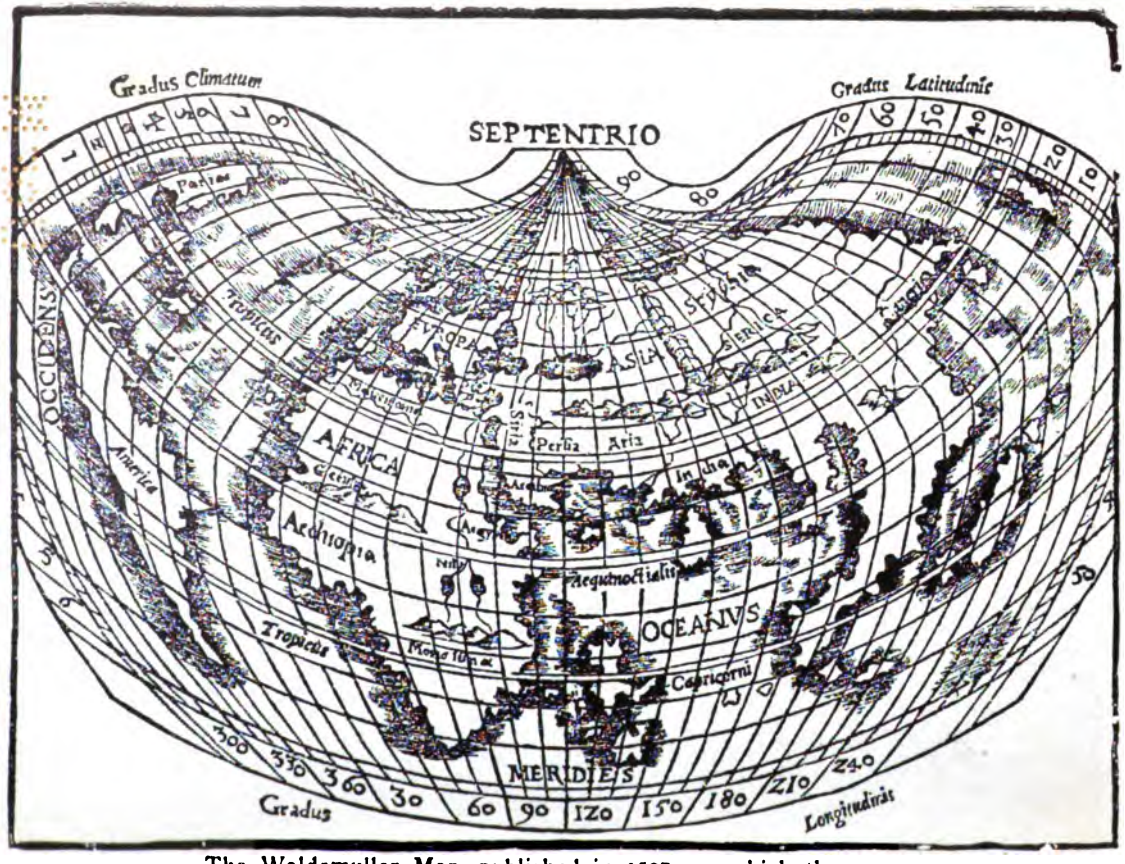

The Waldemuller Map, published in 1507, on which the name "America" appeared for the first time.

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Amerigo Vespucci

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Portrait of Columbus. Signed by Laurens Lotto, 1512

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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Reciprocity with Canada Assured

The United States Senate passed the Canadian reciprocity bill on July 22, after an exhaustive and earnest debate. Most of the Republican "insurgents" voted against it, most of the "regular" Republicans for it, but the Democratic minority almost solidly supported the measure, as the Democratic majority had done in the House. The President has publicly recognized his obligation to the Democrats in Congress; without their co-operation the bill would have been defeated. It is not often that the President of one party thanks and gives credit for consistent, wise action and "high politics" to the leaders and representatives of the "opposition," but the truth is that most of our vital and great questions have ceased to be party questions. The passage of the reciprocity bill by Congress is the victory of the President, who boldly championed it even when threatened with defeat for renomination, and of public and business sentiment.

It is true that the farmers were and are divided on the question, many of them fearing that reciprocity of the kind embodied in the measure would injure them. Insurgent Republicans from agricultural states shared this fear or felt that it was their duty to give their constituents the benefit of any doubt that might exist as to the effect of reciprocity. We shall know in a year or two whether these fears and doubts were reasonable; the weight of scientific and economic authority seems to be that the measure will benefit

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the consumers and manufacturers without materially injuring the farmers. It may be possible, in the near future, to extend and improve the agreement with Canada, to lower or remove duties that are paid by the farmers on the commodities they purchase, and thus render it less "one-sided." The United States was ready to offer complete free trade to Canada; it was the Dominion that raised objections to this and insisted on limiting the agreement in various directions. A few years may suffice to produce a general conviction on both sides of the line that Canada and the United States are industrially one community, parts of the same field, although political and sentimental reasons may for ages, if not forever, prevent any other union between them.

The provisions of the bill have heretofore been set forth briefly in these pages. It may be repeated here that what the agreement will do when ratified by Canada and put into effect is this: It will put on the free list of both countries grain, vegetables, cattle, horses, sheep and swine; it will do the same thing for fresh water fish and for dried, smoked and salt fish; it will lower duties considerably on fresh meats, canned vegetables, flour, maple sugar, etc.; it will place lumber on the free list and reduce duties on laths and shingles. Articles to the value of about $42,000,000 are affected by the agreement.

Perhaps the moral value of the reciprocity treaty will exceed its material value. It marks a great advance toward closer, better and friendlier relations between the United States and Canada. It emphasizes the truth that trade must henceforth be freer, at least among nations that maintain the same standard of living and the same degree of social and industrial civilization.

In Canada, as here, the opposition to reciprocity has been formidable and bitter. Imperialists and conservatives have fought it tooth and nail. But while delay is probable the final approval of reciprocity by the Dominion parliament is considered certain.

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Parcels Post Next

The postal savings banks are an accomplished fact. Many new banks have been opened in the last two months, and while the depositors are not numerous, there is no reason to doubt the eventual success of the system. The foreign elements need to be educated to use these facilities, and the process will require time. What next in the postal service, many ask? Some advocate one-cent letter postage; a commission is investigating second class rates and rates on magazine advertising; but the probability is that the next important reform will be a general parcels post. The farmers, through their organizations and press, are demanding a parcels post; progressive newspapers are supporting the demand on the ground that the postal service ought to be made as serviceable as possible to the man who lives in the country and does not enjoy the facilities of the urban and suburban population. Why, it is asked, should not "rural delivery" include the delivery of such packages and parcels as a farmer may order from a city department store or similar establishment? To patronize the express companies is to pay heavy charges. These companies are to be thoroughly investigated by the commerce commission; complaints against their rates, classifications and methods have come from every part of the country, and are but too well-founded. True the express companies recently announced reductions in their charges, but are the reductions sufficient? At any rate, it is held that there is no reason why the postal service should not compete with them or displace them entirely in the business of carrying parcels of average weight.

The present laws and regulations in regard to parcel carrying by the postoffice are full of anomalies and grotesque discriminations. The rate is sixteen cents a pound, but the limit is four pounds. Under international treaties parcels up to eleven pounds can be sent to points in the United States from remote foreign places at eight cents a pound. Tea, for example, can be sent by mail from Hongkong to Chi-

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cago or Boston for less than it would cost to send it from Boston to Chicago. Our express companies, it is said, will carry parcels under contract with British postal authorities from New York to San Francisco for one-fifth the price they charge Americans for the same distance.

Opposition to the parcels post comes from country store keepers, traveling salesmen, jobbers who deal with small stores in towns and villages, and like interests. It is feared that the parcels post would give the large mail-order houses a monopoly of the business that is now divided and "depopulate" country towns. The objection that the parcels post is "paternalistic" is also heard, although not so insistently as some years ago. It is the duty of Congress to consider all legitimate interests and act in accordance with the greatest good of the greatest number. It is probable, however, that even the country dealers and the traveling salesmen would not be seriously affected by a parcels post. They may even reap benefit from it. Experimental parcels post legislation may be expected at an early day. A precedent for small and tentative beginnings will be found in the postal savings bank legislation.

"The Declaration of London"

After much violent controversy the British House approved the Declaration of London, so-called, which embodies a new set of rules for the guidance of national and international prize courts, rules covering the treatment of ships and their cargoes during hostilities between any two or more powers. The declaration was drawn up by delegates from England, Germany, France, the United States, and all other important powers, and it was intended to supplant and improve the Declaration of Paris, which abolished privateering and effected other progressive changes regarding property at sea in times of war. The great question was whether England herself would finally ratify the declaration, since her delegates had made some concessions to the

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other powers and many Englishmen feared that these concessions would weaken Britain as a naval power.

The controversy raged furiously over these two major points:—Can England afford to accept a rule that foodstuffs carried in neutral bottoms may be seized by an enemy when they are consigned to or intended for the army and navy of a belligerent? Would not this rule "deliver England into the hands of Germany" in the event of war with that country? "Starvation, not invasion, is England's peril," cried Mr. Balfour, the tory leader, at a mass meeting, and hundreds of experts, including admirals, supported him. Germany would destroy ships carrying food to England and take her chances with any international prize court, they said, and thus England, which depends on American, Canadian and other foreign food supplies so largely, would be starved into submission.

The other vital question related to the authoritative definition of "contraband of war." At present each nation settles for itself what it will treat as contraband. The Declaration classifies articles into absolute contraband, conditional contraband and free or legitimate commerce when carried under neutral flags.

The British government submitted the question of approving the Declaration to the colonial or imperial conference which was held just before the coronation and that body unanimously indorsed it. This was a great moral victory of the government. The British colonies would not favor anything that really imperilled the safety of the mother country. The truth is, the Declaration marks a notable advance toward justice and uniformity. It embodies the American contention as to property at sea during war, though not completely. England has a powerful navy to protect her commerce and but little of her foodstuffs is carried in foreign bottoms. Should any enemy of her wantonly attack neutral ships on the pretext that they carry contraband of war powers like the United States would most vigorously

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protest. The whole purpose of the new Declaration is to make commerce freer and property safer at sea in time of war, and all neutral powers would be particularly interested in preventing abuse of the rules by a belligerent.

The International Prize Court that is to be established will be a great benefit to all civilized nations, and it will no doubt gradually be transformed into a permanent tribunal of arbitration, in harmony with the idea of Secretary Knox. The fear of some British tories that the court would be dominated by "Latins" and reactionaries is fantastic. International law is the law of conscience and reason, and it grows slowly because selfish national interests and might frequently oppose desirable reforms. International courts invariably display a high sense of responsibility and impartiality.

Fight on Medical Quackery and Fraud

The pure food and pure drugs act, the Supreme Court decided some time ago, was directed only against adulteration, misbranding and deceit touching the quality of commodities, ingredients of compounds, and the like, and did not cover fraud or wild misrepresentation regarding alleged "curative properties" of medicines, mixtures and remedies. Many prosecutions had been instituted against advertisers of fraudulent "cures" and much good had been accomplished when this decision put an end to the campaign against quackery. President Taft promptly sent a message to Congress urging an amendment of the act in question that should unmistakably apply to "claims" and "promises" for which there is no possible foundation and the sole purpose of which is to raise false hopes in the afflicted and sick, to sell worthless and often injurious and dangerous stuff and fill the pockets of unscrupulous men.

No doubt such legislation might conceivably go too far and violate the right of free expression of opinion. It is impossible, in a free country, to regulate the language and

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tone of advertisers, to require of them strict veracity and restrained phrases. All kinds of men make all sorts of claims for the things they have to offer, and the public makes allowances for bias, enthusiasm, zeal, humor. But large and extravagant claims are one thing, and fraud is another. To advertise sure cures for cancer, for example, is cruel and dishonest. What is proposed is legislation against plain and notorious fraud in advertisements of patent medicines and of "cures." To this there should be no objection legally, as there is none morally.

The United States has been called the paradise of quacks and charlatans. Other countries have their humbugs and cheats, but advertising is not developed with them as it is with us, and to see hundreds of absurd, dishonest, vulgar advertisements is to receive a most painful impression of the national character and moral level.

At the same time it is true, as candid physicians have been pointing out, that the medical profession is not without responsibility—and opportunity—in the premises. It has made a secret and mystery of the art of healing; drugs have been given with an air of miracle-working and patients have not been taken into proper confidence. Education of the public in medicine, preventive and curative, should be encouraged by the profession in every way. Darkness and ignorance breed charlatanism and fraud.

Anglo-Chinese Opium Agreement

Of interest and benefit to the whole civilized world is the recent agreement between England, India and China regarding the suppression of the fatal opium traffic. There was a time when England, as her own best men have courageously said, forced opium on China, for the sake of revenue, at the cannon's mouth; "the opium war" is mentioned by historians and referred to by publicists. But a different spirit is abroad, and even international diplomacy is deeply affected by it.

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For years the good faith of China in restricting the cultivation of the poppy has been doubted, for Chinese officials are skilled in the evasion of laws and the nullification of agreements. But there is the testimony of British and other consuls that since 1907, when China agreed to reduce home production of the drug in order to curtail the importation of Indian opium, much progress has been made. It is claimed that home production has been reduced between 60 and 80 per cent. At any rate, it became the duty of England to co-operate with China and sacrifice to the Indian government the revenue which is estimated at about $15,000,000. The imperial treasury may make a contribution toward meeting this loss, which would constitute a striking proof of disinterestedness and moral advance.

The essential provisions of the opium agreement are as follows:

1. China shall annually diminish the production of opium proportionately with the Indian export until its extinction in 1917.
2. Recognizing China's successful prohibition of the use of opium, Great Britain agrees that the Indian importation into China shall cease earlier if the native production ceases.
3. Indian opium shall not be conveyed into those provinces which furnish proofs of local suppression, providing that Shanghai and Canton are the last ports to be closed.
4. Great Britain shall be granted facilities for and the right of investigating the diminution.
5. China shall have similar rights of investigating the sales and packing of opium in India.
6. China undertaking to levy a uniform tax on Chinese opium, Great Britain agrees to a consolidated import tax of 530 taels per chest.
7. China shall forthwith remove the provincial restrictions upon the wholesale sale of Indian opium, and shall not permit further taxation at the port of entry, otherwise Great Britain may suspend or terminate the agreement.
8. The Indian exports shall not exceed 30,600 chests in 1911, and shall be reduced by 5,100 chests annually. These chests shall be numbered and sealed.

The determination of China to get rid of the opium habit, which is as demoralizing as it is physically detrimental, is striking proof of modernization and civilization. It is to be hoped that nothing will happen to suggest or justify an abrogation or serious modification of the agreement.

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Drift in National Politics

In less than a year the presidential convention will be held and national tickets nominated by the leading parties. The pre-convention campaign is already in progress, and there is much talk regarding "timber" and "possibilities." But several facts stand out most plainly and significantly. Within the last several months, by common consent of impartial observers, two correlative tendencies have challenged notice—namely, the steady and rapid advance of President Taft in public esteem and favor, with the disappearance of formidable opposition to his renomination, and the loss of ground by the Republican insurgents.

Mr. Taft is now more popular than ever before, and he owes the remarkable change to several things, particularly to his vigorous and fearless championship of universal arbitration, of reciprocity with Canada, of economy and reform, and of pacific and dignified diplomacy. Among the farmers there is, it is true, considerable hostility to the Canadian reciprocity measure. But business interests generally favor it, while professional men and progressive thinkers have from the outset commended it with enthusiasm on moral, social and industrial grounds. There is a feeling abroad that Mr. Taft is not only a very good "progressive," but that he has displayed marked courage and independence, and that his refusal to "play politics" or consider the effect of any policy on his political future ensure his nomination next year.

Among the insurgents there is a movement for the nomination of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, the "original radical," but there is little interest in that movement in the rank and file. Here and there insurgent clubs are indorsing President Taft, while some independent and progressive papers have been saying that he is a better progressive than any one of the insurgents who have been opposing reciprocity with Canada.

Aside from reciprocity there has been nothing to emphasize Republican division or to feed the insurgent cause.

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The House is no longer ruled by a "czar;" conservation is the accepted policy; the most doubtful of the Alaskan cases have been disposed of in a way to insure equality of opportunity and control of national assets in the national interest; the reform policies are everywhere in the ascendant. The Republican conservatives and "reactionaries" are no longer in the saddle. Even in the Senate the balance of power is now held by the group of Republican insurgents.

In the Democratic party exceptional harmony has prevailed. The House Democrats have given a good account of themselves, have co-operated with the Republican President, have displayed moderation and prudence in legislation concerning the tariff, and have put through several attractive and reformatory measures of a general character. As regards presidential "possibilities," the party is unusually rich at this time. Governor Wilson of New Jersey and Governor Harmon of Ohio are regarded as the leading candidates for the presidential nomination, although one section opposes Wilson as being too impressionable and radical and another section declares Harmon too cautious and conservative. Speaker Champ Clark has his boomers and friends, and so has Governor Marshall of Indiana. Mr. Bryan is not "out of the race," and there are those that predict he will announce his candidacy before long.

The question before the country is which of the parties and respective groups of leaders are the more progressive and conservative. Reaction is not feared anywhere; continued advance along political and economic lines is absolutely certain.

Population in Ireland and Scotland

According to British census returns, the population of Ireland at this time is about 4,382,000. Since 1891, the year of the last previous enumeration, there has been an actual loss of 76,824 people, or 1.7 per cent. That this loss—albeit not a heavy one—should have occurred, is matter for com-

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ment and surprise. In the last several years Ireland has enjoyed considerable prosperity and advance—partly on account of the land-purchase legislation abolishing landlordism and returning the land to the cultivators, and partly on account of coöperation, improved methods of agriculture and distribution, healthier political conditions. There were those who hoped that the steady decline of population in Ireland had at last been checked. It seems not, however. Emigration continues, and opportunities and prospects in Ireland still leave much to be desired.

But there is another way of looking at the census figures. The loss is slight, and the outward drift is slackening. In 1841, Ireland had a population of 8,175,124—nearly twice the present population. Famine, disorder, political strife, special legislation and bitter resistance thereto stimulated emigration on a scale which almost threatened depopulation. In one decade the loss was 750,000. For the decade ended in 1901 the loss was 252,000, Hence the small loss for the period covered by the recent enumeration is rather to be regarded as marking the turn of the tide. Henceforth gains may be expected instead of losses, especially if the other Irish problems awaiting solution receive happy and statesmanlike treatment.

Turning to Scotland, the gain for the same decade is only about 287,000—the smallest on record since the decade 1851-61. Scottish emigration has been increasing, largely on account of the opening of western Canada. The Irish prefer the United States, but the Scotsmen seem to be attracted by the prospects in the Dominion, the chance of improving their material conditions without giving up the British flag.

In the last two decades much land has gone out of cultivation in Scotland, having been converted into deer forests. This policy is to be terminated by land and other reform legislation advocated by the Liberal party. So far, however, the lords have prevented the enactment of laws encouraging

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small holdings and the return to the land. The anti-veto bill now pending is regarded as the condition precedent to social reform in every part of the United Kingdom. It is merely the means to the end in view—and the end is economic and social, rather than political.

Monopoly—Where Do We Stand?

There will be no additional "trust" decision for some time. But no greater or more difficult and intricate cases than those of the oil and tobacco trusts can be conceived. and the decisions in these surely teach something—even if they do not teach and settle everything. Where, then, do we stand, nationally, with regard to trusts and monopolies? Is the situation likely to change, and will the people reap benefits? Will the movement toward combination be seriously affected; and, if so, with what results?

There are those who think that there will be no change and no advantage to the people as the result of the great decisions. The trusts will reorganize, or make a parade of reorganizing, and will continue their practices. The same interests will respectively control oil and tobacco; there will be no real competition, and consumers or small traders will suffer as before.

This, however, is a superficial view. The courts and government will not permit trifling and artful dodging. The Sherman act has been reinterpreted and the "light of reason" has been placed at the service of the combinations and their organizers and beneficiaries. They know—not, indeed, just what action is lawful and what action is unlawful, for there is still a borderland of doubt under the jurisdiction of the act—but that their methods must be "normal"—that is, ethical and fair—and their purposes reasonable. They may seek to acquire wealth by serving the public, offering good quality and low price, and if incidentally they drive competitors out of the field, they can plead that "business is business." But ruthless methods, espionage,

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secret rebates, temporary and local underselling, efforts to establish a monopoly at any cost in order to abuse the power of monopoly by extortion and dictation—such things as these are plainly unlawful, as they are plainly immoral.

We revert to the principles of equity, of fair dealing, of the common law. We may talk about the "complexities of our industrial civilization," but the public confidence, if not the individual conscience, is aware that no complexity destroys the distinction between right and wrong. Juries and courts, in nine cases out of ten, have no difficulty in determining whether "restraint of trade" has been trivial, unavoidable, or whether it has been wrongful and predatory. The individual who is not sure whether a contemplated course is legal or illegal must take the consequences of his decision. He may be called to account and tried criminally, and a jury of his peers, of men of affairs, will pass on his conduct. "Guilt is personal" is now a favorite phrase in discussing corporate and trust responsibility, but guilt implies immoral, anti-social intent. The greedy, cruel, reckless trusts are controlled and managed by greedy, cruel, predatory individuals, and it is proper to punish the latter on evidence of wilful injury and aggression. It is not, however, in the long run, possible to enforce a technical statute which prohibits practices and acts regarded by the average man as normal or socially useful.

This, then, is the practical outcome of the trust decisions. The solution may not be permanent or complete; troublesome questions will arise, no doubt, with the continued advance of combination and coöperation. Ultimately, as has been said by deep thinkers, we may find it desirable to change our policy and permit or encourage monopolies while regulating them, limiting their earnings, and fixing the prices of their products. The policy now applied to public utilities, in short, may have to be applied to all necessaries of life and monopolized industries generally. This is a problem for the future. Meantime the trust act has received an in-

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fusion of vitality and become an intelligibly enforceable law for a great number and variety of combinations. More vigor is promised in its execution, and healthier commercial conditions, freer and wider opportunities should result.

Advance of Socialism in the United States

A phenomenon which challenges attention is the steady growth and noteworthy victories of Socialism in this country. Indifference to this movement is impossible. Magazine and newspaper writers are urging us to "prepare for Socialism" in one way or another. Those who share or sympathize with socialist teachings rejoice, while those who regard them as unsound or dangerous or unnatural view recent developments with apprehension and deep regret. But whatever the attitude, the matter requires real study. As a contributor to *The Atlantic* says, Socialism, nationally speaking, has had no ups and downs, no reverses, in this country. It has advanced without halting, and now the advance is rapid. We should ask ourselves what the movement means and portends. A few years ago it was dismissed as "un-American" and Utopian, and nothing more was said by practical people. But a mere catalogue of the achievements and successes of Socialism in the last few years renders the former attitude totally impossible.

The Socialists have a representative in Congress. They believe that they will elect several next year. They have members of state legislatures. They have mayors, aldermen, and other officers. Here is a list of gains in recent elections:

Victor, Col., the entire socialist ticket elected; Cold Creek, Col., three trustees; Butte, Mont., mayor, five aldermen, police judge, city treasurer; Walkerville, Mont., two or three aldermen; Helena, Mont., one councilman; Greenville, Mich., mayor, treasurer, alderman, constable, two supervisors; Flint, Mich., mayor, three of six aldermen, two or three school supervisors; South Frankfort, village president, assessor, clerk, two school trustees; Ten Strike, mayor; Wymore, Neb., mayor, treasurer, two councilmen; Red Cloud, mayor; Beatrice, mayor; North Platte, councilman, police judge; Havelock, police judge; Two Harbors, Mich., mayor,

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four of seven aldermen; Brainard, three aldermen; Osage City, Kan., two aldermen; Girard, mayor; Fort Scott, city attorney, three councilmen; Rosedale, one councilman; Caldwell, Mo., mayor; Berkeley, Cal., mayor; Bell Plains, Ia., one councilman, mayor defeated by five votes; Colfax, one school supervisor, one councilman; Muscatine, two aldermen; Manitowoc, Wis., mayor; Green Bay, town chairman; Superior, two aldermen, one supervisor; Grand Rapids, one alderman; Brantwood, the entire ticket; Racine, one alderman, police judge, five school supervisors; Sheboygan, one alderman; Whitewater, one alderman, four town officials; Bellville, Ill., one alderman; Devil's Lake, N. D., three alderman; North Haledon, N. J., two members of school board.

To this list must be added several cities in Illinois, still more recently "captured."

In some instances a revolt against graft and old-style politics by the "great parties" sufficiently accounted for the socialist victories; in other instances a heavy foreign population and ideas imported from Germany largely determined the result. But these factors do not explain the entire list. Thousands of native Americans have voted for socialist candidates, and have done so not merely to oust particularly notorious and offensive boodlers and incompetents.

Are Americans losing their earlier ideas and beginning to accept the principles of collectivism? Are our scandals in politics and legislation—Lorimer affairs, traffic in legislation, abuses of privilege—manufacturing socialism? Or is political independence becoming so widespread and intense as to cause men to vote for socialists as individuals, on their personal and general records, regardless of their doctrines?

Reforming the Sunday "Comics"

For some years mothers' congresses and ethical societies have included in their programs the question of the Sunday Comic Supplement. These illustrated "comics" are a feature of Sunday journalism and children eagerly watch for them. Parents gather or "save" them for the amusement and edification of their small boys and girls. This shows, perhaps, that they supply a real need. But what is their general character, and what their influence?

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The answer of many is that their character is, as a rule, so bad that a special society has been organized to improve the comic supplement. At a meeting of this society, attended by leading men and women, including active journalists, it was declared that "the comic supplement was the most pernicious and vulgarizing single influence that can be brought to bear on the child at the most impressionable age." A settlement worker pointed out that "the classes of children that need to be protected from a form of humor which inculcates disobedience, trickery, sensationalism, ugliness and meanness, are not the children of the sheltered nursery life, to whom the Sunday paper is only a seventh-day incident after six days of healthy intellectual food, but the children of the poor, to whom the newspaper is the chief intellectual food."

The "comics" are clever and humorous, but these qualities are too often misdirected. The illustrations and text ridicule age, glorify cunning, flippancy, and cruelty, popularize slang and knock-about varieties of amusement. They are the more insidious and destructive the more "enjoyable" they are.

The agitation against them has resulted in some improvement here and there. A few newspapers have eliminated the vulgar features of the "comic" and made it educational and wholesome without affecting its humor and brightness. What some have done all papers can do. No doubt the majority will "fall into line." Kindergarten teachers and Sunday school teachers might help the humorists in their effort to interest the children. Possibly the desire to have new jokes and new ideas makes for the lurid and the questionable in comics, and perhaps we force the children too much, imagining that they need constant variety and change as alert adults do. A slower pace would not hurt the child; hurry and strenuosity and impatience will overtake him soon enough.

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William Dean Howells

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Mrs. Edith Wharton

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Frank Norris

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Robert Herrick

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I. The Novel

By Benjamin A. Heydrick

IS it really true that it takes a foreigner to understand America? That other people know us better than we know ourselves? As individuals, we rather resent the notion; as a nation we have calmly accepted it, and listen eagerly for the verdict of each explorer who comes to our shores. One reason for this is that as yet no American has attempted to portray our people and our institutions as a whole. Our novelists and dramatists give us life in New England or Illinois or California, our journalists and reformers have discussed our problems one by one. If all these views could be brought together, if the descriptions of the novelist, the scenes of the dramatist, the exposition of the student of social problems, yes, even the grin of the humorist and the high vision of the poet could be placed side by side, we should have a survey of American life as Americans see it.

To do this, to present American life as it is portrayed in American literature, is the aim of the present series of papers. The period covered is, roughly, from 1870 to the present time. The year 1870 marks the appearance of Bret Harte's *Luck of Roaring Camp*, in which the Far West finds its first expression in literature. Since that time the chief sections of our country, the East, the South, the Middle West, and the Far West, have been represented by authors of some note, who have pictured, more or less fully, our national life.

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The first three papers will deal with American life as depicted in fiction, two papers being given to the novel and to the short story.

Of the various novelists in American literature the most important for our purposes are the realists, that is, those who attempt to portray life and character as they actually are. Among the leaders in this kind of writing are W. D. Howells, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Robert Herrick, and Frank Norris, while another group, almost as distinguished, would include Edward Eggleston, Robert Grant, Winston Churchill, Mary Wilkins-Freeman, and William Allen White. We shall ask of these novelists such questions as these: What is an American? What does he—or she—look like? How does he live, in city and country? How does he carry on his business? What are his political ideals? What are the facts about his politics? What are, in general, his ideals, and how far have these been realized?

We may fairly begin by asking, What is the American type? Henry James has written a novel with *The American* as its title, and in it draws the portrait of the typical American, as he sees him:

"The gentleman on the divan was a powerful specimen of an American. But he was not only a fine American; in the first place he was physically a fine man. . . . He had a very well-formed head, with a shapely, symmetrical balance of the frontal and occipital development, and a good deal of straight, rather dry brown hair. His complexion was brown, and his nose had a bold, well-marked arch. His eyes was of a clear, cold gray, and save for a rather abundant moustache he was clean shaved. He had the flat jaw and sinewy neck which are frequent in the American type; but the traces of national origin are a matter of expression even more than of feature, and it was in this respect that our friend's countenance was supremely eloquent. . . . It had that typical vagueness which is not vacuity, that blankness which is not simplicity, that look of being committed to

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nothing in particular, or standing in an attitude of general hospitality to the chances of life, of being very much at one's own disposal, so characteristic of many American faces."

Muscular in body, well balanced in face, and ready for anything that may turn up—surely we need not feel ashamed of his portrait. Let us place beside it Mr. Howells's picture of the self-made, successful business man:

"He has a square, bold chin, only partially concealed by the short reddish-gray beard, growing to the edges of his firmly closing lips. His nose is short and straight; his forehead good, but broad rather than high; his eyes blue, and with a light in them that is kindly or sharp according to his mood. He is of medium height, and fills an average arm chair with a solid bulk. . . . His head droops somewhat from a short neck which does not trouble itself to rise far from a pair of massive shoulders."—*The Rise of Silas Lapham.*

But the American woman is conceded to be much more interesting than the American man. Here is Marcia Gaylord as Mr. Howells describes her:

". . . . A smooth, low forehead, lips and cheeks deeply red, a softly rounded chin touched with a faint dimple, a nose short and aquiline; her eyes were dark, and her dusky hair flowed crinkling above her fine black brows and vanished down the curve of a lovely neck. There was a peculiar charm in the form of her upper lip; it was exquisitely arched, and at the corners it projected a little over the lower lip, so that when she smiled it gave a piquant sweetness to her mouth, with a certain demure innocence that qualified the Roman pride of her profile."—*A Modern Instance.*

That is the New England girl. In the West, in sunny California, feminine beauty is of a more luxuriant type, if we may trust the eyes of Frank Norris:

"There was a certain generous amplitude to the full round curves of her hips and shoulders that suggested . . . a life passed under the hot Southern sun of a half-tropical

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country. Her neck was thick, and sloped to her shoulders with full, beautiful curves, and under her chin and under her ears the flesh was as white and smooth as floss satin. . . . Her throat rounded to meet her chin and cheek, with a soft swell of the skin, tinted pale amber in the shadows, but blending by barely perceptible gradations to the sweet, warm flush of her cheek. . . . Her eyes were light brown; the lids were edged with lashes that were almost black. . . . Her mouth was rather large, the lips shut tight, and nothing could have been more graceful, more charming than the outline of those full lips of hers. . . . The slightest movement of her head and shoulders sent a gentle undulation through all this beauty of soft outlines and smooth surfaces, the delicate amber shadows deepening or fading or losing themselves imperceptibly in the pretty rose color of her cheeks or the dark warm-tinted shadow of her thick brown hair."—*The Octopus.*

But in fiction as in real life, the lovely heroine is not the only type of woman one meets. There are, for example, those who have taken up public careers, like Mrs. Farrinder in *The Bostonians,* who at almost any time "had the air of being introduced by a few remarks;" there is the Southern gentlewoman of the old régime, who tells her son, "If you do marry, remember that the chief consideration should be family connection, and the next, personal attractiveness" (*The Deliverance*). And there is the New England spinster, the mountain girl of Tennessee, the Pennsylvania German, the New York society woman—all these with their husbands and brothers and lovers: farmers, lawyers, bankers, clerks, promoters, politicians, ranchmen, miners, journalists, architects, ministers, fishermen, lumbermen, factory workers—the whole panorama of American life is unrolled before us in our fiction. In all this sea of faces, can we glimpse a national type? Let us try: a face rather apt to be thin than full; features clearly cut; eyes that look out at

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the world squarely and unafraid; a mouth that smiles easily; a chin that speaks quiet determination; the expression of the whole an odd mixture of idealism and practicality, of humorous tolerance and masterful resolution; shrewd, self-confident, and honest—such is our composite of the typical American.

Turning from the individual, let us ask our novelists about American society. Or shall we say American Society? Robert Grant tells us that even in a small community there are lines of social cleavage. And in our large cities it is even worse. Flossy Williams is explaining the situation to a new-comer in New York city:

"Of course, everybody has the same right to vote or to be elected President of the United States, but equality ends there. People here are either in society or out of it, and society itself is divided into sets. There's the conservative aristocratic set, the smart, rapid set, the set which hasn't much money but has Knickerbocker or other highly respectable ancestors, the new millionaire set, the literary set, the intellectual philanthropic set, and so on, according to one's means or tastes. . . . The Morton-Prices belong to the ultra-conservative, solid, stupid aristocratic set—the most dignified and august of all. They are almost as sacred as the Hindoo gods, and some people would walk over red-hot coals to gain admission to their house."—*Unleavened Bread.*

Of the most conspicuous set in New York society, those whose names appear oftenest in the society columns, Edith Wharton has given us the fullest description. In *The House of Mirth,* a book with bitter irony in its title, the guests at a fashionable dinner party are thus described:

"She looked down the long table, from Gus Trenor, with his heavy, carnivorous head sunk between his shoulders, as he preyed on a jellied plover, to his wife, at the opposite end of the long bank of orchids, suggestive, with her glaring good looks, of a jeweler's window lit by electricity. And between the two what a long stretch of vacuity! How

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dreary and trivial these people were! Lily reviewed them with a scornful impatience: Carry Fisher, with her shoulders, her eyes, her divorces, her general air of embodying a 'spicy paragraph;' young Silverton, who had meant to live on proof-reading and write an epic, and who now lived on his friends and had become critical of truffles; Alice Wetherall, an animated visiting list, whose most fervid convictions turned on the wording of invitations and the engraving of dinner cards; . . . Jack Stepney with his confident smile and anxious eyes, half way between the sheriff and an heiress; Gwen Van Osburgh, with all the guileless confidence of a young girl who has always been told that there is no one richer than her father."

Nor can the West pride herself that she is superior to the East. For Robert Herrick in *The Web of Life* has described the upper circles of Chicago society, and Frank Norris in *The Octopus* does the same for San Francisco. Both give the same picture of ostentatious extravagance, of a sensualized, pleasure-loving society, of over-dressed women, of brutal, rapacious men, with a fringe of idlers and danglers, and thousands of outsiders ready—eager—to sacrifice anything to enter the charmed circle. Is the picture too highly colored? Have the artists touched it up a little, for the sake of effect? Even so, it is not a picture to be proud of.

It is time to remind ourselves that Society is after all less important than society. The set whose movements are most fully chronicled are but a very small part of American life. For the great middle class, which includes the larger number of us, society means something simpler, something wholesomer than this. It finds expression in the church and the club and the guild; it reaches out through settlement work to others less fortunate; it organizes for the accomplishment of civic and philanthropic ends. It is expressed in college reunions, at Old Home Week, at the Post dinner, or the Harvest Home. It is at such times, when friendly hand

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meets friendly hand, that we see American society as it is, and its spirit is simple, kindly, and true.

And what of the homes of the American people? Let Mrs. Wharton be our guide again and show us the country seat of a millionaire. First a glance at the grounds:

"Seating herself on the upper steps of the terrace, Lily leaned her head against the honeysuckles wreathing the balustrade. . . . In the foreground glowed the warm tints of the gardens. Beyond the lawn, with its pyramidal pale-gold maples and velvety firs, sloped pastures dotted with cattle; and through a long glade the river widened like a lake under the silver light of September."

The house is in keeping with the beauty of the grounds.

"She lingered on the broad stairway looking down into the hall below. . . . The hall was arched with a gallery supported on columns of pale yellow marble. Tall clumps of flowering plants were grouped against a background of dark foliage in the angles of the walls. On the crimson carpet a deer-hound and two or three spaniels dozed luxuriously before the fire, and the light from the great central lantern overhead shed a brightness on the women's hair and struck sparks from their jewels as they moved. . . . She entered her bedroom, with its softly shaded light, her lace dressing gown lying across the silken bed-spread, her little embroidered slippers before the fire, a vase of carnations filling the air with perfume, and the last novels and magazines lying uncut on a table beside the reading lamp."—*The House of Mirth.*

The same author shall show us the surroundings of another class of our people, the workers in a factory town.

"The houses grew less frequent, and the rare street lamps shone on cracked pavements, crooked telegraph poles, hoardings tapestried with patent-medicine posters, and all the mean desolation of an American industrial suburb. . . . With sudden disgust Amherst saw the sordidness of it all—the poor, monotonous houses, the trampled grass banks, the

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lean dogs prowling in refuse-heaps, the reflection of a crooked gas-lamp in a stagnant loop of the river, and he asked himself how it was possible to put any sense of moral beauty into lives bounded forever by the low horizon of the factory."—*The Fruit of the Tree.*

And these, too, are American homes.

Beside this, to show the homes of the middle class, let us place the picture of a New England village, a winter scene, etched by Mr. Howells:

"Behind the black boles of the elms that swept the vista of the street with the fine gray tracery of thin boughs, stood the houses, deep sunken in the accumulated drifts, through which each householder kept a path cut from his doorway to the road, white and clean as if hewn out of marble. . . . This was the main thoroughfare, and had its own impressiveness, with those square, white houses which they build so large in northern New England. They were all kept in scrupulous repair, though here and there the frost and thaw of many winters had heaved a fence out of plumb, and threatened the poise of the monumental urns of painted pine on the gate posts. They had dark-green blinds, or a color harmonious with that of the funereal evergreen in their dooryards; and they themselves had taken the tone of the snowy landscape. . . . They seemed proper to its desolation, while some houses of more modern taste, painted to a warmer tone, looked, with their mansard roofs and jig-sawed piazzas and balconies, intrusive and alien. At one end of the street stood the Academy, with its classic façade and its belfry; midway was the hotel, with the stores, the printing office and the churches."—*A Modern Instance.*

Farther west, an Indiana country town is thus described by Booth Tarkington:

"The social and business energy of Plattville concentrates on the Square. Here, in the summer time, the gentlemen are wont to lounge from store to store, in their shirt

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sleeves, and here stood the old red-brick court house, loosely fenced in a shady grove of maple and elm—'slip'ry ellum' —called the 'Court House Yard.' When the sun grew too hot for the dry-goods box whittlers in front of the stores around the Square and the occupants of the chairs in front of the Palace Hotel on the corner, they would go across and drape themselves over the court-house fence, under the trees, and leisurely carve their initials on the top board. The farmers hitched their teams to the fence. . . . In the yard, amongst the weeds and tall unkempt grass, chickens foraged all day long; the fence was so low that the most matronly hen flew over with propriety, and there were gaps that accommodated the passage of itinerant pigs. Most of the latter, however preferred the cool wallows of the less important street corners. Here and there a big dog lay asleep in the middle of the road."—*The Gentleman from Indiana.*

The two towns are almost types of character: the first, with its neatness, its regularity, its regard for the conventional, is the spirit of New England; the other, careless, free-and-easy, unkempt, is the spirit of the southern part of the Mississippi valley.

Still farther westward, a frontier town in Wyoming is thus sketched by Owen Wister:

"Town, as they called it, pleased me less the longer I saw it. . . . I have seen and slept in many like it since. Scattered wide, they littered the frontier from the Columbia to the Rio Grande, from the Missouri to the Sierras. . . . Houses, empty bottles, and garbage, they were forever of the same shapeless pattern. . . . Medicine Bow was my first, and I took its dimensions, twenty-nine buildings in all, —one coal shute, one water tank, the station, one store, two eating houses, one billiard hall, two tool houses, one feed stable, and twelve others that for one reason and another I shall not name. Yet this wretched husk of squalor spent thought upon appearances; many houses in it wore a false front to seem as if they were two stories high. There they

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stood, rearing their pitiful masquerade amid a fringe of old tin cans, while at their very doors began a world of crystal light, a land without end, a space across which Noah and Adam might come straight from Genesis."—*The Virginian.*

But the country and the country town are the homes of only a part of our population. More and more are we becoming city dwellers. What have our novelists to tell us of these? Returning once more to the East, let us follow Mr. and Mrs. March in Howells's *Hazard of New Fortunes* as they explore New York in search of a home. They soon find that only the rich can afford a house to themselves; others live in great barracks which among the poor are called tenements, among those not quite so poor, flats or apartments. They visit the Xenophon apartment house.

"They waited in the dimly-splendid, copper-colored interior, admiring the whorls and waves into which the wall paint was combed, till the janitor came in his gold-banded cap, like a continental porter. . . . There could be no doubt of the steam heat and elevator in this case. Half-stifled in the one, they mounted in the other eight stories. . . . The superintendent lit the gas in the gangway that he called a private hall, and in the drawing-room, and in the succession of chambers stretching rearward to the kitchen." They find the bedrooms so small that folding beds are necessary, and the rent so high it takes their breath away. After days of searching for a comfortable home amid miles of apartments, Mr. March thus frees his mind upon the flat question: "It's made for social show, not for family life at all. . . . None of these flats have a living room. They have drawing-rooms to foster social pretence, and they have dining-rooms and bedrooms, but they have no room where the family can come together and feel the sweetness of being a family. The bed-rooms are black holes, mostly.

"Why, those tenements are better and humaner than these flats! There the whole family lives in the kitchen,

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and has its consciousness of being, but the flat abolishes the family consciousness. It's confinement without coziness, it's cluttered without being snug."—*Hazard of New Fortunes.*

Leaving the New Yorkers to smother in their flats, let us visit Washington, this time under the guidance of Mark Twain. His picture, it should be noted, is that of Washington in the seventies.

"First you glimpse the ornamental upper works of a long, snowy palace projecting above a grove of trees, and a tall, graceful white dome with a statue on it surmounting the palace. . . . That building is the Capitol; gossips will tell you that by the original estimates it was to cost $12,000,000 and that the government did come within $27,200,000 of building it for that sum. You stand at the back of the Capitol to treat yourself to the view, and it is a very noble one. You understand the Capitol stands upon the verge of a high piece of table land, a fine commanding position, and its front looks out over this noble situation for a city,—but it don't see it, for the reason that when the Capitol extension was decided upon, the property owners advanced their property prices to such inhuman figures that the people went down and built the city on the muddy low marsh behind the temple of liberty; so now the lordly part of the building with its imposing colonnades, its projecting graceful wings, its picturesque groups of statuary, and its long terraced ranges of steps, flowing down in white marble waves to the ground, merely looks out upon a sorrowful little desert of cheap boarding houses. So you observe, you take your view from the back of the Capitol. . . . . Now your general glance gives you picturesque stretches of gleaming water on your left with a sail here and there. . . . You look down in front of you and see the broad Pennsylvania Avenue stretching straight ahead for a mile or more till it brings up against the iron fence in front of a pillared granite pile, the Treasury Building,—an edifice that would command respect in any capital. The stores

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and hotels that wall in this broad avenue are mean, and cheap, and dingy. . . . Beyond the Treasury is a fine large white barn, with wide unhandsome grounds about it. The President lives there. . . . The front and right hand views give you the city at large. It is a wide stretch of cheap little brick houses, with here and there a noble architectural pile lifting itself out of the midst—government buildings, these."—*The Gilded Age.*

But neither New York nor Washington are typical American cities. Chicago comes nearer, perhaps. Robert Herrick has described it in *The Web of Life* and in *The Common Lot.* We shall enter the city gradually, passing through the suburbs, which are a characteristic part of our great cities.

"Between Chicago and Shoreham there was a long line of prosperous suburbs, which exhibited a considerable variety of American society. Each little town gathered to itself its own class, which differed subtly, but positively, from that attracted by its neighbor. Shoreham was the home of the hunting set, centering in the large club. At Popover Plains there was a large summer hotel, and therefore the society of Popover Plains was considered by her neighbors as more or less 'mixed.' . . . But of all the more distant and desirable settlements, Forest Park had the greatest pride in itself, being comparatively old, and having large places and old-fashioned, ugly houses in which lived some people of permanent wealth. At these latter stations many fashionable traps were drawn up at the platforms to meet the incoming afternoon trains, and the coachmen, recognizing their masters, touched their hats properly with their whips. Farther down the line there were more runabouts, and they were driven by wives freshly dressed, who were expecting package-laden husbands. Still nearer the city, the men who tumbled out of the cars to the platform found no waiting carriages, and only occasionally a young woman

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in starched calico awaited her returning lord."—*The Common Lot.*

Once in the city, our first impression of it is not altogether pleasing, at least if one takes a cable car.

"Along the interminable avenue the cable train slowly jerked its way, grinding, jarring, lurching, grating, shrieking—an infernal public chariot. Sommers wondered what influence years of using this hideous machine would have upon the nerves of the people. . . . His attention was caught by the ever-repeated phenomena of the squalid street. Block after block, mile after mile, it was the same thing. No other city on the globe could present quite this combination of tawdriness, slackness, dirt, vulgarity, which was Cottage Grove Avenue. . . . The brick blocks, of many shades of grimy red and fawn color, thin as paper, cheap as dishonest contractor and bad labor could make them, were bulging and lopping at every angle. . . . The saloons, the shops, the sidewalks, were coated with soot and ancient grime."

The next glimpse is pleasanter:

"At Twenty-second Street . . . as he looked up he caught sight of the lake at the end of the street. . . . Along the boulevard carriages were passing more frequently. The clank of metal chains, the beat of hoofs upon the good road-bed, sounded smartly on the ear. The houses became larger, newer, more flamboyant; richly-dressed, handsome women were coming and going between them and their broughams."—*The Web of Life.*

To Robert Herrick, coming from the East, and with memories of beautiful cities in foreign lands, Chicago is squalid, even vulgar. But Frank Norris, looking at the same place sees a different thing. He has caught the spirit of the great city, throbbing with activity.

"But the life was tremendous. All around, on every side, in every direction, the vast machinery of commerce clashed and thundered from dawn to dark and from dark

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to dawn. . . . The blackened waters of the river, seen an instant between stanchions as the car trundled across State Street bridge, disappeared under fleets of tugs, of lake steamers, of lumber barges from Sheboygan and Mackinac, of grain boats from Duluth, of coal scows that filled the air with impalpable dust, of cumbersome schooners laden with produce, . . . while on all sides, blocking the horizon, red in color and designated by Brobdignag letters, towered the hump-shouldered grain elevators. . . .

"Suddenly the meaning and significance of it all dawned. . . . The great grey city, brooking no rival, imposed its dominion upon a reach of country larger than many a kingdom of the Old World. For thousands of miles beyond its confines was its influence felt. Out, far out, far away in the snow and shadow of northern Wisconsin forests, axes and saws bit the bark of century-old trees, stimulated by his city's energy. Just as far to the southward, pick and drill leaped to the assault of veins of anthracite, moved by her central power. Her force turned the wheels of harvester and seeder a thousand miles distant in Iowa and Kansas. Her force spun the screws and propellers of innumerable squadrons of lake steamers crowding the Sault Sainte Marie. . . . It was the Empire, the resistless subjugation of all this central world of the lakes and the prairies. Here, midmost in the land, beat the Heart of the Nation, whence inevitably must come its immeasurable power, its infinite, inexhaustible vitality. Here, of all her cities, throbbed the true life, the true power and spirit of America; gigantic, crude with the crudity of youth, disdaining rivalry; sane and healthy and vigorous; brutal in its ambition, arrogant in the new-found knowledge of its giant strength, prodigal of its wealth, infinite in its desires."—*The Pit.*

Is there anything in common in these pictures of cities and towns? Is there an American type here? One feature at least is common to many places: an air of newness, of incompleteness, of self-realization not yet attained. One sees

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magnificent buildings flanked by cheap shacks. Whole streets seem hesitating between being business or residential in character. The architecture is chaotic, varying from the deadly monotony of houses built by the block to the freakish individuality of the homes of the rich. In but two sections of our country, New England with its square colonial houses, and the South, with its spacious, wide-verandahed mansions, may we say there is a type of dwelling house, and even these are less frequently built to-day. There is something irregular, something unfinished about most of our cities, an air as if they were passing through a transitory stage, as indeed they are. Towns grow to cities so rapidly that they retain some of the characteristics of their earlier state. In a word, our urban life is at the awkward age, just between boyhood and manhood, but growing—there is no doubt of that—and its growth is full of promise.

NOVELS DEALING WITH AMERICAN LIFE

(The following list is representative rather than exhaustive. It does not include short story writers like Bret Harte, as their work will be taken up in a later instalment of the series.)

STORIES OF SOCIETY.

The House of Mirth, Edith Wharton; The Chippendales, Robert Grant; A Modern Chronicle, Winston Churchill; The Golden House, Charles Dudley Warner; People of the Whirlpool, Mabel Osgood Wright; A Gentleman of Leisure, Edgar Fawcett; The Butler's Story, Arthur C. Train.

LOCAL STUDIES.

THE EAST.

Maine—The Country of the Pointed Firs, Sarah Orne Jewett; Rose o' the River, Kate Douglas Wiggins; A Modern Instance, Doctor Breen's Practice, W. D. Howells; Pearl of Orr's Island, H. B. Stowe.

Vermont—Danvis Folks, Rowland E. Robinson; Wood Carver of 'Lympus, D. J. Waller.

Massachusetts—Pembroke, Jerome, a Poor Man, Mary Wilkins Freeman; Stillwater Tragedy, T. B. Aldrich; Cap'n Eri, Joseph C. Lincoln; King's End, Alice Brown.

Boston—Rise of Silas Lapham, The Minister's Charge, W. D. Howells; The Bostonians, Henry James; Rowena in Boston, Maria Louise Pool.

Connecticut—The Plated City, Bliss Perry; Caleb West, Master Diver, F. Hopkinson Smith.

New York—David Harum, Edward Noyes Westcott; Seth's Brother's Wife, Harold Frederic.

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New York City—Letters Home, The Coast of Bohemia, W. D. Howells; Story of a New York House, H. C. Bunner; The Fighting Chance, R. W. Chambers; The House of a Merchant Prince, W. H. Bishop.

Pennsylvania—Tillie, a Mennonite Maid, Helen R. Martin; On the Susquehanna, William A. Hammond.

Ohio—The Kentons, W. D. Howells.

New Jersey—The Debtor, Mary Wilkins-Freeman; The Wayfarers, Mary Stewart Cutting.

THE SOUTH.

Virginia—The Deliverance, The Voice of the People, Ellen Glasgow; Old Gentleman of the Black Stock, Thos. N. Page; Colonel Carter of Cartersville, F. Hopkinson Smith; Virginia of Virginia, Amelie Rives.

Kentucky—Crittenden, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, John Fox, Jr.; The Reign of Law, James Lane Allen.

Tennessee—The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, The Despot of Broomsedge Cove, Mary N. Murfree; The Durket Sperret, Sarah Barnwell Elliott.

Arkansas—We-All, Octave Thanet; John Bodewin's Testimony, Mary Hallock Foote; Arkansaw Cousins, John B. Ellis.

Georgia—White Marie, Will N. Harben.

THE MIDDLE WEST.

Indiana—The Hoosier Schoolmaster, Edward Eggleston; The Gentleman from Indiana, The Conquest of Canaan, Booth Tarkington.

Illinois—The Spirit of an Illinois Town, Mary H. Catherwood.

Chicago—The Common Lot, The Web of Life, Robert Herrick; The Cliff-Dwellers, With the Procession, Henry B. Fuller.

Missouri—At You-All's House, J. N. Baskett.

Kansas—A Certain Rich Man, William Allen White; Story of a Country Town, Edgar W. Howe.

THE FAR WEST.

Wyoming—The Virginian, Owen Wister.

Colorado—Zeph, Helen Hunt Jackson; Hesper, Hamlin Garland.

Idaho—Coeur D'Alene, Mary Hallock Foote.

California—The Led Horse Claim, Mary Hallock Foote; The Octopus, McTeague, Frank Norris; The Californians, Gertrude Atherton; Summer in a Canyon, Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Alaska—The Call of the Wild, Jack London; The Magnetic North, "Come and Find Me," Elizabeth Robins; The Spoilers, The Barrier, Rex Beach.

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Old Portrait of Francisco Pizarro, the Conqueror and First Viceroy of Peru.

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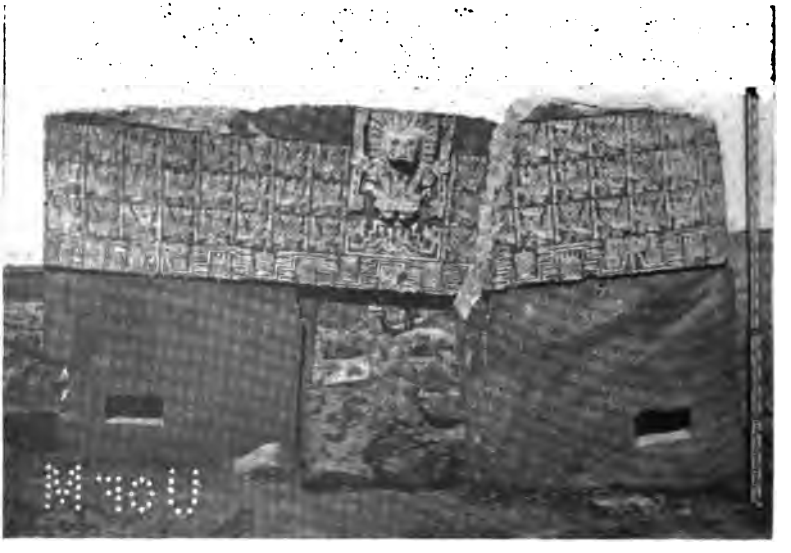
Pizarro and



The Gate of the Sun. Bolivia

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the Incas

Ruins of an Inca Temple

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Cortes and

Landing of Columbus

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the Aztecs

Balboa Taking Possession of the "South Sea" (Pacific) in the Name of Spain

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Andean Scenery. The Tolorsa Pass in the Chilean Cordillera

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Typical Fifteenth Century Spanish Architecture in South America

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The Emperor Charles V

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The Pan-American Union

In the preparation of a Reading Journey through South America for the Chautauqua Home Reading Course, the writer has depended to a great extent on the facilities offered by the Pan-American Union, and the advice and suggestions kindly given him by its Director General, the Honorable John Barrett, whose broad experience in South American countries as United States Minister to Argentina, Panama, and Colombia, as well as his administration for four years of the Pan-American Union, makes his pronouncements on the subject of Latin America of first importance.

The Pan-American Union is an international organization and office maintained at Washington by the twenty-one republics of North, Central and South America. It is devoted to the development and advancement of commerce, friendly intercourse and good understanding among these countries, and is supported by quotas contributed by each country, based on its population. Its affairs are administered by a Director General and Assistant Director, elected by and responsible to a Governing Board, which is composed of the Secretary of State of the United States (Chairman ex-officio) and the diplomatic representatives in Washington of the other American governments. Assisted by a staff of international experts, statisticians, commercial specialists, translators and compilers, it conducts a general correspondence covering every phase of Pan-American relations, and publishes a Monthly Bulletin which is a careful record of Pan-American progress. Its Columbus Memorial Library, of over twenty thousand volumes, is the standard reference on Latin American subjects. It is now housed in a building erected in Washington, D. C., at a cost of $1,000,000 contributed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie and the different governments.

The Pan-American Union (formerly known as the Bureau of American Republics) was established in 1890; it is the outgrowth of the First Pan-American Conference, held in 1889-90, at Washington, and presided over by Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State of the United States.

Inquiries, prompted by the articles that follow, will be gladly answered if readers will address them to the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C.

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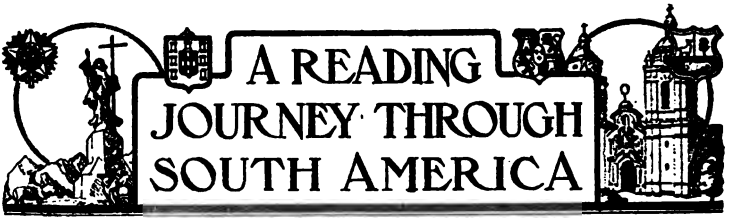

I. Discovery and Conquest

By Harry Weston VanDyke

Member of the Bar, Washington, D. C. Licenciado in Spanish Law.

OUR hundred years ago, when Europe was emerging from the darkness of the Middle Ages into the enlightenment of printed books, when gunpowder was changing the aspect of war, and the Field of the Cloth of Gold put the official stamp of culture on her civilization—in an age that produced such intellects as Machiavelli, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Copernicus, Cardinal Wolsey, and John Werner—wise men were still groping blindly for light on questions about the world they lived in that would be elementary to the school children of our day. What is the shape of the earth? What lies beyond the western horizon of the dread Atlantic—the *Mare Tenebrosum* of fabled terror to mariners? How far east does Asia extend? Assuming the vague speculation that the earth is a sphere to be true,

*Mr. H. W. Van Dyke, who has prepared these articles, was recommended by Mr. John Barrett, Director General of the Pan American Union, an international institution, devoted to the development of better acquaintance, friendship and commerce among the twenty-one American republics. Mr. Barrett was engaged to write this Reading Journey, but being prevented by illness and pressure of official work, suggested Mr. Van Dyke, placing at the latter's disposal the facilities of the Union and giving him the advantage of the Director General's own wide knowledge of South America. Any person desiring further information prompted by these articles can obtain it by addressing Mr. Barrett at Washington.

The first and second articles of the series contain geographical and historical information desirable for every traveler to be familiar with before beginning his journeyings.

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how could a mariner, even were he successful in sailing down the awful declivity of the globe's side, hope to succeed in climbing up again—how could he escape the frightful abysses into which the ocean discharges itself beyond the horizon?

Had Europe's astronomers and navigators been endowed with the imagination of Claudius Ptolemy, the Alexandrian who sketched a map of the world in A. D. 150, and was the first to claim for it the spherical shape, they might have evolved theories as to the earth's motions and its relation to the sun that would have allayed the fears of the mariners, and that pioneer cartographer's guess might have been confirmed centuries before Columbus's enlightening voyage. But Europe, appalled by the thought of Ptolemy's stationary globe and the awful activities of the unlimited waters, preferred the more comfortable contemplation of the rectangular earth described by the monk, Cosmas, who, some five hundred years later, put forth a map showing the earth enclosed by blue walls supporting a domed roof in or above which resided the Creator and all His angels. Around Cosmas's cosmos surged the protecting ocean which effectively confined the world geography during the so-called —and well called—dark ages.

No one suspected that Africa could be circumnavigated and the treasures of Marco Polo's gorgeous East brought by sea to Europe's door to adorn the Bride of the Adriatic. Who imagined that the East could be reached by sailing west, or that a ship, sailing south along Africa's Atlantic coast, could possibly climb back again on the other side?

Of course there is ground for belief that America was visited by Europeans, and even by certain storm-driven Buddhist priests from China, but with these speculations we are not now concerned. Our chief interest centers in Columbus's then seemingly preposterous guess that Cathay, told of by Marco Polo on his return to Venice from China

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in 1295, lay beyond the Atlantic, and in the new world he discovered in testing the accuracy of that guess. Although Columbus did not live to know it, his great achievement set aright Europe's vain imaginings and quieted her terrors of the unknown.

Aroused by the growing interest in reaching Asia by water, which was excited by the enlightened Prince Henry of Portugal (1394-1463) and intensified by the exploits of Covilham, Diaz, and Bartholomew Columbus in their descents of the west coast of Africa, thus exploding the theory of the fiery zone at the equator, Christopher Columbus sought out the famous astronomer, Toscanelli, and asked his opinion concerning the feasibility of reaching Asia by sailing westward. The latter sent him a copy of a letter he had shortly before written to the King of Portugal recommending a shorter route to Asia than that then being explored around Africa. A chart accompanied the letter showing the Portuguese coast and laying a course thence due westward, and marking out imaginary distances and islands which would break the voyage. The letter concluded: "From the city of Lisbon as far as the very great and splendid city of Quinsay (Pekin) are twenty-six spaces marked on the map, each two hundred and fifty miles. The space (6,700 miles) is about a third of the whole sphere. But from the Island of Antilla, which you know, to the very splendid Island of Cipango (Japan) there are ten spaces. So through the unknown parts of the route the stretches of sea are not great."

Thus encouraged by several valuable pieces of ignorance, Columbus determined to undertake the quest of the East by sailing west. Had he known that the distance from Lisbon to Asia was in fact some thirteen thousand miles, across the Isthmus of Panama, or twice Toscanelli's estimate, that the Island of Antilla was wholly imaginary and that Cathay, or the coast of Asia, did not, as he believed, extend some thousands of miles farther east than it does,

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he must have abandoned the venture as impossible in the cockleshells then available for ocean travel, nor would his enthusiasm have prevailed upon the practical Isabella of Castile, who backed his scheme when other sovereigns had failed him, however elated and invincible she may have felt at the moment as a result of her expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

With Toscanelli's alluring chart before him, Columbus set forth from Palos, on August 3, 1492, bound for Cipango, which we now call Japan. His vessels, the Niña, Pinta (well named the "pint cup"), and Santa María, bore a company of ninety adventurers, including the crew, their sole incentive being the greed of riches. After a voyage of ten weeks they came to land on the island on the outward bow of the Bahamas to which they gave the name of San Salvador. It is now known as Watling's Island. Supposing this to be one of the outlying spice islands off Cathay, Columbus cruised about for ten days and finally came upon Cuba, which he assumed to be Cipango. In his infatuation he now saw his journey's end. He had, he thought, but to sail a few courses farther to reach the mainland of Cathay, exchange compliments with the Great Kahn at Quinsay and return in triumph, laden with the wealth with which he had made a vow to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, and herald the news of his wonderful achievement to a skeptical Europe. And all the while Cathay was ten thousand miles away—due west.

During the succeeding twelve years Columbus made three more voyages, cruised about among the islands of the Caribbean sea, reached the mainland of Honduras and even touched at the Island of Trinidad at the mouth of the Orinoco, but neither he nor the horde of adventurers that followed in his wake suspected that they had come upon a new world. The mainland of America was still believed to be the east coast of Asia, and herein lies the key to the confusion that gave to the new world the name of America rather than Columbia.

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Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine and friend of Columbus, made four voyages across the Atlantic between 1497 and 1504, touching along the coasts successively from the Chesapeake to Patagonia. His cruise along the enormous stretch of the Brazilian coast convinced him that he was skirting a continent—a new world entirely disconnected with the Florida coast. "For," he says in his letter to Solderini, "it transcends the ideas of the ancients, since most of them say that beyond the equator to the south there is no continent, but only the sea which they call the Atlantic. But this last voyage of mine has proved that this opinion of theirs was erroneous, since in these southern regions I have found a continent more thickly inhabited than our Europe or Asia or Africa, and moreover a climate more temperate and agreeable than any region known to us." In this letter he refers to this continent as a new world; in 1504 it was published under the title "Mundus Novus." In 1507 Mathias Ringmann published his "Introductio Cosmographiae" proposing that this "Fourth Part" of the globe discovered by Vespucci should be called Amerigo—the land of Americus—and reminding his readers that both Europe and Asia had taken their names from women. In the following year Martinus Waldseemüller published a map of the world on which appeared for the first time the name America. The reason why a distinct name was thus proposed for this Fourth Part was that it was new to the geographers; and the reason why the lands discovered by Columbus (North America) were not at the same time called Columbia was that they were believed to be already named Cathay. And it was not until, years later, the conception began to dawn on men's minds that the new southern continent was of one piece with the Columbian Indies, that the name already bestowed on the former came insensibly to be applied to the whole of the northern and southern continents. The preference of America over Columbia was the result of no treachery on Vespucci's part as, until the last

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decade, has been the world's belief; he had no sinister ambition to immortalize his name at the expense of his friend Columbus.

Now that what appeared to be a continuous stretch of land had been found to lie across the Atlantic peopled with races that suggested nothing of the marvelous civilization of Marco Polo's Cathay, the conviction grew that this fabled treasure land had not yet been reached by Toscanelli's route. Doubts grew into impatience when the news arrived in Spain that the Portuguese, Vasco da Gama, had brought to her rival the honor of doubling the Cape of Good Hope and opening the long sought route to the East by way of Africa. Fortunately for her peace of mind at this juncture, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, a Spaniard attached to Bastida's expedition, crossed the Isthmus from the Gulf of Darien, in 1513, and discovered the Pacific Ocean. He gave it the name of the Southern Sea, to distinguish it from the Atlantic which in those days was known as the North Sea, little dreaming, however, that a body of water more vast than the Atlantic had been found to bar the way to Cathay. It remained for Magellan to force the conviction of that fact upon mankind. In 1519 he discovered the passage now named for him, Magellan Strait, and sailed across to the Philippines, where he met his death, only one of his ships reaching Spain around Africa, to accomplish the first circumnavigation of the globe.

Even with this achievement the magnitude and true significance of the Pacific was not comprehended by the searchers for Cathay. In 1533 the geographer Schoner placed Florida and New Foundland in Asia and called the City of Mexico Quinsay, and as late as 1548 Gastaldi made Florida and Mexico parts of Asia. But the door had been opened, and in a short time the discoveries of the French and English, and the voyage of the Danish navigator, Behring, proved North America to be a new continent and not Cathay.

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But no practical advantage resulted to Spain and Portugal, the two great rivals for the trade with the East, from these discoveries, for the route through the Strait of Magellan was too perilous during the hundred years that followed. They, however, found riches closer at hand in the new worlds that had so unexpectedly come into their possession. The rivalries of these two peoples, beginning with the first discoveries, brought about the famous partition of South America by the Pope. As the Vicar of Christ on earth, and thus the repository of the fee simple of all the new world, Alexander VI deeded, on May 4, 1493, to his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain, all lands then or thereafter to be discovered in the western sea; and he followed this by a second bull to the effect that all lands to the west of a meridian of longitude one hundred leagues west of the Azores and Cape Verde Islands should belong to the Spaniards. The Portuguese were left free to pursue their researches by way of Africa and east of this Line of Demarcation. The Portuguese were dissatisfied with this division and demanded a line farther west, and, finally, Spain agreed, in the treaty signed at Tordesillas, Spain, on June 7, 1494, to advance it three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. After this disposition of the territory, Portugal's possessions in the East were known as the East Indies, and Spain's, in the new world, the West Indies—Asia, Cathay and India being then synonymous in Europe. Spain's modification of the Pope's grant gave (as appeared later) to the Portuguese the coast of Brazil, which was peculiarly Portuguese by right of the exploits of Vespucci who touched there on his second and third voyages while sailing under the Portuguese flag, and by its re-discovery, in 1500, by De Cabral, who, starting on an expedition around Africa to Hindustan, was blown across the Atlantic and came unawares upon the Brazilian coast. He took formal possession for Portugal, assuming that it must lie east of the Papal Meridian.

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Space will not permit our following the fortunes of the Spanish adventurers who overran Central America and Florida in the half century that followed the voyages of the pioneers, or a description and study of the ancient civilizations indicated by the ruined cities of Campeche and Merida, in Yucatan, and in New Mexico. The expeditions of d'Ayllon, Montesino, Gomez, Florin, Grijalva, Bastida, De Soto, Ponce de Léon, Ojeda, Velasquez, Coronado and the negro Estevanico, radiated from Hispaniola, or Hayti, the Spanish base of operations, in their search for gold and their response to the lure of the Indian legends of the Golden City of Quivira, the Seven Cities of Cibola, and the Gilded Man. The romance of this period and a careful study of the native races, their origin, classification and civilizations, are to be found in the works of Prescott, Fiske, Squier, Bandelier, Markham and Julian Hawthorne.

Nor are we particularly concerned in these travels with the conquest of Mexico by Hernando Cortez, the greatest statesman and soldier ever sent by Spain across the water. A subordinate of Velasquez, the conqueror of Cuba, Cortez set forth, in 1519, from that island on his career of conquest which was the most conspicuous act of Spain in the new world. Montezuma II was the head war chief, or emperor of the country known as Anahuac, under whose leadership the Aztecs tried in vain to resist the domination of this resourceful and masterful Spaniard. His conquest was complete, and opened up the flood of gold from the main stream that was to enrich the mother country for generations. The stress of this clash of old and new civilizations, the awful carnage, the devastation and the slow rebuilding, give to history one of its most stirring tragedies. The old gave way to the new. The contrast in the fortunes of these people is exemplified today in the City of Mexico. In an obscure little house in that city lives a modest, well-educated gentleman who is a lineal descendent of Montezuma, the legal heir of the Aztec throne, who should have been Emperor of

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Anahuac. This Señor Montezuma, however, entertains no hopes of a restoration of the ancient empire, but quietly accepts the meagre pension paid him by the government. In contradistinction to this scion of the house of Montezuma, the heirs of Cortez receive immense revenues from their Mexican estates, and the Marquis Del Valle, as the present day Cortez is called, lives in grand style and is a man of power and influence in the city.

After the conquest of Mexico that of Peru was the next great achievement of the Spaniards. The expedition was fitted out on the Isthmus and proceeded, by way of the Pacific Ocean under the leadership of Francisco Pizarro and Almagro, in 1531. This was the first substantial invasion of the west coast of the South American continent by the whites. In comparatively few years this enormous territory came completely under the yoke of the Latin race. It extends from 12½ degrees North Latitude to 56 degrees South, and from the thirty-fifth meridian west of Greenwich to the eightieth. Its area is estimated at 6,873,000 square miles, or about 400,000 square miles greater than that of North America.

Dividing the continent longitudinally into three great natural regions, one may get a good idea of its configuration. These are: the Eastern Highlands, the Central Lowlands and the Western Cordillera (ridge) of the Andes. The first, lying wholly in Brazil, vary from 1,000 to 4,000 feet in average elevation, and are loftiest in the North and South, while the center is a hollow forming the lower valley of the Amazon. The loftiest region is near the coast where the highlands reach a height of nearly 8,500 feet.

The Central Lowlands comprise two areas: the Patagonian-Pampa Area and the Area of the Great River Basins, the latter being, respectively, the basins of La Plata in the Argentine country, the Amazon, in Brazil, and the Orinoco the Venezuela. The Patagonian-Pampa Area consists of the low Patagonian plateau and still lower pampa region north

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of the Colorado River, constituting the great wheat and grazing plains of Argentina. The Great Basin Area occupies two-thirds of the continent.

The Western Cordillera of the Andes runs like gigantic vertebrae the entire length of the continent on the west coast. In Peru and northward the Cordillera branches into two main ridges. Between these lies the lofty table-land which was the center of the colossal civilization of the Incas. Southward from Peru the Andes run in a single range throughout the length of Chile, and bear the great mineral wealth of the latter country in nitrates and silver. The Cordillera is separated from the Pacific by a comparatively narrow ribbon of arid, sandy country, varying in width from 50 to 300 miles and is punctuated opposite Patagonia by fjords of such grandeur as to compel travelers' favorable comparison with the fjords of Norway. The Andes constitute the highest land in the Western Hemisphere. Professor Bailey of the Harvard Observatory at Arequipa, Peru, names forty-two peaks as being over 20,000 feet in height, three of which, in Bolivia, are over 23,000 feet, while Aconcagua, back of Santiago, in Chile, rises to the height of 24,760 feet. In this region, on the boundary between Peru and Bolivia, and at a height of 13,000 feet lies Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable body of water on the globe. On the islands of this lake is the traditional birthplace of the ancient Inca dynasty.

The climate of South America has as great extremes as our own, the greater part, however, being tropical. It must be observed also that the seasons are inverted, since most of the continent lies below the equator. Christmas weather in Buenos Aires, for instance, falls in July.

The population is estimated at 40,000,000, giving a mean density of population of .53 per square mile. The coastal lands, river valleys and the alluvial plains or pampas of the Plata basin are the most densely peopled. Intermarriage between the early white settlers and the native Indians

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and with the imported negro slaves, and the enormous immigration from Europe have produced a mixed race in their most densely populated sections, containing, as Réclus has pointed out, the greatest number of characteristics of all the races, the most typical average specimens of humanity to be found anywhere on earth. The inhabitants of the interior of the forest regions and in Patagonia, consist mainly of aborigines of many races, differing in language more than in racial characteristics. The natives of the warmer regions are yellower than the brown inhabitants of the mountains and lofty plateaus, but all possess the same dark, lank hair and scantiness of beard.

The Caribs of the lower, the Nu-Aruak of the upper Amazon, the Tupi-Guarany between the Amazon and the Plata, and the Guaykuru of the Paraguay, the Ges and Mundrucus of Brazil, and the Patagonians and the Fuegians of the extreme South, are among the most important of the races east of the Andes. The Chibchas of Colombia, the long unconquered and magnificiently virile Araucanians of Chile, and the Quichuas, the basis of the great Inca civilization overthrown by the Pizarros, are the most conspicuous of the Andean tribes. The name Andes was itself derived from the Anti Indians.

At the time of the coming of the Spaniards the greater portion of the west coast was under the domination of a well organized civilization, or semi-civilization, as Marion Wilcox prefers to call it in his article in the Encyclopedia Americana. The nation representing this civilization, the Incas, was formed in their thirteenth century by the four tribes scattered over the northwest of South America, known as the Quichuas, Incas, Canas and Canchis. They were all mountaineers, short but active and strong, with soft brown skins, black hair and arched noses. At first the tribes were composed of clans, but the Incas settled in the lofty valley of Cuzco (in Peru) and from that coign of vantage gradually subdued the other tribes. Unlike the Aztecs they con-

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firmed their conquests not by exacting tribute but by military occupation of the subject territory. The ancient city of Cuzco became their capital about the end of the thirteenth century, and from this point, northward and southward, the expansion and organization of the great Inca "empire" began. A succession of head chiefs had already been instituted and these monarchs were called Incas, *par excellence*—the Inca of all minor Incas. Under successive rulers most of the Andean tribes from the Equator down as far as the land of the Araucanians (Chile) came under their domination; the Aymaras, supposed to be the descendants of the pre-historic Pirua race, which built the cyclopean temples about Tiahuanucu, in Peru, the Chancas, living near the Equator, and the Chimus who gave its name to the famous volcano Chimborazo in Ecuador. It was under the Inca Yupanqui that this last absorption took place, and he is regarded as the great hero of pre-Spanish Peruvian history. To this conqueror was given the surname Pachacutec—Changer of the World.

His successor extended the dominion of his people far into Chile, so that it became necessary to found the city of Quito (now the capital of Ecuador), as a base of administration in the north. His son, Huayna Capac, who died in 1523, just before the Spanish invasion, found himself the ruler of an empire of two thousand seven hundred miles in length and several hundred wide, extending from Colombia to the river Maule, three hundred miles south of Santiago, in Chile, and eastward to include Bolivia and the great part of Argentina, and this enormous area of mountainous difficult country was not merely conquered but occupied and assimilated, and effectively governed from an administrative center. Garrisons were distributed throughout at strategic points, and were connected by the famous roads which have been the wonder and admiration of the world. They started from Cuzco as a center and diverged to all parts of the empire. Their average width was twenty-five feet and they were

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almost as level as railroads, which is saying much when one remembers the rugged and rocky topography of the Inca's dominions. There was a central highway from Quito to Cuzco, and thence southward, which is described by the historian Pedro Cieza de León. "I believe that since the history of man has been recorded, there has been no account of such grandeur as is to be seen on this road, which passes over deep valleys and lofty mountains, by snowy heights, over falls of water, through live rocks and along the edges of furious torrents. In all these places it is level and paved, along mountain slopes well excavated, through the living rock cut, along the river bank supported by walls, in the snowy heights with steps and resting places, in all parts clean-swept and clear of stones, with post and store houses and temples to be seen at intervals. . . . The roads constructed by the Romans are not to be compared with it."

The post houses were four or five miles apart, and in each were two Indians who carried messages with incredible swiftness and endurance to and from the next house in line, whereby the government was kept at all times fully informed of the administration in all parts of the country. In this way messages traveled at the rate of over one hundred and fifty miles a day.

In the temporal government of this "empire" the Inca was practically an absolute monarch, and in spiritual affairs head priest. The religion of the country, practiced with a rigid ritual which regulated every act of their lives, was a combination of Sun and Ancestor worship, with a phase of monotheism in the background; they perceived that the world must have been created by some superior being, and they called him Pachacamac, but they did not attempt to lift their minds to supernatural conceptions. Human sacrifices were not practiced in the Inca temples. Near the site of the present city of Lima was raised the single oracular temple of this god.

But, far more impressive than this temple are the remains of the Inca palaces at Cuzco and the stupendous forti-

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fications described in detail by Bandelier, Markham and Squier. The architecture, on a colossal scale, is ascribed by some investigators to a pre-Incarial period—the Piruan, the traditional name given to a very ancient people, the Hatun-Runac, who occupied the highlands of Peru and Bolivia before the rise of the Inca dynasty. Whether the Incas were a later development of the Piruas or a distinct race which builded upon the ruins of the latter, is still a subject for dispute.

"That such a people existed," writes Markham, "is evident from the remains of cyclopean architecture of a type different and older than the Inca edifices. Tiahuanucu, which is twelve miles from the northern end of Lake Titicaca in Western Bolivia, near the border of Peru, and about twelve thousand nine hundred feet above the sea, includes the remains of several very large quadrilateral buildings, monolithic doorways, broken statues, etc. The material is generally hard sandstone or trachyte, often in immense blocks, and it must have been transported twenty-five miles by water and fifteen by land. The blocks were cut and fitted together with great skill, the joining being by mortises and bolts. Many of them are elaborately sculptured. The largest and most remarkable of the monolithic doorways is thirteen feet wide, with a present height above the ground of over seven feet, and nearly three feet thick. . . . The style of architecture and sculpture is absolutely unique, and the exactness of the squaring and joining are unsurpassed even by the most noted ancient and modern works of the old world."

Quite as remarkable are the ruins of Sacsahuana, which by some are ascribed to the Piruas, though others contend that they may have been built by the Incas as late as the fifteenth century. The buildings overlook the present town of Cuzco in Peru. The principal works of the fortifications (for such they seem to be) consist of three walls, each eighteen hundred feet long, rising one above the other, and supporting artificial terraces, defended by parapets. "The

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heaviest work of the fortress," says Squier, "remains substantially perfect, and will remain as long as the pyramids shall last, or Stonehenge or the Coliseum endure. The outer wall is the heaviest. Each salient is an immense block of stone, sometimes as high as the terrace which it supports, but generally sustaining one or more great stones only less in size than itself. One of these stones is twenty-seven feet long, fourteen broad, and twelve in thickness. Stones of fifteen feet in length, twelve in width, and ten in thickness are common in the outer walls."

The Incas practiced irrigation, and manured their crops of corn and other growths with guano. It was in Peru that the potato as we know it was first discovered. They domesticated and worked wild animals, the llama, derived from the huanacu, and the alpaca from the vicuna.

The state was based on the principle of communistic despotism. The Inca transmitted his power to the eldest son of his official wife, who was always his full sister. The literature of the Incas is, unfortunately, nil, since their only means of recording their transactions was by the *quipus* or knotted string, still in use by the peons in bartar and sale. It seems strange to us that a people as intelligent as the Incas must have been could have pursued their astonishing growth without recording it in literature in the shape of books. Some poems and plays of Incarial times are, however, extant, having been taken down by the Spaniards from oral tradition.

Such, in briefest suggestion, is the people and the vast empire (covering half of Vespucci's "New World") conquered and almost obliterated by the Spaniards in their search for gold. The story of their descent is woven into one of the most stirring romances of literature, Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," and in more recent years has been told perhaps with more accuracy by Julian Hawthorne, Thomas C. Dawson and other careful writers already mentioned.

During the activities of Enciso, Nicuesa and Balboa,

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on the Isthmus, at the time of the latter's discovery of the Pacific, in 1513, gold ornaments were found among the possessions of the natives. Inquiry elicited the welcome news that in the South dwelt a great nation that used gold and silver for pottery and building materials and lived in great cities. After several ineffectual attempts by Balboa, Francisco Pizarro and others, to reach the new gold fields, the Pizarro brothers and two associates, Hernando Luque, a priest, possessed of some money, and Diego de Almagro, set sail from Panamá and landed at Tumbez in the Gulf of Guayaquil, at the close of 1531, with two hundred men and fifty horses. With this ridiculously small army the Spaniards secured a foothold in the Inca country, and by an almost incredible series of fortuitous events and the exercise of a high degree of military strategy only equalled by Cortes in Mexico, Pizarro subjugated the "empire" and laid the foundation of Spain's three hundred years of dominion over the Southern continent. A dynastic war between the legitimate Inca Huascar, and his brother Atahualpa, the terror incited among the natives by the horses and firearms of the invaders, and the trap into which Pizarro lured the successful contestant for the Inca throne, Atahualpa, were the chief incidents availed of by the resourceful Spaniard in effecting his conquest.

Over fifteen millions in gold was divided in the first months of the campaign and vast stores of silver lay within their grasp in the Bolivian mountains. Another Mexico was at last discovered, and promised greater wealth to the King and the adventurers than was ever dreamed of by the pioneer Columbus.

From Lima, the capital founded in 1535, by Pizarro, the Spanish irruption spread south and west. Whatever may be our animadversions against the Spanish on the score of their greed for gold, after reading Prescott and other severe critics, there is no denying that it prompted them, as nothing else in the world could have done, to pursue the work of ex-

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ploration and to make the new world known with a rapidity which never could have been rivalled by mere geographers and ethnologists, or by the thorough colonization methods of the Anglo-Saxons. Before the eyes of the Spanish adventurers there hovered constantly the vision of some absolutely golden country where the precious metal was the veriest dross. In quest of this vision they underwent labors and sufferings and braved perils which would have been heroic in another cause. We have one picture handed down to us by the early Spanish historians of this period that indicated to what degree they attained success in their quest. We are told that Pizarro, then become a Marquis and the first Viceroy, rode to church one Sunday morning over cobblestones of solid silver, and mounted on a horse shod with gold and caparisoned with jewels and golden ornaments worth a king's ransom.

Upon the secure establishment of the Spanish domination in Peru proper, the Inca "empire" was divided, Almagro being allotted the lands south of Cuzco. His expedition of conquest into Chile was, however, a failure, and it was left to Valdivia, one of the most imposing figures among the "Conquistadores," to make an enduring campaign against the powerful race of the Araucanians, vassals of the Incas, whose country lay north of the river Biobio. These Indians are described at some length in Hancock's "History of Chile." Less advanced in culture than the Incas, they were and are today a sturdy, warlike race and read into the history of Spain's colonial régime in Chile many chapters epic in their stress and fierceness.

In 1540 Valdivia, with Pedro de Hoz and a hundred and fifty Spaniards, and some thousands of Indians, marched from Cuzco to succeed where Almagro failed. He penetrated as far as the site of the present capital of Chile, Santiago, where he made his first settlement, on February 14th—Saint Iago's day. During the years of constant warfare with the Araucanians prior to his heroic death at the end

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of 1553, Valdivia founded six settlements on the Pacific slope of Chile—the last bearing his name—and became the Governor of the new province.

The Patagonian country, down to the Strait of Magellan, was explored at this time by Pastene, sent out from Lima, but as the region was not rich in portable wealth, its settlement was deferred till a later day, and it was not until long afterwards that the world began to hear about the huge savages and the majestic scenery of the fjords.

Bolivia in its entirety and the northern areas of the Argentine submitted more quietly to the Spanish conquerors. In 1542, Diego de Rojas led the first recorded expedition from Peru down through the Humahuaca valley into Argentina. He perished in a fight with a wild tribe near the main chain of the Andes, but his followers continued their march. Near Tucumán they passed out from the mountain defiles into the pampas and, leaving the desert to their right, penetrated through Santiago (in Argentina) and Córdoba to the Paraná river country. This invasion was followed by those of other adventurers from the Andes settlements, lured by the reports of the peaceable and wealthy Indians inhabiting irrigated valleys and the accounts of the magnificent pastures stretching away to the east, now the scene of Argentine's great stock-raising and wheat industry. This influx from the Peruvian center was met by the expeditions along the Atlantic coast converging at Buenos Aires and marching north and west—both in search of a new Peru.

The rights claimed by Portugal over the east coast of South America, by virtue of discovery and the treaty of Tordesillas, were the source of much dissension with Spain. In 1516 Juan Diaz de Solis was sent out from Spain to explore the southern part of the continent from the Atlantic coast. He reached the Plata River and landed on the northern bank. The news of this event aroused the protests of Portugal which claimed the whole coast line. The Portuguese, however, made no settlement, and did not follow up their

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protests or take possession south of Brazil, and finally, in 1526, the famous navigator, Sebastian Cabot, was dispatched by the Spanish government to determine astronomically the exact location of the Papal Line of Demarkation in America. He also entered the Plata and heard rumors of the golden empire which Pizarro later discovered. Cabot and his companions thereupon abandoned their survey and pushed inland to the north and west in the hope that their discovery of the rich mines of Peru would excuse their disobedience. They got no further than Asunción, in Paraguay, at the junction of the Pilcomayo and Paraguay rivers. The expedition utterly failed of its object and Cabot returned to Spain.

The venture, however, stimulated Portugal firmly to establish her rights by colonization and actual possession, and Alonzo da Souza started from Lisbon with an expedition intending to take possession of the Plata country. Lack of provisions and fear of the Indians born of the tales of a Portuguese castaway picked up on the Brazilian coast—one of the insignificant chances that sometimes change the course of empires—stopped da Souza before he reached his destination. Instead of founding a colony on the great estuary (La Plata) and expelling the Spanish, he founded San Vicente, just south of the tropic of Capricorn and of the present capital of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro. This became the southern outpost of the Portuguese possessions and the temperate zone of South America was left open to the Spaniards.

Two years after Cabot's failure, and at the time when Europe rang with Pizarro's exploit, the Spanish King was beset with the clamor of adventuresome nobles who desired to seek their fortune in America. Of these Pedro de Mendoza was granted territory beginning at the Portuguese possessions and running south two hundred leagues. With two thousand men he reached the Plata where he founded the present city of Buenos Aires. The settlement was a failure. The Indians and disease reduced it to a scant company which fled up the Paraná River from the Plata estuary to Cabot's

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abandoned fort. From this base the more venturesome radiated over the Uruguay, Paraguay and upper Argentine region. Domingo Irala stands out as the real founder of the Spanish settlements of the Paraná valley. He eventually penetrated by way of the Paraguay River into the Peruvian country.

No practical results followed this final opening of the interior, and the mingling of the westward and eastward-bound expeditions, until the coastal settlements became strong enough to attempt colonization. But the search for golden empires gradually subsided into an appreciation of the fertile plains as a source of wealth through agriculture.

Most naturally it was on the coast of the Caribbean sea, the theater of Columbus's exploits, that the first explorations of South America took place, although, as we have seen, Peru became the seat of Spain's sovereignty over the continent, and, as was the case with the empire she replaced, the center from which her colonization radiated.

On his third voyage in 1498, Columbus sighted the mountains on the Venezuelan coast and a year later Alonzo de Ojeda skirted it for four hundred miles, finally turning in at the great Gulf of Maracaibo, where an Indian village standing on piles over the shallow water suggested to him the name of "Little Venice." It was not until 1520, however, that any permanent settlement was made, at Cumaná, which we now know to be the oldest city on the continent. The real colonization began four hundred miles west of this point, with the foundation, in 1527, of the city of Coro. Thence was easy access by land over the coast plain to the northwestern slope of the Andean range, which runs southwest to the great plateau of Pamplona, in Colombia, and by this route may be traced the settlements that resulted in Venezuela and Colombia from the hunt for the golden city (of Quivira).

Charles the Fifth, the Hapsburg Emperor and King of Spain leased the coast of Venezuela to the Welser family

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of Augsburg, the wealthiest merchants of their time, and his heaviest creditors. Under their commission the first Adelantado (governor of a province), Alfinger, took possession of Coro and conducted various expeditions southwest along the Andes, perishing near Pamplona in about 1531. His successors and adventurers from the Isthmus, entering from the Pacific, continued these expeditions into the interior, and opened up the country that is now Colombia and Ecuador, often being led to their ruin among the remote mountain fastnesses by rumors of their nearness to Quivira, where the river ran over silver sands, the palaces were built of solid gold, studded with emeralds, and the King, "El Dorado" (The Gilded Man), covered his body with gold dust and bathed in the sacred lake of Guatavita.

Pronouncing Vocabulary

Words whose pronunciation is easy or can be found easily are not listed below.

Aconcagua	Ah-cohn-cah'-gwah
d'Ayllon'	d'Ah-ee-yohn'
Aymara	Ay-mah'-rah
Adelantado	Ah-day-lahn-tah'-doh
Alfinger	Ahl'-fing-er
Almagro (Diego de)	Ahl-mah'groh (Dee-ay'-goh day)
Alonzo de Ojeda	Ah-lohn-zoh'- day Oh-hay'-dah
Alonzo da Souza	Ah-lohn-zoh' day Souh'-zah
Amerigo Vespucci	Ah-may-ree'-go Ves-poo'-tchee
Anahuac	Ah-nah-wahk'
Anti	Ahn'-tee
Antilla	Ahn-tee'-yah
Araucanians	Ah-rau-cah'-nee-ahns
Arequipa	Ah-ray-kee'-pah
Asuncion'	Ah-soon-see-ohn'
Atahualpa	Ah-tah-wahl'-pah
Bahamas	Bah-hah'-mahs
Bastida	Bas-tee'-dah
Biobio	Bee-oh-bee'-oh
Buenos Aires	Boo-ay'-nohs Ah'-ee-rays
Campeche	Kahm-pay'-chay
Canas	Kahn'-yahs
Canchis	Kahn'-chees
Chancas	Tchahn'-kahs
Chimborazo	Tcheem-boh-rah'-zoh
Chibchas	Tcheeb'-tchahs
Chimus	Tchee'muhs
Cipango	See-pang'-goh
Conquistadores	Kohn-kees-tah-doh'-rays
Cordillera	Kohr-dee'-yay-rah
Cordoba	Kohr'-doh-bah
Coro	Koh'-roh
Coronado	Koh-roh-nah'-doh
Cortes	Kohr'-tays
Cumana'	Koo-mah-nah'
Cuzco	Kcos'-coh
Darien	Day'-ree-ayn
De Cabral	Day Kah-brahl'
De Soto	Day Soh'-tho
Del Valle	Dayl Vah'-yay
Diaz	Dee'-ahs
Diego de Rojas	Dee-ay'-goh day Roh'-hahs
Domingo Irala	Doh-meen'-goh Ee-rah'-lah
El Dorado	Ayl-doh-rah'-doh
Encisco	Ayn-see'-skoh
Estevanico	Ays-tay-vah-nee'-coh
Florin	Floh-reen'
Francisco Pizarro	Frahn-cees'-koh Pee-zah'-roh

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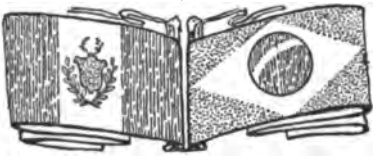
Pronouncing Vocabulary

Fuego	Foo-ay'-goh
Gastaldi	Gahs-tahl'-di
Ges	Gays
Gomez	Goh'-mays
Grijalva	Gree-hahl'-vah
Guayaquil	Gwah-ee-yah-keel'
Guatavita	Gwah-tah-vee-tah'
Guaykuru	Gwa-ee-koo-rooh'
Hatun-Runas	Ah-toon' Rooh'-nahs
Hernando Luque	Ayr-nahn'-doh Loo kay
Huayna Capac	Hwan'-nah Kah-pahek'
Huascar	Hwas'-kahr
Humahuaca	Oo-mah-wah'-cah
Juan Diaz de Solio	Hoo-ahn' Dee'-ahs day Soh'-lee-oh
La Plata	Lah Plah'-tah
Leon (Pedro Cieza de)	Lay-own' (Pay'-dro See-ay-za' day)
Lima	Lee'-nah
Magellan	Mah-hay-lahn' or (Eng.) Mah-gel'-lahn
Maracaibo	Mah-rah-kai'-boh
Marco Polo	Mahr'ko-h Poh'-loh
Maule	Mah-oo'-lay
Merida	May'-ree-dah
Montesino	Mohn-tay-see'-noh
Montezuma	Mohn-tay-zoo'-mah
Nicuesa	Nee-kway'-sah
Nina	Neen'-yah
Nu-Aruak	Noo-Ahr-oo-ak'
Orinoco	Oh-ree-noh'-koh
Pachacutec	Pah-tchak-koo-teck'
Pamplona	Pahm-ploh'-nah
Panama'	Pah-nah-mah'
Paraguay	Pah'-rah-gway
Parana'	Pah-rah-nah'
Pastene	Pahs-tayn'-yay
Pedro de Hoz	Pay'-droh day Ohs
Pedro de Mendoza	Pay'-droh day Mayn-doh'-sah
Pinta	Peen'-tah
Pirua	Pee-ruh'ah
Ponce de Leon	Pohn'-say day Lay-ohn'
Quichuas	Kee-choo'-ahs
Quinsay	Keen'-say
Quito	Kee'-toh
Quivira	Kee-vee'-rah
Reclus	Ray-kloos'
Rio de Janeiro	Ree'-oh day Zha-nay' ee-roh
Sacsahuana	Sahk-sah-kuah'-nah
San Vicente	Sahn Vee-cayn'-tay
Santa Maria	Sahn'-tah Mah-ree'-yah
San Salvador	Sahn Sahl-vah-dohr'
Santiago	Sahn-tee-ah'-goh
Solderini	Sol-day-ree'-nee
Tiahuanucu	Tee-ah-wak-nook'-kooh
Titicaca	Tee-tee-kah'-kah
Tordesillas	Tohr-day-see'-yahs
Toscanelli	Tos-kahn-el'-lee
Trinidad	Tree-nee-dahd'
Tupi	Too'-pe
Tumbez	Toom'-bays
Uruguay	Orr-roo-gway'
Valdivia	Vahl-dee'-vee-yah
Vasco da Gama	Vahs'-koh dah Gah'-mah
Vasco Nunez da Balboa	Vahs-koh Noon'-yay day Bahl-boh'-ah
Velasquez	Vay-lahs'-keth
Verde (Cape)	Vayr'-day
Yupanqui	Een-pahn'-kee

Note. A bibliography suggesting supplementary material for use in connection with the Reading oJurney through South America may be found in the Round Table of this number. The Reading Journey also forms the basis of the Suggestive Travel Club programs which appear in the same department.



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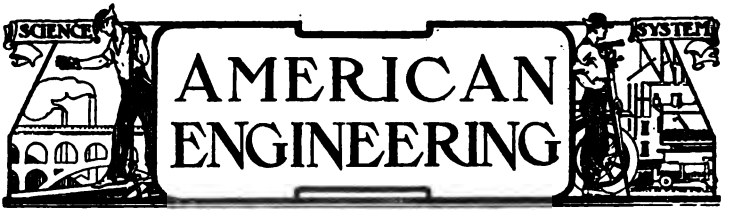

I. Engineers and Engineering

By Carl S. Dow

WHILE traveling in Egypt, a New York man asked his donkey boy if he knew the name of Roosevelt, then president of the United States. The boy shook his head. When asked, "Do you know who Edison is?" he smiled, nodded, and pointed to the electric light which glowed in front of the hotel.

The name of the man who gave the world the electric light, the duplex telegraph, the phonograph, and hundreds of devices of lesser importance was known to the ignorant donkey boy. Why? Simply because Edison is connected with inventions which have made people more comfortable, given them pleasure and made twentieth century progress possible. Others have brought out new devices which have had their place in the industrial development but none are so conspicuous as our whole modern use of electricity for lighting, power, and transportation.

What engineering has done and is doing for the world is in evidence, for the engineer is a man of action not of speculation. It has been said that engineering creates modern life, that the progress of civilization is proportional to the development of science. Take away engineering from the world and we should be what our predecessors were.

The profession of engineering is a production of the nineteenth century and the last half of the century at that. It is truly remarkable that for centuries the world should have had so many great men in almost all lines yet make so

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little real progress. Men traveled no more rapidly or comfortably one hundred years ago than they did a thousand years ago. How quickly the parlor car and the Twentieth Century Limited followed the introduction of steam to transportation. Old methods of travel fully developed could never have approached the speed of the express train nor the comfort of the parlor car or the Pullman.

It would have taken an ancient Greek no longer to reach America than it did Columbus, for the sailing vessel of Columbus's day was but a shade better than the first boats propelled by sail. From a new scientific idea there was developed in a few years the modern ocean greyhound that has reduced the long tedious trip of Columbus to a pleasant voyage of less than a week.

Again, news of the battle of Marathon and of the surrender of Cornwallis was sent in the same way. But a few years later the telegraph flashed news across a continent or beneath an ocean in a few seconds. Not long ago a business man avoided a trip to Europe because he lost all opportunity for communication for ten days or two weeks—now, with the wireless, he gets in touch with one shore soon after losing communication with the other.

The advance from the tallow dip to the oil lamp and the gas light was relatively slight, viewing the matter from the perspective of today; progress seemed to crawl until suddenly the electric light came with a bound. Electricity in the form of the arc light followed the incandescent bulb, and the mercury-vapor lamp and other modifications followed the arc.

After once grasping the idea it did not take engineers long to improve the crude telephone instruments of Alexander Graham Bell. It soon became commonplace to talk business with a man hundreds of miles away. The telephone as a curiosity or a luxury for the rich gave place to the telephone as a business necessity and a convenience not beyond the well-to-do. How common the use of the telephone has

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become and how keen Americans are to the advantages of this means of communication are shown by a few facts:

In the United States there are eight telephone instruments for every one hundred inhabitants; no other country has half as many. In the whole of Europe there are but one-third as many telephones as in this country. Boston has twice as many as Paris, Chicago has more than London, and Ohio has as many telephones as Great Britain. The United States with but five per cent of the human race has seventy per cent of the telephones.

Hundreds of other instances might be given to show that this is the age of applied science, that engineering is transforming the expensive luxuries of yesterday into the relatively cheap necessities of today.

Important as egineering is and has been, it is on the threshold of far greater things; it will be a still bigger factor in the development of the next hundred years.

Just as the utilization of a part of Niagara's tremendous power becomes a fact, saving over 6,500,000 tons of coal yearly, the engineer begins a waterway which will have far-reaching effect on the commerce of nations. The Panama canal, the greatest work of its kind ever attempted, was planned years ago and a part of the work done; but it could not be brought to a successful finish because it lacked American engineering.

Another project of the civil engineer is the work of reclamation in the West—the conversion of the arid desert lands into the most productive of farm lands. How is this done? By building huge dams which will store the waters of the rainy season making them available for irrigation during the long periods when no rain falls. The Roosevelt Dam alone will turn a quarter of a million acres into fertile farms; the 1,300 miles of canals already dug and the projects now being carried out will reclaim thousands of acres in addition.

We are accustomed to think of the engineer's work as

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new projects, new inventions, or new construction work, and much of it is; but the engineer never loses an opportunity to improve existing things, especially when economy is important. The willingness of the engineer to throw away a machine, even if practically new, just as soon as a better one is devised has been the foundation of American progress.

The engineer does more to conserve natural resources than all the legislators and business men put together. He builds all kinds of industrial furnaces to burn larger and larger quantities of coal, yet he strives constantly to save coal by making those furnaces more economical and by utilizing other kinds of fuel. To produce a given amount of steam power, only about one-third as much fuel is required today as was consumed twenty years ago. This means that the perfecting of apparatus and scientific management conserve coal at the rate of $12,000,000 yearly. A kilowatt of electricity (the power taken by about twenty incandescent lamps) now costs only ten to twelve cents; formerly it cost sixteen to eighteen cents.

The triumph of Edison, the carbon filament lamp, has had to bow to the more economical Tungsten lamp—the product of the engineer's patient research work. If all the carbon filament lamps were replaced by Tungsten lamps, the annual saving would reach the enormous sum of $240,000,000.

The conservation in coal-mining, copper-mining, and in the extraction of all useful metals shows that the mining engineer also has recognized his opportunities. And so it is with engineering in all its branches. We hear of so many kinds of engineering that one may wonder why the word engineer needs so many qualifying adjectives. Years ago, before specialization was so necessary, a man was an engineer in the same way that a man was a doctor. The engineer would lay out a town, design a bridge, build an engine, a machine tool, or plan the heating and ventilating of a build-

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ing. Formerly the doctor would do anything—pull a tooth, fit glasses, cut off a leg, attend all kinds of disease. Nowadays a throat, eye, or ear specialist will not attempt a case of typhoid or appendicitis. The telephone engineer will not design a power plant, nor pose as a metallurgical engineer, nor yet assume the duties of a structural engineer. A concrete engineer does not claim to know how to solve the problems of railroading, nor does he pretend to know the last word in marine engineering. The engineer, like the doctor, is a specialist, but instead of being called a specialist he is some kind of an engineer.

While the engineering specialist may disclaim knowledge of most branches, he can still rightfully be called an engineer for the accepted definition of engineering is: "the science and art of applying, economically, the laws, forces, and materials of nature for the use, convenience, or enjoyment of man."

Natural resources have demanded the mining engineer, the metallurgical engineer, and even the agricultural engineer. The marvelous development of electricity required that some mechanical engineers should separate themselves as it were and become experts in telephony, telegraphy, storage-battery work, etc. Today the chemical engineer and the electro-chemical engineer are developing a most wonderful field, one that will be of the greatest benefit to mankind. Aluminum, in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, was known as a scarce metal, yet chemistry proved its abundance in various forms. It was for the electro-chemist to discover the electric process for reducing the metal from its ores. Of a sudden the price of the metal came within reach, and today cooking utensils of this light, heat-conducting metal are found in most households, and aluminum is extensively used in manufacturing where lightness is essential.

New industries and inventions have demanded their specialists and much of the new work has involved scien-

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tific training and the application of engineering principles. Among others we now have the automobile engineer, the wireless engineer, the illuminating engineer, who scientifically plans the lighting of public buildings, parks, etc., who experiments with locations and reflectors to give the best lighting and can tell you just what a candle-power of light costs under all conditions.

The recent, almost startling, achievements of the efficiency engineer, under the more comprehensive term "scientific management," have made this a recognized branch of engineering and brought distinction upon its most prominent practitioners. Growing out of the so-called "production" or "industrial" engineering, the new branch shows what results can be obtained when scientific analysis and deduction are applied, whether in industrial operation, in public service, or in engineering construction.

A few years ago there came a demand for the "social" engineer whose function it was to better the social conditions of employees in large industrial plants, and to promote more cordial relations between employee and employer.

The many branches of engineering and the extensive fields for this sort of work would seem to offer a wide choice to anyone having a taste for studying and applying science. At the same time the very largeness of the scope of engineering and the number of branches are confusing especially because any department of engineering must be entered early, at the time of life when a young man has had little or no experience. He is seldom wise enough to decide what kind of engineer he will be; instead, opportunity decides for him. How many young men to whom sciences are attractive, deliberately weigh the labors, the satisfaction, the rewards of any kind of engineering? They usually let circumstances guide them in their choice. Many a boy attracted by the magic word "electricity" has cast aside everything, intending to become an electrical en-

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gineer, only to take advantage of an opening in some department of civil or mechanical engineering.

Years ago a boy entering a technical school had to choose his "course," that is, decide the great question very early. That was the old idea even in the best schools; it still prevails to some extent in schools of lesser importance. Nowadays the all-powerful "opportunity" is given due consideration; it is realized that a man doesn't always follow what may at first attract him. With this in mind, perhaps, President Lowell, when inaugurated at Harvard, said that in our complex modern world the best education aims at producing men who know a little of everything and something well. Did he refer specifically to the engineering department? It might seem so for the student at Harvard is now urged to get his academic degree before beginning his studies relating to engineering. The Graduate School of Applied Science provides that the student receive instruction in many things before deciding what branch of engineering he will enter. The soundness of this reasoning is apparent when one considers that the same principles underlie all branches of engineering. In fact the teaching of *principles,* not mere facts and formulas, is the one fundamental of engineering education at Harvard.

The successful American engineer of today, generally speaking, received his preliminary training at some technical school, for in this way only can the training for this profession be theoretical enough to insure success and progress, and systematic enough to give adequate equipment in the few years which can be spent in "getting ready." The importance now placed on technical education is shown in an advertisement by the Municipal Civil Service Commission in a New York daily announcing an examination for the position of mechanical engineer in the office of the Commissioner of Public Works:

"Candidates must be graduates of a technical school and have had drafting room experience, etc."

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Admitting then the necessity of a technical education, the next question is, "What school?" Certain men are bound to get to the top no matter where they receive their training; to them, the particular school or university makes little difference. We are thoroughly convinced of this when we hear that the *alma mater* of some great surgeon is a small, little-known medical school, or of a noted lawyer a poorly equipped law school, or of an able engineer a university having an engineering department hardly worthy of the name.

But all men have not sufficient native ability to stand at the head, even when trained in a school of high standing. Some become successful engineers by selecting a technical school adapted to their needs. Some types of school are specialists in some branches of engineering, while others are best suited to certain types of men.

Success in athletics, acquaintance, or the career of a particular man should not be fundamental reasons for choice; rather a school should be selected because of other considerations. First, the type of school should be settled, then preference shown for some one of that type. Schools of technology may be divided into two classes: first, a purely technical school, not usually connected with other departments of a university. It specializes in technical work, often making shop process and drafting very important; it aims to give technical education to the exclusion of all else, and especially are the so-called cultural studies neglected. This type of school is usually better for the man who intends to be a designer of machinery, a shop superintendent, or for any man who will be content to use his engineering in a self-contained way, to use it as a collection of facts by themselves, not as principles related to numerous lines of human endeavor.

On the other hand is the broader technical school; it most often forms part of a university. Here are conditions vastly different. Cultural studies, acquaintance, university

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life, a broad knowledge of related subjects, all are considered necessary for the successful engineer. This type of school should be the choice of the man who from association, heredity, or experience is ambitious for the highest and broadest work and has the requisite ability. It is for the future manager, president, or director of industry, whose training must fit him for executive positions, or enable him to weigh and apply engineering principles to the complex conditions of manufacturing, selling, financing, public service, or the great problems of transportation.

Note. A bibliography of material useful in connection with the series on "American Engineering" will be found in the Round Table of this number.

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Thomas A. Edison

UofM
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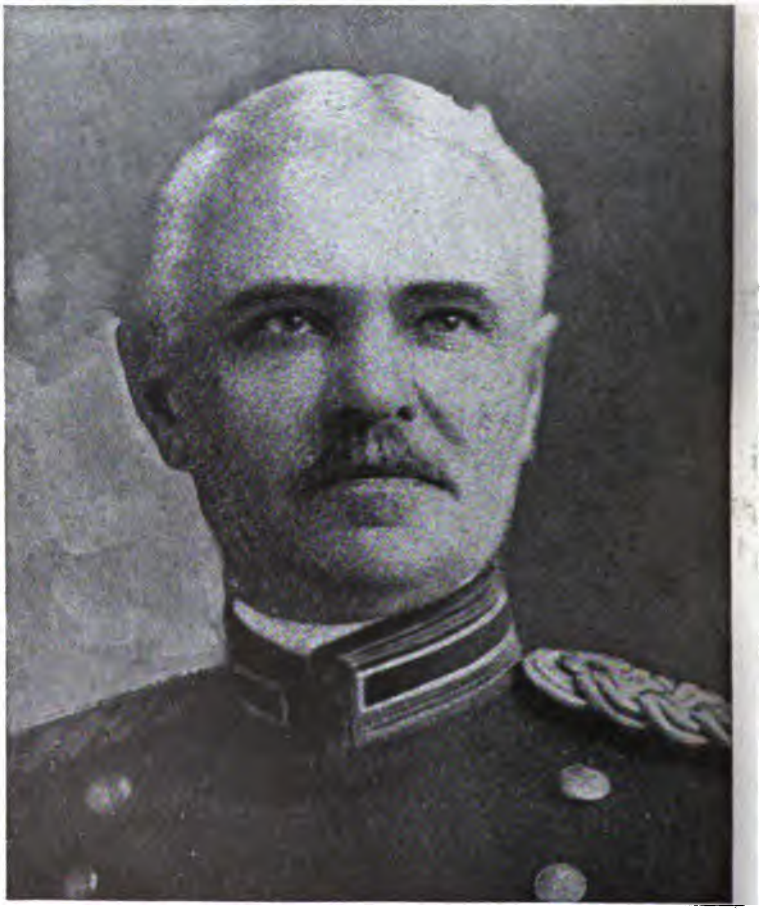

George Washington Goethals, Builder of the Panama Canal

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Filling Chagres River at Gatun

Excavation of Lock Site, Gatun

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Two Views of the Roosevelt Dam

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Opening of Chicago-New York long-distance line, 1893.
Alexander Graham Bell at the telephone

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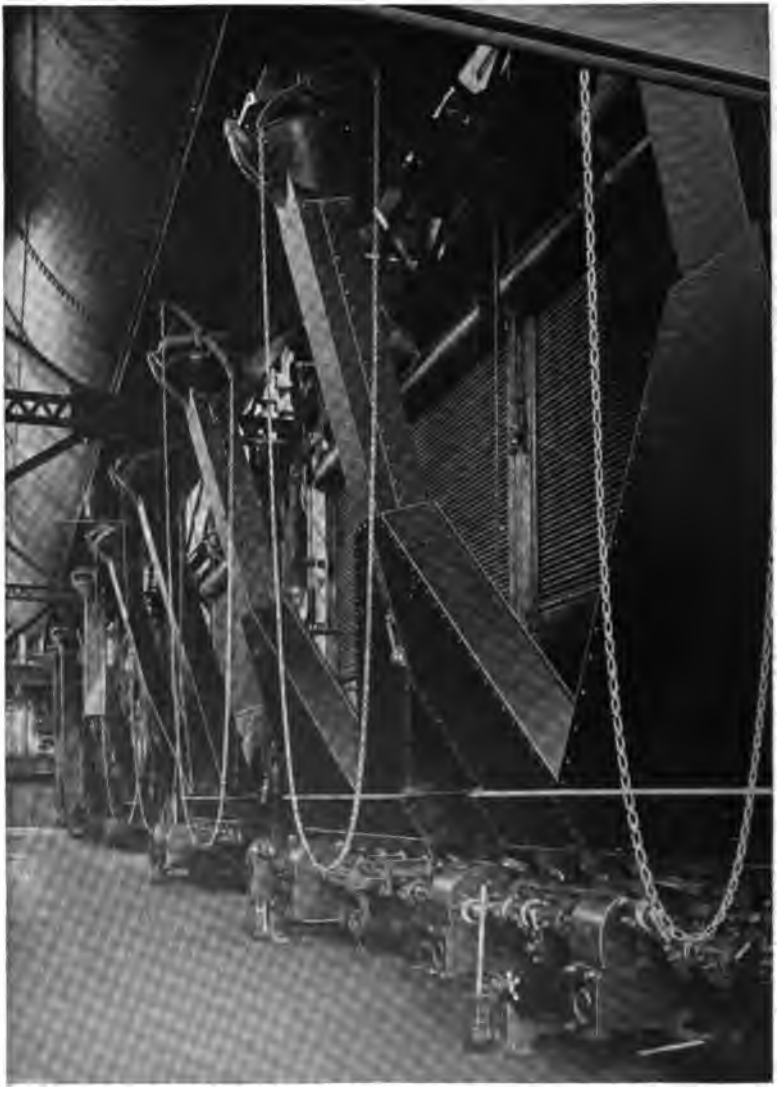

Interior of Power Plant showing coal chutes to Taylor stokers. Coal is mechanically supplied to the boilers and automatically handled in the furnace. In such a plant human labor is a minimum.

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Boston Elevated Railroad. Double Equipment. Westinghouse Interpole Motors. Picture shows also elevated structure of steel and bridge on stone piers

Electric locomotive and heavy train in the Manhattan Terminal yards at the New York portals of the North River tunnels. The present Direct-Current Electric Service extends from New Jersey to Long Island and all power is generated and applied through Westinghouse apparatus

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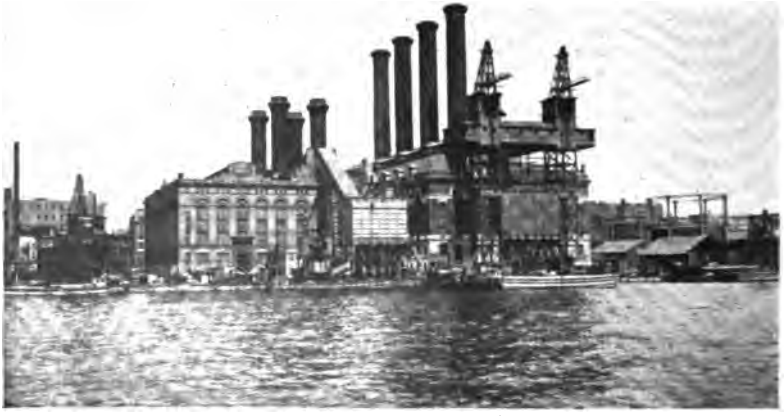
Allis-Chalmers Steeple Type Blowing Engines at Edgar Thompson Furnace of Carnegie Steel Company, Pittsburg



New York Edison Company, Borough of Manhattan, New York. Waterside Stations Nos. 1 and 2

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The Latest in Women's Occupations

By Kate Fisher Kimball

"Allowing all to start from the one point in the world of intellectual culture and labor, with our ancient mother Nature sitting as umpire, distributing the prizes and scratching from the lists the incompetent, is all we demand."—*Oliver Schreiner's "Woman and Labor."*

AN actual presentation of the "latest" in women's occupations might mean a catalog of women's activities limited only by the interpretation which is put upon the word "latest," for many a womanly occupation today is only an old form of duty translated into modern terms. Perhaps we might put the question in a slightly different form—where does woman's strength lie today?

Is it not true that from the days of the Garden of Eden we have been taught to believe that woman is fulfilling her destiny as the helpmeet of man? And that this arrangement was of Divine ordaining? For happily Providence kept his hand upon the universe even in this apparently revolutionary bit of creation. And the "eternal womanly," so puzzling sometimes to her sober male companions has ever since her first arrival been heading straight for her destiny. The long story of her progress from the Cave to the Model City need not be rehearsed here. The great industrial revolution which precipitated itself in the late eighteenth century put into the hands of the men of the nineteenth powers so tremendous that society is even yet in the "fell clutch of circumstance" evoked by the demon of machinery. In man's bewilderment and exaltation he lorded it over his fellows, not leading them as of old when he went forth to fight, but driving them with irresponsible power. Homes went down into the huge maw of the factory. Women and children languished in mines, and along with all this human perplexity and distress fair Science held out to mankind the open book of a new world of resources of light and spirit and

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undreamed of material prosperity. No wonder the nineteenth century had more "progress" than it could digest. It was an age also of wars with, deep down beneath the surface, a crystallizing of peoples into great national families. Human brotherhood, dimly conscious of its magnificent future to be, half awakened and slowly stirred—and then amid the new tones of the nineteenth century arose the voices of women, insistent, persistent, not to be lulled into quiescence by fair words or gentle admonitions from church or state. The world looked on, first in amazement, which speedily became antipathy and then alarm as women's long pent up powers of expression seemed to have become almost volcanic. Conservative people went to bed at night uneasy at the thought of the developments that the morrow might produce. The seven employments open to women which Harriet Martineau found in America in 1840 were decorous enough: needlework, teaching, keeping boarders, working in cotton mills or book binderies, type-setting, and household service. Hence the positive destruction of womanhood seemed inevitable when certain restless spirits began to talk of changing the laws where they interfered with women's "rights," and only in horror-stricken tones did many venture to breathe the word "suffrage." Was woman through this turbulent century somehow missing her way? Was she no longer man's helpmeet? Many strove to hold back the march of the new woman. But it was given to a few far-seeing spirits—men and women alike—to discern that man's world was getting too big for him alone, and that the new woman was as surely designed by Providence to meet the coming emergency as was Adam's rib for his more limited needs.

When Mary Lyon founded Holyoke in 1837 and Oberlin opened its doors to women in 1833 the thin edge of the coming educational wedge had entered. If Mary Lyon could return in this twentieth century she would be able to trace her labors in at least a half dozen American col-

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leges and in Persia, Turkey, South Africa, and Spain where the "modern woman" is being trained for the future enlightenment of her own land.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century brought the immigrant problem with all its dire need of trained intelligence and, thanks to the "vision" of Mary Lyon, college women standing side by side with college men were ready to give to its study their enthusiasm and devotion to practical experiment. The College Settlement was a new pathway blazed into the ever darkening problem of charity. The settlements and the institutional churches soon working in closest accord have furnished the numerically ever increasing laboratories for social service where the intellectually trained woman may serve the state in a new capacity. An eminent social worker, a man of long experience in the field, has set forth very pointedly what the settlement means to our twentieth century civilization. "The reinforcement of the home, the reconstruction of the neighborhood, the placing of people, particularly the young, in their normal, moral setting in the scheme of social intercourse to which they belong—this is the particular part of the building up of the state which is woman's peculiar privilege."

The tremendous social awakening of the late years of the nineteenth century among the wage earners of the country brought to the front not only men of earnestness and power but a group of gifted women who fearlessly grappled with the appalling problems of intemperance, hospital and prison reform, industrial conditions and public education. The first woman to be placed on the school board in one of our large cities went quietly about her work for some months and then published an honest report which set the whole community astir. Unbelievable conditions of ill-ventilated, ill-lighted, unsuitable schools and appallingly illiterate teachers revealed to the town that the homekeeper's instinct was a vital need of the schools.

Meanwhile women, slowly and amid much opposition,

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had found their way into the leading professions, law, the ministry, journalism, even medicine, which, once the peculiar province of woman, had become "learned," so that Elizabeth Blackwell in 1845 applied to twelve medical schools before one admitted her. "Females are ambitious to dabble in medicine as in other matters, with a view to reorganizing society," was the caustic comment of the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* in 1852. But on the other hand men of the highest character asserted in no uncertain tones that the complete monopoly of the medical profession by men was a "monstrous" thing.

Even in the closing years of the nineteenth century a hesitating public was still pondering the whither of woman. They discussed through an eager press "The Encroachment of Woman," "A Plea against the Equality of Woman with Man," "Woman Man's Equal not his Divinity," and in desperation "The New Woman, a Christian Handicap!"

But the twentieth century is already taking a different tone from the nineteenth, though at its threshold there still lingers across the seas the specter of warfare for the "rights" of women. Sweden and New Zealand and Australia look on with surprise and sympathetic interest while the American woman steadily moves forward along the path of peaceful evolution. There are, of course, those who are persuaded that she must inevitably lose her "womanhood," that mysterious quality which she has somehow managed to preserve intact since the days of the cave woman, and who would restrict her to "The Solemn Responsibility of influencing Father's vote;" while to her, aside from the humor of the situation, it seems rather discreditable to "Father" and a great economic waste of influence.

Yet the new note of the twentieth century in its attitude toward women is nevertheless friendly. The amazement, antipathy, and alarm of an earlier time, have yielded in a measure to admiration and growing acquiescence as the twentieth century begins to admit that its vast army of

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womankind may yet be of material service in helping it out of its difficulties. So the five million self-supporting women in America find open doors everywhere—while the women of leisure and education in ever increasing numbers are coming to the aid of their hard-pressed fellow men and women. It was the influence of women which turned the tide in the terrible stock yard strike in 1902, and the girls who recently endured the long strain of the shirtwaist strike in New York found friendly hands of women reached out to help and college girls ready for picket service.

While the vast majority of self-supporting women must take what they can get, the educated woman discovers in the pursuit of her own career always the social background which is the one insistent note of the twentieth century. The scientific woman trained as a chemist, who finds herself in the laboratory of a soap factory or of a woollen mill is more than likely to widen her outlook with other than mere chemical conclusions. The bacteriologist finds congenial occupation on a board of health or perhaps she is employed by a milk contractor to safeguard his business by supervision of the source of his supplies. Women of recognized scientific ability are not only on the staff of New York's great Museum of Natural History, but those whose taste turns to teaching are especially adapted to the conduct of classes of children who need sympathetic and wise guidance through this vast treasure-house.

Whatever unsympathetic views may still prevail as to woman's discretion in devoting herself to chemistry or biology, domestic science certainly meets with no rebuff and in this science at least woman is recognized as coming into her own but with the trained touch that the times demand. Colleges and universities, philanthropic institutions, hospitals, church work and settlements, almost every agency that provides for human needs in food and drink calls loudly for the trained woman. Lunch rooms have been early essayed by college girls with conspicuous success. If

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American cooking has had to bear its share of stigma, it ought to be lifted above reproach before the end of the twentieth century. Cooking alone is but a small part of the field open to woman. The teaching of domestic science becomes every day more important and the trained woman is constantly drafted off to positions where her scientific as well as practical knowledge is in demand for special dietetic work or the superintending of large institutions. Less than four years has New York experimented with its scheme of tenement house visitation. A trained dietitian, sent under the auspices of a school inspector, studies the family income, shows them new and better methods never known before and helps to relate the family to all helpful agencies within its reach, the public school lunch rooms, etc., and becomes a vision of hope to the mother who finds herself able by her new resources to keep her family above the poverty line.

Closely related to this is the work of the district nurse, the value of whose services in keeping watch over and detecting the tendency to disease is one of our most important social agencies.

The domestic science woman is also gradually developing her powers as a "free lance." There are a number of women managing small hotels in and about Boston. Several have large summer houses which appeal to an exclusive class and preserve a quiet, homelike atmosphere. A woman of this sort requires a personality which will win her guests. An interesting development from this form of occupation is the visiting housekeeper who has charge of several houses, each not being large enough to employ the services of a highly paid housekeeper. She spends certain hours daily at each house superintending the menus, looking over details, securing needed help, etc. The woman caterer is also slipping into a new niche. Hotels have in many cases absorbed the old time caterer, but the smaller social gatherings, if she be a woman of artistic and execu-

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tive ability, offer her an opportunity for the use of taste and skill in devising attractive menus, furnishing decorations, training extra servants, etc. With laundry work, woman's domestic occupations have assumed a distinctly business aspect and in the large cities where women of natural executive ability may exercise their gifts they have slowly developing opportunities. Still in the domestic field one is greatly interested to see how dressmaking, once including a variety of prosaic duties, now in the larger towns where ready-made clothing is so much a matter of course, has developed large dressmaking shops, where all grades of activity are offered to women. The heads of such shops are often women of great skill and taste. They must have these attributes combined with originality as well. The buyers of materials are often sent abroad to purchase and to watch the styles—women peculiarly adapted to this work have established special shops of their own where a public eager for high class and distinctive costumes may find their needs supplied, or children's or infants' garments may be furnished somewhat apart from the usual channels of trade. In many such ways, including also, the millinery field, in the larger cities women have a chance to use their ingenuity in the business world and in fields which it seems reasonable to believe that they can occupy with peculiar success.

From dressmaking with its constant demands upon artistic skill it is a natural transition to the art of design in house furnishing. Charming are the homes where the woman designer has come to the rescue of the wealthy but inexperienced owner. Her sympathy with the infinite needs of a household enables her to put the right estimate upon fabrics and decorations, to adapt them to the every-day needs of life, giving those subtle touches throughout the house which make it homelike in its atmosphere.

In the business world women's opportunities seem limitless. She has tried her hand at advertising, insurance, real estate, and, among less known fields, that of banking. A large

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trust company in the Northwest has a "Bank Lady" who meets and advises with its women customers on all sorts of questions. The "Bank Librarian" also fills a peculiar need. She must be of quick intuition and able to produce the desired facts at short notice. It has been said that in England firms usually allow a day for the hunting up of old files but in America the time allowance is not usually more than three minutes! An appointment as private secretary has an ideal sound but at bottom means stenographic skill, method, tact, courtesy and self-control. The rewards come in a widening horizon, deepening sympathies and an unusual knowledge of men and affairs. That these qualities appeal to women of ability is shown by the examples, few at present, but gradually increasing, of the women who naturally drift into political life. Women mayors are no longer unknown either in England or in America and in the woman-suffrage states it is possible to point to many political positions occupied by women. Closely allied to political office are those wonderfully efficient volunteer offices held by women of high character for the special object of supplementing the political activities of men. Such, for instance, is the Juvenile Protective League, attached to the Juvenile Court which, in at least one of our great cities where its president is a woman, has ferreted out and destroyed incredible quantities of base literature and placed firmly upon the authorities the responsibility for other deteriorating influences so positively that reforms were inevitable. In a somewhat similar field was the case of the woman student whose position brought her into contact with the city's derelicts and made possible an exhaustive study of the causes influencing the condition of one thousand homeless men of whom more than one hundred proved to be boys under twenty. A college woman freed from the necessity of self-support has found her enthusiasm effectively expressed in the slowly developing effort to help in the education of our incoming races by placing on board the steamers, teachers and helpers who will make the voy-

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age to America less of a terror than it has been to many and prepare them for life in their adopted country.

Of course woman has entered the literary profession. It is not necessary to allude to the fields which she has chosen here for her opportunity is on the whole restricted only by her own skill. In the reporting and editorial world she still finds much of struggle, but the college woman if she has been trained for proof reading or translating or as editor of manuscripts—enters that side of the profession as opportunities open, somewhat limited though they be. As we look over this broadening field of woman's work, we can but feel that women are embracing opportunities not in order to crowd men out, but rather whether they will or no for this modern readjustment of woman to her environment is a veritable revolution of the race, as irresistible as it is widespread.

So multifarious have become the occupations of women, so inevitable and necessary her growing share in the work of the state that agencies for the higher training of the out-of-school people are developing among women as never before. The great work of the churches in opening up their vital fields of foreign and home missions, has been supplemented by the Y. W. C. A., newly united and increasingly active in its wide-reaching service to the needs of the working-woman. Out of the desire that many women have felt for further co-operation in the multitudinous duties which appeal to them has risen the great and significant Federation of Women's Clubs, while one of the finest products of the late nineteenth century is the incomparable Chautauqua Movement with its cultural studies which have lifted countless men and women into a larger life. It is a peculiarly American institution, looking steadily forward to the time when men and women shall be drawn ever closer in all their activities. Woman, as she has seen this great opportunity before her, has eagerly seized upon it as one more agency of sweetness and light for her own home.

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In spite of the inevitable clashings that doubtless must mark the enormous changes in woman's economic condition during this eventful twentieth century, her evolution has thus far been a peaceful one. She is slowly being disciplined for higher service. She is still, as in the past, man's helpmeet—more and more as she advances will her progress indicate the progress of the great world's thought, for the race cannot be lifted except as women are worthy of the sons which they bear, nor can man reach his highest development except as the woman who has borne him stands side by side with him in appreciation of the vital needs of the whole of mankind. In the words of a gifted woman who has already been quoted, "Beyond the small evils which woman seeks by her immediate, personal action to remedy, lie, she feels, large ills of which they form but an off-shoot; beyond the small good which she seeks to effect, lies, she believes, a great and universal beatitude to be attained; beyond the little struggle of today, lies the larger struggle of the centuries, in which neither she alone nor her sex alone are concerned, but all mankind."

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CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN (1771-1810) was practically the first American novelist. His matter was influenced by the social ideas of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft and his manner by the sensationalism of Mrs. Radcliffe. One of his books, "Arthur Mervyn; or Memories of the Year 1793," records the yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia, and is comparable to Defoe's "Journal of the Plague." His "Edgar Huntly; or Adventures of a Sleep-Walker" has much descriptive landscape painting of the Alleghanies, and is a forerunner of Cooper's Indian romances. The following extracts from the earliest of Brown's novels, "Wieland; or the Transformation," which was published in 1798, show something of the author's descriptive power and of his intensity.

Schuylkill was here a pure and translucid current broken into wild and ceaseless music by rocky points, murmuring on a sandy margin, and reflecting on its surface banks of all varieties of height and degrees of declivity. These banks are checkered by patches of dark verdure and shapeless masses of white marble, and crowned by copses of cedar or by the regular magnificence of orchards, which, at this season, were in blossom and were prodigal of odours. The ground, which receded from the river, was scooped into valleys and dales. Its beauties were enhanced by the horticultural skill of my brother, who bedecked this exquisite assemblage of slopes and risings with every species of vegetable ornament, from the giant arms of the oak to the clustering tendrils of the honeysuckle.

* * *

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I sought refuge, but ineffectually, in sleep. My mind was thronged by vivid but confused images, and no effort that I made was sufficient to drive them away. In this situation I heard the clock which hung in the room give the signal for twelve. It was the same instrument which formerly hung in my father's chamber and which, on account of its being his workmanship, was regarded by every one of our family with veneration. It had fallen to me in the division of his property, and was placed in this asylum. The sound awakened a series of reflections respecting his death. I was not allowed to pursue them, for scarcely had the vibrations ceased when my attention was attracted by a whisper which, at first, appeared to proceed from lips that were laid close to my ear.

No wonder that a circumstance like this startled me. In the first impulse of my terror, I uttered a slight scream and shrunk to the opposite side of the bed. In a moment, however, I recovered from my trepidation. * * * The whisper evidently proceeded from one who was posted at my bedside. The first idea that suggested itself was that it was uttered by the girl who lived with me as a servant. Perhaps somewhat had alarmed her, or she was sick, and had come to request my assistance. By whispering in my ear she intended to rouse without alarming me.

Full of this persuasion, I called: "Judith," said I, "is it you? What do you want?" No answer was returned. I repeated my inquiry, but equally in vain. Cloudy as was the atmosphere, and curtained as my bed was, nothing was visible. I withdrew the curtain, and, leaning my head on my elbow, I listened with the deepest attention to catch some new sound. * * *

The maid was my only companion; and she could not reach my chamber without previously passing through the opposite chamber, and the middle passage, of which, however, the doors were usually unfastened. If she had occasioned this noise, she would have answered my repeated

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calls. No other conclusion, therefore, was left me, but that I had mistaken the sounds, and that my imagination had transformed some casual noise into the voice of a human creature. Satisfied with the solution, I was preparing to relinquish my listening attitude, when my ear was again saluted with a new and yet louder whispering. It appeared, as before, to issue from lips that touched my pillow. A second effort of attention, however, clearly showed me that the sounds issued from within the closet, the door of which was not more than eight inches from my pillow.

This second interruption occasioned a shock less vehement than the former. I started, but gave no audible token of alarm. I was so much mistress of my feelings as to continue listening to what should be said. The whisper was distinct, hoarse, and uttered so as to show that the speaker was desirous of being heard by some one near, but at the same time studious to avoid being over-heard by any other—

"Stop! stop, I say, madman as you are! There are better means than that. Curse upon your rashness! There is no need to shoot."

Such were the words uttered, in a tone of eagerness and anger, within so small a distance of my pillow. What construction could I put upon them? My heart began to palpitate with dread of some unknown danger. Presently, another voice, but equally near me, was heard whispering in answer, "Why not? I will draw a trigger in this business; but perdition be my lot if I do more!" To this the first voice returned, in a tone which rage had heightened in a small degree above a whisper, "Coward! stand aside, and see me do it. I will grasp her throat; I will do the business in an instant; she shall not have time so much as to groan." What wonder that I was petrified by sounds so dreadful! Murderers lurked in my closet. They were planning the means of my destruction. One resolved to

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shoot and the other menaced suffocation. Their means being chosen they would forthwith break the door. Flight instantly suggested itself as most eligible in circumstances so perilous. I deliberated not a moment; but, fear adding wings to my speed, I leaped out of bed, and scantily robed as I was, rushed out of the chamber and down the stairs, and into the open air. I can hardly recollect the process of turning keys and withdrawing bolts. My terrors urged me forward with almost a mechanical impulse. I stopped not until I reached my brother's door. I had not gained the threshold, when, exhausted by the violence of my emotions and by my speed, I sunk down in a fit.

The Vesper Hour*

Under the direction of Chancellor John H. Vincent

THE great teachers of the world early recognized the ethical value of the story as a means of kindling the imagination and pointing a moral. The Fables of Aesop, the Proverbs of Solomon and the parables of the Old and New Testament illustrate the skill of those great spiritual leaders of long ago. In modern times an apt disciple of these earlier teachers is the gifted author of "The Golden Windows," Mrs. Laura E. Richards, who has written a book of twentieth century fables, so true to life, so friendly in spirit, yet so wise and searching in their application that, ostensibly written for children, their elders can hardly escape the part of the message intended for them. These fables touch upon many universal qualities of human nature and leave us with a deeper insight into our own spiritual powers. Through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Company of Boston, the following selection from "The Golden Windows" by Mrs. Laura E.

*The Vesper Hour continues throughout the year the ministries of the Chautauqua Sunday Vesper Service.

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Richards are permitted for the use of the Chautauqua Vesper Hour.

The Shadow*

AN angel heard a child crying one day, and came to see what ailed it. He found the little one sitting on the ground, with the sun at its back (for the day was young), looking at its own shadow, which lay on the ground before it, and weeping bitterly.

"What ails you, little one?" asked the Angel.

"The world is so dark!" said the child. "See, it is all dusky gray, and there is no beauty in it. Why must I stay in this sad, gray world?"

"Do you not hear the birds singing, and the other children calling at their play?" asked the Angel.

"Yes," said the child; "I hear them, but I do not know where they are, I cannot see them, I see only the shadow. Moreover, if they saw it, they would not sing and call, but would weep as I do."

The Angel lifted the child, and set it on its feet, with its face to the early sun.

"Look!" said the Angel.

The child brushed away the tears from its eyes and looked. Before them lay the fields all green and gold, shining with dewdrops, and the other children were running to and fro, laughing and shouting, and crowning one another with blossoms.

"Why, there are the children!" said the little one.

"Yes," said the Angel; "there they are."

"And the sun is shining!" cried the child.

"Yes," said the Angel; "it was shining all the time."

"And the shadow is gone!"

"Oh no!" said the Angel; "the shadow is behind you, where it belongs. Run, now, and gather flowers for the littlest one, who sits in the grass there!"

*From "The Golden Windows" by Laura E. Richards. Permission of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

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The House of Love*

A man and a woman were walking together along the way, when they met a child, who was so beautiful that they stopped to speak to him.

"Who are you, lovely child?" they asked. "What is your name, and whence do you come?"

"My name is Love," said the child. "I live hard by here, in my house. Come and see it, and if it pleases you, you shall live in it with me."

So presently they came to the house; and the child took them by the hands and drew them in.

"Look!" he said. "See what a pleasant house this is of mine! Feel the carpet, how soft it is under our feet! The cushions are soft too. Here are my flowers in the window; did you ever smell sweeter ones? The whole house is like a garden with them. And feel the sun, how it comes pouring in, warming one through and through! Do you like my house? Will you stay with me?"

And the man and woman joined hands, and said, "We will stay."

For a time all went well. The child Love sang the sweetest songs, and flitted from room to room; and wherever he came the sun shone brighter.

But one day the man said: "I begin to see things in this house that I did not notice at first. This child has deceived us; now that I look closely, it seems a poor place. This carpet that he boasted of, for example, is nothing but a rag-carpet; the curtains are poor and patched; and it is the same with everything."

"You are right!" said the woman. "How strange that we did not notice this at first!"

They called the child Love, and said to him: "You have deceived us. You are a false child, and this house

*From "The Golden Window," by Laura E. Richards. Permission of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

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of yours is nothing but a sham. Shame on you, for cheating folk!"

"Nay!" said Love. "I meant no harm."

"These carpets and cushions," said the man and woman, "are nought but rags and patches, ugly and faded."

"Nay!" said Love. "I only feel them soft."

"These flowers you make such brag of are nothing but common wildings, such as grow in every hedgerow."

"Nay!" said Love. "I only smell them sweet."

"This very sunshine you boast of comes filtered through poor flimsy curtains and discolored glass."

"Nay!" said Love. "I only feel it warm."

"But," said they both, "look! Look with your eyes, and see for yourself the truth of all we say."

As they spoke, they looked into the child's eyes; and lo! he was blind.

Then they cried with one voice, "Out upon you, deceiver! We must stay in this wretched place because we have joined hands and given our word, but we will no longer have you about us. Go!"

"But it was my house!" said Love.

"It is yours no longer," they said. "Go!"

Then the child Love went out, weeping bitterly; and the man and woman turned and faced each other in the naked house.

The Desert*

ONCE a child was sent on a long journey, and midway in the journey he came to a desert. It was a dreadful place. The sand was like grains of fire about his feet; there was no shade, and the sun beat down upon his head; but the worst of all was that there was no water.

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"There must be water," said the child, "or I and all that come after me must perish."

So he dug in the burning sand, down and down, with hands that bled and smarted, for he had no tools; and at length he found water. Bubbling up through the sand it came, and the child's heart rejoiced; but when he tasted the water, it was bitter as gall.

"Bitter or sweet, it still is water!" said the child; and he drank, and went on his way.

Again and again, as he toiled across the desert, he was overcome by thirst, and stopped and dug in the sand with his bare hands, and found water, but every time it was bitter.

At last he came to the end of the desert, and lay down to rest, stretching himself at length in the cool grass, and looking back along the way he had come. And as he looked, he saw another child coming across the desert, not slowly and painfully, as he had come, but tripping joyously along, and singing as he came. The first child wondered much at this, and when the other was near enough he called to him, and said, "Have you too come across the desert?"

"Yes!" said the other.

"But how is it that you came so quickly?" asked the first.

"Oh," said the other, "it was not nearly so bad as people would make it out. Every little way there were springs of water bubbling up; moreover, between the springs ran a narrow path of green grass, new-sprung, and soft and cool under the feet."

"But was not the water bitter?" asked the first child.

"Never in my life," answered the other, "have I tasted sweeter water."

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Tomorrow*

IN the Land of Tomorrow, near the entrance gate two newly arrived spirits met, and looked each other in the face. One of them was a strong and beautiful spirit, with shining garments, and a face full of clear light; but the other was little and pinched and gray, and she trembled and cowered as she went.

"What ails you," asked the first spirit, "that you cower thus?"

"I am afraid!" answered the second. "It is all so strange here: I have no home, no friends, and I am alone and frightened."

"That is strange!" said the strong spirit. "I never felt so at home before. Everything is friendly to my eyes; the very trees are as if I had known them always."

"Let me hold your hand!" said the frightened one. "You seem so strong, and tread so freely, I shall perhaps not be so afraid if I am with you. I was a great lady on the earth. I lived in a fine house, and had servants to run and ride for me, and jewels and rich dresses, and everything that heart could desire; yet I had to leave them all in haste, and come alone to this strange place. It is very terrible! Was it so with you?"

"Nay," said the other; "I came willingly."

The frightened spirit clung to the other, and peered in her face.

"Tell me!" she cried. "Did we ever meet on the earth? Your face is not only friendly, it is familiar. It is as if I had seen you often, yet none of the noble ladies I knew had such strength and grace. Who were you, beautiful angel?"

"I was your washerwoman!" said the other.

*From "The Golden Windows," by Laura E. Richards. Permission of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

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THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

Whither away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple-leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest:
Whither away?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

CLASS OF 1912

The seniors of the coming year are an enthusiastic body whose forethought already has provided them with the sinews of war for the campaign of their graduating season. Their president, Mr. Victor Rhodes of St. Louis, has made the class a gift of their tablet for the Hall of Philosophy, and their banner already is in process of making. Any donations for the further expenses of the class may be sent to the treasurer, Miss Julia Douglas, Morgan Hospital, 17th Street and 2nd Avenue, New York City.

TEACHERS AND THE C. L. S. C.

The value of the Chautauqua Home Reading Course to teachers is amply attested in hundreds of letters that bring to the Institution their definite recitals of experiences. Rural teachers say that they are kept in touch with modern thought and modern treatments of ancient thought; city teachers delight in the opportunities for discussion afforded by their circle of clever fellow-workers. A woman here is

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grateful for the opportunity for individual cultural broadening; another has been stirred to social service, making her circle a neighborhood center active for town improvements; a man has felt himself aroused to a heretofore unrealized interest in national and international politics. Still other teachers use the Magazine pictures in their work in the grades, and find the Reading Journeys of marked usefulness in connection with their teaching of history and geography. In short, the teaching profession finds the C. L. S. C. well worth while.

NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN CHAUTAUQUANS

Members of the C. L. S. C. living in New York City or Brooklyn, who would like the help of the New York Office in establishing new circles this autumn, are invited to correspond with Miss Kate F. Kimball, care Chautauqua Press, 23 Union Square, New York City. Miss Kimball will be glad to co-operate with such circles in any way possible.

GEORGIA IS HEARD FROM

La Grange, Georgia, a town of two colleges and much progressive spirit, had a visit two years ago from Miss Meddie Ovington Hamilton, the C. L. S. C. Field Secretary, whom they regard as their patron saint. From that visit they date their Chautauqua fervor. Not satisfied with one Circle, they organized two of the Class of 1913. The wisdom of the "Athene" Class stirred them to varied activities, one Circle meeting by day, and the other by night. The day Circle devoted itself to discussions of the course itself. Not so the night Circle. The members wished to venture farther afield and having decoyed in their husbands and brothers set themselves to work on summaries of supplementary books, reading the regular course at home. Some of the Chautauquans belong to both clubs and the year went

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on merrily. 1913 doubtless will see an alert and victorious group of La Grange graduates making their way to Chautauqua to take diplomas with the Athene Class, for no less than eight were there this summer. We look down the vistas of the years and see La Grange a true Chautauqua town emulating the spirit of Wichita, Kans., which achieved a fine graduate organization and in addition fifteen Circles. What Chautauqua has done, she is prepared to repeat whenever the spirit moves her votaries.

C. L. S. C. IN THE "DISTRICT"

The members of the Class of '87 who live in Washington, D. C., had an unexpected and delightful reunion last February. Miss Teal, the secretary of the class, called the meeting and conducted the Vesper service and after it was over the participants organized themselves into an S. H. G. with Mr. Jeffers, formerly vice-president of the New England branch of the '87's, as chairman. Out of a list of twenty-seven graduates living in Washington, twenty-one were located. That is good to know in view of the preparations that '87 is making for her twenty-fifth anniversary in 1912. The Secretary is trying to secure as complete a list as possible of all the class members.

THE WESLEY TEAPOT

Thanks to the energy of Mrs. Daniel Onstott of Lebanon, Kansas, visitors to the last Lincoln Park Assembly at Cawker City, Kansas, were given the privilege of seeing a reproduction of the teapot from which the Wesleys poured the "drink that cheers" a century and a half ago in London. The teapot is of the old Wedgwood blue and white and on the sides are the grace and the prayer of thanks used before and after meals.

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Be present at our Table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere ador'd
These creatures ble/s & grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

We thank thee Lord for this our food
But more because of Jesu/s blood
Let manna to our souls be given
The bread of Life sent down from Heaven.

Mrs. Onstott is a C. L. S. C. reader who has recently renewed her enthusiasm, for she expects to complete the Course this year, after a lapse of seventeen years.

THE COMMUNITY RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE INDIVIDUAL READER

It is true that the impulse to big movements usually is given by concerted action, but it is equally true that the primary idea may have originated in the mind of a single person. The Chautauqua movement itself is an instance. Remembering, then, the possibilities for social usefulness that may be lying unaroused in each one of us, the individual reader cannot excuse himself from interest or even from participation in community welfare work on the ground that he is not associated with a circle which is in touch with community activities. He keeps himself informed so that he may be in sympathy with all that is going on in the world, and alert so that he may join any helpful movement whenever opportunity offers. If he lives in some remote place he studies local conditions so that he may understand causes and guide them toward good results. He sees the value of prevention, and throws his influence for town-planning and for good housing before bad conditions arise. The personal influence of a well-informed, well-intentioned individual is felt far beyond the bounds of his immediate environment. Even the dweller on a prairie ranch or in a mountain "cove" is not beyond the need of the same knowledge that

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is required to advance the standards of city living. Country people are all too prone to shut the windows and all too careless of the situation of the pig-pen and all too fond of the frying-pan. They need to learn hygiene and sanitation just as much as do town-dwellers. Both people have a milk problem. In some instances the questions that arise are the converse of each other; where the city people contend with crowding and unemployment the country folk deal with solitude and overwork. Each set has its own social problems, each has need of knowledge to apply on the solution.

THE VALUE OF SUMMING UP

In the days of our grandmothers "young ladies of sensibility" used to keep albums in which were embalmed not only "sentiments" written by their friends but also their own opinions of the books that they read. At that time standards of taste were very different from ours of today and so these criticisms of our foremothers seem as old fashioned as do their ways of arranging their hair. The idea which they were trying to put into practice, however, was one of undeniable value. To prepare a summary of a good book while its points are fresh in the mind serves to crystallize its outline and to preserve it in a convenient form so that the reader can, like the "Immortal Sairey" under far different circumstances, "put her lips to it when so dispoged." The clarifying of ideas, the attempt at expression, and the filing away in the memory of the outline of a worthwhile volume are all valuable exercises.

SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR JANE ADDAMS'S BIRTHDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

1. *Talk.* "The Woman Foreshadowed in the Child." (See "Twenty Years at Hull House").
2. *Paper.* "Early Neighborhood Settlements in England and America."
3. *Map Talk.* "Hull-House and Chicago's Immigrants."
4. *Review.* "Miss Addams's Civic Undertakings."
5. *Tributes.*
6. *Reading* from "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets."

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An enthusiastic Circle in Evergreen, Alabama, meets in this Baptist Church

Huntsville Avenue C. L. S. C., Birmingham, Alabama

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Buildings at Winfield, Kansas

View from Mountain Lake Park, Maryland

Two Assembly Grounds

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Monarch Park, Franklin, Pennsylvania

Ellsworth Park, Danville, Illinois

Two C. L. S. C. Picnic Spots

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Professors of Beaver College, Beaver, Pa., often speak before the C. L. S. C. Circle

Anderson Hall, University of Rochester, New York

College Halls are hospitable to the C. L. S. C.

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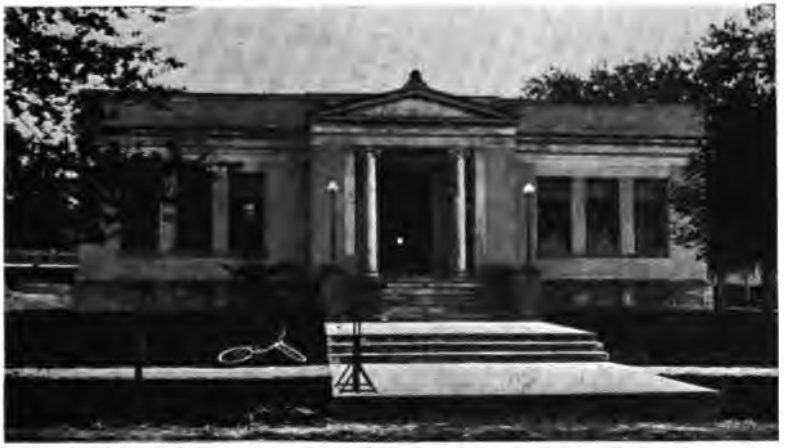

Morley Library, Painesville, Ohio

Public Library, Des Moines, Iowa

Two Libraries much frequented by C. L. S. C. readers

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Chautauqua Circle, Allentown, New York

Only Circle in South Idaho, at Caldwell
Two circles far apart but near in purpose

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C. L. S. C. Readers at the Kokomo, Indiana, Assembly

Shawnee Park, Louisville, Kentucky, where C. L. S. C. readers enjoy the fresh air

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An Old Spanish Plaza

In Santa Clara, California, there remains a reminder of days long ago in the Plaza whose restoration and maintenance is the care of the Santa Clara Woman's Club. The square was the scene of religious observances, of recreation, and of the domestic service of the market in the days of the Spanish settlers.

Wood River, Nebraska, C. L. S. C.'s picnic here

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C. L. S. C. MOTTOES

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

Everyone had arrived and Pendragon took the head of the table. "Here is a pleasant letter from a shut-in," said Pendragon. "'We have had a beautiful time this winter, studying together, my friend and I. There never were more interesting books than in this year's English Course. In connection with 'Social Ideals in Literature,' we've read book after book by Carlyle, Arnold, 'Utopia' by More, and the 'Vision of Piers Plowman' which was great fun deciphering. The Dickens book was interesting from start to finish.'"

A New York delegate handed some pictures to his neighbors. "Allentown is a small oil town of 400," he said, "with oil country homes, no library, no park, 'no nothing' of that nature. It is no wonder the C. L. S. C. has meant so much to some of us, is it? The Circle has developed a love for reading. We are enthusiastic." "I warrant it has waked you up." "You can see by the faces in this group that we aren't stupid," retorted the Allentown man, "but the C. L. S. C. has been the excuse for all sorts of merry makings as well as for a thorough course of good hard work."

"The course can't have meant more to you than it has to us in Idaho," said a delegate from the Caldwell circle. "We are the only C. L. S. C. Circle in south Idaho." "Do all of you live in the town?" "No indeed. My cousin and I are both enthusiastic westerners as well as ardent Chautauquans, having both lived and made proof on our sage brush claims since coming to Idaho from the East several years ago. Most of these views were taken on Snake

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River near Caldwell where our claims are located. I live by myself with my dog and gun and Chautauqua books, and my cousin and her husband live a few miles away. We both expect to continue the Chautauqua work indefinitely feeling that these four years' work are merely a good beginning."

"Town experiences seem tame beside such a breezy existence," laughed a Bridgeport, Connecticut, woman. "Still we aren't without the open air. When we were studying the 'Friendly Stars' we had a meeting on top of one of our public buildings so that we might see our friends face to face." "Where do you meet usually?" "At a member's house. We have had lectures in the Methodist Church."

"At Pacific Grove," said a Californian, "we celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of our secretary and his wife in good old English style. They were married in Old Stepney Church, London."

"Here," said Pendragon, looking up from a postcard of the reader at Beaver, Pennsylvania, "here is pleasant news. The circle of Beaver had a delightful final banquet, enlivened by witty toasts and made memorable by the presentation to the president of a beautiful picture of Lichfield Cathedral." "The circle at Port Jervis, New York, felt itself honored by their president's acceptance of a handsome gas lamp," said one who had been a guest at the time. "It was a delightful opportunity to express good-will," said Pendragon. "It must have been," said a Kansan warmly. " 'Words are poor things,' somebody has said, and I sometimes feel how inadequate they are. For instance, I wish I could express to you in just the right words the pleasure and genuine benefits derived by us in th four years of Chautauqua work, and I assure you that the incentives and aspirations increase to go on and on, gleaning knowledge from the master minds who present in simple, readable, comprehensive form, food for our mental digestion. What a thorough and interesting educator this Chautauqua course is for the progressive mothers of America. We humbly bow in obeisance to our 'Alma Mater.' "

"All last year," said the Alabaman from Birmingham, "all last year Mr. Alden's articles gave us inspiration to thought and desire to act. We had a delightful evening on the occasion of Miss Hamilton's visit last spring. Our Circle was the guest of a neighbor Circle and we were treated to an illustrated lecture on Scotland. We also had a social evening complimentary to our husbands. We feel the impulse of our reading upon the moral and intellectual training of our children." "We do indeed," cried another Birmingham woman. "I am a busy mother but I often have Sunday

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afternoon to 'study my lesson.' I enjoyed all the year's work, every bit, but I read the 'Cathedral' articles first, and the political articles last, and these latter if I am tired I go to sleep over promptly—but I like them and think it's our duty to know these things and help all we can in our little way to better conditions in our own community. The whole four years' work has been a joy and *inspiration*. I have a *better* education for it. As for pleasant occasions, Miss Hamilton's visits are the never-to-be-forgotten delights of the C. L. S. C." "It was so with us," said the Mobile delegate. "She brought us a great reawakening and carried us and the friends assembled completely away by her beautiful talk on the Chautauqua work and the lecture she gave us on Browning." "She had a big audience and aroused great enthusiasm at Chautauqua, New York, this summer," said Pendragon.

"The C. L. S. C. has done much for me," said a Californian from Oakland. "It has opened the door to culture. I never cared to read before taking the C. L. S. C." "Our homes would not be complete without it," said the Danville, Illinois, delegate. "Even when, like me, you rise at five o'clock in the morning in warm weather and put in a solid two hours of study before breakfast," said a reader from Sykesville, Maryland. "I was a little girl eight years old when the Civil War broke out. My home was in Virginia. Some day I am going to publish my reminiscences. I keep my eye upon Chautauqua as the Mecca of my heart's desires."

"Here is an energetic woman who writes from Rockfield, Indiana," said Pendragon. "Let me read you a part of her letter: 'I have homesteaded a 160-acre farm in Williams County, North Dakota, taught school, walking five miles per day, read at noons and nights after my work was done. The first year I did my Chautauqua work very thoroughly but since then I have been too busy to even keep a record of my outside reading which was very considerable.'" "She and our friend at Caldwell, Idaho, ought to go into partnership," commented a Baltimore man. "I read under difficulties, too. I read whenever I get an opportunity, mostly at home, but my work calls me into the streets at night and I have studied Latin and read Chautauqua under the street lamps."

When the applause died away an old gentleman from Rochester, New York, said: "In reviewing the four years the most pleasing experience was the sensation when at ——— one year I joined the class and started to pull for four more years of club work. I am a busy old man, have been a minister for fifty-five years—the last five years I have not been equal to the work of the regular pastorate, but I frequently preach. I teach a Bible class of adults in the Third Presbyterian Church, visit the aged and sick people in

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my son's congregation, try to help as I may in bringing in the kingdom. I look forward with pleasure to the graduation day and to the influence of my last years of reading on my growing family of grandchildren." "We are one with our children in Chautauqua work," said a Des Moines delegate. "My daughter has been in the High School and we have often found our studies mutually beneficial." "There were three generations of one family registered in the Class of 1915 at Chautauqua, New York, last summer." "Isn't that remarkable!" everybody exclaimed. "Yes, especially when you know that the grandson was but ten years old.' "Ten! Well, well!" "He's a New York product, from Tonawanda, near Buffalo." "If he turns into one of the perennial readers he will have a long career ahead of him," smiled Pendragon.

"In last year's reading the subjects of old age problems and of pensions appealed to me because for four years we have labored to secure teachers' pensions," said the Kentuckian from Louisville.

"There was a burst of approval of this and then Pendragon said, "A member from Jamaica, Long Island, a graduate who has been studying with a group of C. L. S. C. graduates for many years, writes of their work with the art course: "It has been perfectly delightful. We are just now beginning nineteenth century art, having spent three most enjoyable years studying the painting from the renaissance to the nineteenth century." "I happen to know," continued Pendragon, "that two special art courses have been prepared recently for this group." "I can say something in favor of the special art course," said a Washingtonian. "It enabled me to enjoy the art exhibit at the A. G. P. Fair in Seattle two years ago. I cannot begin to tell you," she went on, "what the systematic course of reading has meant to me the past four years. We are opening a new farm in western Washington and the rain and mud part of the time make it practically impossible to leave home, so we have to depend on ourselves." "There's nothing like having some resource," commented a clergyman. "Now I live in a more thickly populated part of the country, but I too have profited by the Chautauquan art work. The Dutch Artist series led to re-reading and new reading on art in general and gave me especial pleasure when the following year I visited the galleries in London and Paris. The holiday number on Switzerland was of the highest benefit the same summer during a few days' stay at Lucerne and vicinity. I'm sure the circle has indirectly helped religiously my church and the community."

"I had a very pleasing experience with Chautauqua literature on board the *S. S. Moltke* during her cruise to the Spanish Main,

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recently," said the member from Elizabeth, N. J. "I had a few numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN with me and in the absence of a regular minister one Sunday, I went to a meeting of the passengers in the main dining saloon and read to them from the November 1910, number 'The Argument of Success' by Sylvester Horne. It was eminently adapted to the occasion and proved entirely satisfactory to the audience of about 150, as I had several reuests for a private perusal of the articles afterward, which, of course, I cheerfully granted."

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR OCTOBER

FIRST WEEK—OTCOBER 1-8

"American Life and Character as Portrayed in the Novel" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "As We See Ourselves," I, B. A. Heydrick).

"Engineers and Engineering" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "American Engineering," I, Carl S. Dow.).

SECOND WEEK—OCTOBER 8-15

"Effect upon International Peace of an Alliance between England and the United States" (Robinson's "The Twentieth Century American," Chapters I and II).

THIRD WEEK—OCTOBER 15-22

"Mutual Understandings and Misunderstandings of England and the United States" (Robinson, Chapters III, IV).

FOURTH WEEK—OCTOBER 22-29

"American and English Women, Humor, and Art" (Robinson, Chapter V, VI).

"Discovery and Conquest in South America" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "Reading Journey through South America," I. VanDyke.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

FIRST WEEK—OCTOBER 1-8

1. *Roll Call.* "Brief Biographies of well-known American novelists since 1870."
2. *Book Review.* Howells's "A Modern Instance."
3. *Summary.* "Engineers and Engineering" in this CHAUTAUQUAN.
4. *Paper.* "American Technical Schools" (send to schools for catalogs and information. Compare American methods with those of European technical schools).
5. *Two-Minute Talks* on the work of various engineers, as civil, mechanical, electrical, sanitary, hydraulic, efficiency, etc.
6. *Book Review.* "The American Scene" by Henry James.
7. *Reading.* From Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth."

SECOND WEEK—OCTOBER 8-15

1. *Talk.* "New York"—as seen by Archer in "America Today;" by James in "The American Scene;" and by Wells in "The Future in America.'
2. *Roll Call.* "Men and Women of all Countries who have Worked for Peace."

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3. *Review.* Chapters I and II, "Twentieth Century American."
4. *Summary.* "Twelve Months of the Peace Movement" by Denys P. Myers in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for May, 1911.
5. *Book Review.* "The Great Illusion" by Norman Angell.
6. *Reading* from "Memoirs of Bertha von Suttner."
7. *Recitation.* "The Eagle's Song" by Richard Mansfield.

THIRD WEEK—OCTOBER 15-22

1. *Roll Call.* "Famous American Sailors and Naval Battles."
2. *Reading.* "The First American Sailors" by Wallace Rice.
3. *Comparison.* Chapters III and IV, "Twentieth Century American" with chapter entitled "The Spirit of Self-Assertion" in Münsterberg's "The Americans."
4. *Anecdotes.* Illustrating American adaptability, readiness, and self-reliance.
5. *Summary.* Chapters on "The American Language" in Archer's "America Today."
6. *Reading.* "The Educational Alliance" from "The Future in America" by H. G. Wells.
7. *Recitation.* "Hymn of the West" by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

FOURTH WEEK—OCTOBER 22-29

1. *Comparison.* Chapter V, "Twentieth Century American" with chapter on "The Position of Women" in Bryce's "American Commonwealth" (edition of 1910) and with chapter on "The Self-Assertion of Women" in "The Americans" by Münsterberg.
2. *Picture Gallery* of American and English Women as drawn by Gibson in *Life* and by Du Maurier in *Punch.* Discuss as examples of types and as examples of American and English art.
3. *Roll Call.* Characteristic American and English jokes culled from *Life* and *Punch.*
4. *Summary.* Miss Kimball's article in this number.
5. *Map Talk.* "South America."
6. *Review.* Chapter I, "Reading Journey through South America."
7. *Reading.* From chapter on "Art" in "The Americans" by Münsterberg.

TRAVEL CLUB

Travel Clubs should be provided with Hale's "Practical Guide to Latin America" with a large map of South America and with individual outline maps of South America which each member may fill in as the study progresses. Photographs, picture postcards, or pictures in books of all buildings and places mentioned should be exhibited.

A general bibliography on the Reading Journey Through South America will be found in this Magazine on page 128. If any clubs or libraries can provide but two books for supplementary reading they should be Dawson's "The South American Republics" and Hale's "The South Americans." Of great contemporary interest is the "Bulletin" published by the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C. This is a handsomely illustrated monthly magazine whose subscription price is $2.00 a year. Every Travel Club will find a subscription worth while.

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FIRST WEEK

1. *Map Talk.* General physiographic description of South America. (The *National Geographic Magazine* is useful for all geographical references.)
2. *Talk.* "Early Map Makers and their Beliefs."
3. *Summary* of "Waldseemüller's Maps and Charts" by C. G. Herbermann in *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for January, 1905. (See Frontispiece in this magazine.)
4. *Sketch.* "What the Printing Press, Gunpowder, and the Field of the Cloth of Gold Meant for the 16th Century."
5. *Roll Call.* Persons mentioned in this article.
6. *Biography.* "Marco Polo."
7. *Historical Outline.* "The Times of Ferdinand and Isabella." (Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella.")
8. *Story.* "The Career of Columbus in Verse." (Readings from James Montgomery's "The Inspiration" (beginning "Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd"); Lydia Huntley Sigourney's "Columbus;" Freneau's, "Columbus to Ferdinand;" Trowbridge's "Columbus at the Convent;" Bloch's "The New World" (beginning "Yet had his sun not risen; from his lips"); Schiller's "Steer, Bold Mariner, On!" Lanier's "Psalm of the West" (beginning "Santa Maria, well thou tremblest down the wave"); Joaquin Miller's "Columbus;" Butterworth's "The Thanksgiving for America;" Freneau's "Columbus in Chains;" Edna Dean Proctor's "Columbus Dying;" Edward Everett Hale's "Columbus;" Lord Houghton's "Columbus and the Mayflower." The above poems cover the whole of Columbus's life and a few connecting explanations will make the story complete.)

SECOND WEEK

1. *Story.* "The Explorers, Amerigo Vespucci, Vasco da Gama, Magellan, De Cabral.
2. *Reading.* Nora Perry's "Balboa."
3. *Summary.* "South America" in *Outlook,* October 20, 1906.
4. *Two-Minute Talks.* On the expeditions mentioned in the paragraph beginning "Space will not permit."
5. *Paper.* "Cortez" (Ober's "History of Mexico"; Hale's "History of Mexico"; Bancroft's "Popular History of the Mexican People.")
6. *Reading.* From H. Rider Haggard's "Montezuma's Daughter."
7. *Book Review.* G. A. Henty's "By Right of Conquest."
8. *Recitation.* "With Cortez in Mexico," by W. W. Campbell.

THIRD WEEK

1. *Reading.* "General Information" on Pizarro and Peru, p. 21, in monthly magazine, "Peru Today," published by West Coast Publishing Company of Lima, Peru; New York office, 20 Broad Street.
2. *Roll Call.* "South American Races."
3. *Summary* of "Truth about Inca Civilization" by A. F. Bandélier in "Harper's Monthly," March, 1905.
4. *Reading.* "Peruvian Craftsmanship at the Time of the Spanish Conquest" in the "Craftsman," September, 1909.

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5. *Report.* "The Observatory at Arequipa." (Write to Harvard University for information; Pepper's "Panama to Patagonia"; Clark's "Continent of Opportunity.")
6. *Description* of the Araucanians (Hancock's "History of Chile.")
7. *Story.* "What the Explorers found in Bolivia." (Akers's "History of South America;" Clark's "Continent of Opportunity;" Curtis's "Between the Andes and the Ocean"; Dawson's "South American Republics.")
8. *Reading.* "Fourth of July in Bolivia," from "The Other Americans," by Arthur Ruhl.

FOURTH WEEK

1. *Description.* "The Plata, Paraná and Paraguay Rivers."
2. *Biography.* "Sebastian Cabot."
3. *Comparison.* "Spanish and Portuguese Characteristics." (Akers.)
4. *Story.* "Charles V. and Venezuela." (Dawson's "South American Republics," Part II.)
5. *Talk.* "Traveling Suggestions." (Hale's "Practical Guide.")
6. *Reading.* "Certain South American Traits" in Bingham's "Across South America."

BIBLIOGRAPHIES

Note. The following bibliographies were recommended by the authors of the books and the series which comprise this year's course. Libraries may be glad to purchase as reference books Spon's "Dictionary of Engineering," 5 vols., $37.50; or Henley's "Cyclopedia of Practical Engineering and Allied Trades," 5 vols., $6.00 per vol. *Engineering News* and the *Engineering Magazine* are two valuable periodicals.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICAN

America Today, Wm. Archer, $1.25 ppd. *The Americans,* Hugo Münsterberg, $2.50, postage 24c. *The Future in America,* H. G. Wells, $2.00, postage 18c. *Americans: An Impression,* A. Francis, $2.00, postage 18c. *Discourses in America,* Matthew Arnold, $1.50, postage 15c. *American Commonwealth,* James Bryce, 2 v. rev. ed., $4.00 net. *The American Scene,* Henry James, $3.00, postage 18c. *The Land of the Dollar,* G. W. Steevens, is out of print but may be seen in libraries.

AS WE SEE OURSELVES

The Novel: *A Modern Instance,* William Dean Howells, 50c. *The Pit,* Frank Norris, $1.25 and 50c. *The House of Mirth,* Edith Wharton, $1.50 and 50c. The Short Story: *The Luck of Roaring Camp,* Bret Harte, $1.25. *Van Bibber and Others,* Richard Harding Davis, $1.60. *A New England Nun,* M. E. Wilkins-Freeman, $1.25. *The Four Million,* O. Henry, $1.00. The Essay: *Winter Sunshine,* John Burroughs, $1.25. *The Gentle Reader,* Samuel McChord Crothers, $1.25. Poetry: *An American Anthology,* E. Clarence Stedman, $3.00. Social Problems: *The Workers East, The Workers West,* Walter Wyckoff, $1.50 each. *The Gospel of Wealth,* Andrew Carnegie, $2.20 postpaid. The Interpreters: *American Ideals,* Theodore Roosevelt, $1.50. *The American as He Is,* Nicholas Murray Butler, $1.00 net.

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A READING JOURNEY THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA

A History of South America, C. E. Akers, $4.00 net. *Archaeology, Ancient America*, J. D. Baldwin, $2.00 *The Continent of Opportunity*, F. E. Clark, $1.50 net. *Between the Andes and the Ocean*, W. E. Curtis, $2.50. *The Capitals of Spanish America*, W. E. Curtis, $3.50 net. *The South American Republics*, Thomas C. Dawson, $3.00 net. *International Geography*, Hugh R. Mill, $3.50. *Around the Caribbean and Across Panama*, F. C. Nicholas, $1.50. *Panama to Patagonia*, C. M. Pepper, $2.50 net. *The South Americans*, A. Hale, $2.50 net, postage 18c. *Practical Guide to Latin America*, A. Hale, $1.00 net. *The Other Americans*, A. Ruhl, $2.00 protected net. *The Countries of the King's Award*, T. H. Holdich, $6.40. *Peru; Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas*, E. G. Squire; *Possibilities of South American History and Politics as a Field for Research*, H. Bingham, *The Land of Tomorrow, Latin America of Today and Its Relations with the United States*, John Barrett, are out of print but may be found at libraries.

AMERICAN ENGINEERING

Steam Boilers, Peabody and Miller, $4.00. *Steam Power Plant Engineering*, Geo. F. Gebhart, $6.00. *History of the Growth of the Steam Engine*, Thurston, $2.50. *Steam Turbines*, Moyer, $4.00. *Practical Marine Engineering*, W. F. Durand $5.00 net. *Heating and Ventilating Buildings*, Carpenter, $4.00. *Refrigeration, Cold Storage and Ice Making*, A. J. Wallis-Taylor, $1.50. *Compressed Air*, Frank Richards, $1.50. *Gas, Gasoline, and Oil Engines*, Hiscox, $2.50. *Metallurgy of Steel, Iron, and Other Alloys*, Howe, $5.00. *Concrete—Plain and Reinforced*, Taylor and Thompson, $5.00. *Efficiency as a Basis for Operation and Wages*, Emerson, $2.00. *Principles of Scientific Management*, Taylor, $1.50 net. *Motion Studies*, Gilbreth, $2.00 net.

REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON OCTOBER READINGS

AS WE SEE OURSELVES. CHAPTER I. THE NOVEL

1. Why have Americans accepted as true the idea that foreigners know us better than we know ourselves? 2. What is the scope of this series? 3. What novelists will be drawn upon? 4. By what method? 5. What is the first question and how is it answered (a) for men, (b) for women? 6. What do the novelists say about American society? 7. About ways of life of (a) the rich, (b) the poor, (c) in New England, (d) in Indiana, (e) in Wyoming, (f) in New York, (g) in Washington, (h) in Chicago?

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READING JOURNEY THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA. CHAPTER I. DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST

1. What were some of the geographical problems of the Middle Ages? 2. How was Columbus encouraged? 3. Describe his voyage. 4. What were Vespucci's conclusions? 5. How came America to receive its name? 6. What were the discoveries of later adventurers? 7. How did Spain and Portugal benefit from the discoveries? 8. What was accomplished by Cortes? 9. What was practically the first white invasion of South America? 10. Describe the configuration of the country. 11. The climate 12. The population. 13. At the time of the coming of the Spaniards, civilization. 14. Government. 15. Religion. 16. Architecture. 17. Agriculture. 18. Gold supply. 19. Who were some of the "Conquistadores?" 20 What was the experience of Chile? 21. Of Patagonia? 22. Of Bolivia? 23. Speak of the dissensions between Portugal and Spain. 24. When and where was a permanent settlement made? 25. What was the connection of Charles V with Venezuela?

AMERICAN ENGINEERING. CHAPTER I. ENGINEERS AND ENGINEERING

1. Why is Edison better known than the President of the United States? 2. What is the relation of engineering to civilization? 3. What advance in engineering has been made in the nineteenth century? 4. How extensive is the use of telephones in the United States? 5. Connect Niagara, the Panama Canal, and western reclamation with the development of the United States. 6. What has been the foundation of American progress? 7. How does the engineer work for conservation? 8. How has the engineering specialist been developed? 9. What is the definition of engineering? 10. Mention some of the special fields. 11. What is the modern attitude toward education, as summarized by President Lowell of Harvard? 12. What importance is laid today on technical training? 13. What are the two kinds of technical schools?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON OCTOBER READINGS

1. What two Europeans have written with distinction and authority on American institutions?

1. What was the first European town in the New World, and by whom was it founded? 2. What are the extreme northern and southern points of South America?

1. Name five bridges which have been considered "engineering triumphs" in their day. 2. Name two well-known American engineers.

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "THE 20TH CENTURY AMERICAN"

Chapter I.—1. What was the original intention of the United States' policy of avoiding entangling alliances? 2. Why would an alliance between Great Britain and the United States be desirable both from selfish and unselfish points of view? 3. To what end might the American love of ideals be turned? 4. What

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arguments concerning an alliance with Great Britain does the American bring forward? 5. What is the author's answer? 6. What is the responsibility of the United States with regard to the establishment of universal peace? 7. What have been some of the American misconceptions with regard to Great Britain? 8. What is Germany's position and what her presumable ambition?

Chapter II.—1. Give instances of "family feeling" between Great Britain and the United States as recognized by Englishmen, Americans, and "foreigners." 2. Explain Mr. Freeman's remark about the Englishman and the American. 3. What revelation was made by the Venezuelan incident? 4. Why do many Americans have an unfriendly feeling toward Great Britain? 5. What does the author consider to be the attitude of Englishmen toward Americans? 6. What nearness, geographical, commercial and historical, is there between Great Britain and the United States? 7. What anti-British influence arises from the "foreign" population of the United States?

Chapter III.—1. What is the European opinion of the fighting power of the United States? 2. What is said of the Americans as a maritime nation? 3. What were some of the reasons for the loss of the Ship Subsidies Bill in 1907? 4. What business reason is urged for the encouragement of the American merchant marines? 5. What is the cause and what the effect of American self-reliance and ingenuity? 6. Give illustrations. 7. What are some of the experiences of frontier life? 8. Why is New York City least typically American of all parts of the country? 9. Why is adaptability the most precious of all American national assets? 10. Why is unpreparedness less serious in America than in England? 11. How does the American's lack of reverence testify to his strength? 12. What has been the result of there being in the United States no recognized preparation for the diplomatic service? 13. What does the author say of the homogeneity of Americans? 14. What is the American attitude toward immigration? 15. Why is the similarity of pronunciation in the United States of importance to the nation? 16. In what respects are Americans more Anglo-Saxon than the English themselves? 17. What was the object of Mr. Wells's visit to America? 18. How was he mistaken in his opinions?

Chapter IV.—1. What is the effect of wide opportunity upon national life? 2. What is said of the essentials of American and English character? 3. What modifications of American character have been wrought by environment? 4. Give the points summarized by the author. 5. Discuss "parsnips." 6. Why does the American "think in round numbers"? 7. Speak of English and American peculiarities. 8. What was Matthew Arnold's attitude toward America? 9. For what does the Hon. S— B— stand in the minds of Americans?

Chapter V.—1. What is the difference of basis between the American's and the Englishman's misunderstanding of each other? 2. What change in American thought was brought about by the Spanish-American War? 3. Compare the American with the sheltered English boy. 4. What is the opinion of

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the Anglo-Saxon race about itself? 5. Speak of national chivalry toward women. 6. What is the "climatic fiction?" 7. What is the chance for happiness in international marriages? 8. What does the author consider to be the attitude of young American men toward women and how does he account for it? 9. Compare married life in England and in America. 10. What is the American woman's feeling for the artistic? 11. Why did the mining camp act as it did in the incident described? 12. Illustrate the adaptability of the American woman. 13. What part of the national life is taken by American women? 14. Speak of feminism. 15. What is said about co-education?

Chapter VI.—1. How has "insularity" affected both Americans and British? 2. Distinguish between hurry and progress. 3. What is the difference between the English and the American manner of accounting for the advance of each nation? 4. Where must British enterprise and energy be sought? 5. In what respect are Americans deficient in humor? 6. What is the predominant quality of American humor? 7. What is the English attitude toward American humor? 8. What change of attitude would be brought about by an American belief in English humor? 9. Until recently what has been the attitude of Englishmen toward American literature? 10. What branch of American literature is liked in England now? 11. What do the English know of American art? 12. What is meant by Anglomania? 13. What is the change of opinion in America toward imported and domestic goods?

Chapter VII.—1. Why are the Rhodes scholarships thought to be worth while for Americans? 2. What is the educational standing of Oxford and Cambridge as compared with the best American colleges and universities? 3. Is the atmosphere of the English universities desirable for Americans? 4. What is meant by the "Norman" spirit of the old universities? 5. What part has the American public school system played in the education of the masses? 6. What other factors have been of value in their elevation? 7. How does the American press affect the opinion of Europeans with regard to the cultivation of Americans? 8. What relation does the American press bear to the American people? 9. What is the English attitude toward good illustrated magazines? 10. What is the first "root-fact" in comparing Englishmen and Americans? 11. The second? 12. Why does the Englishman judge American culture by the men and what is the result? 13. How do American military titles in every day life strike an Englishman? 14. How is the building of the British Empire comparable with the struggle of the Civil War in the United States? 15. What spirit is bred by war?

Chapter VIII.—1. What is the present ideal of American education? 2. How did the Japanese set about making over their nation? 3. What results from the American's demand for the best of everything? 4. How wide is American interest in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; in Verestschagin? 6. What is said of the uniformity of tastes and pursuits in the American people? 7. Of their knowledge of foreign music; of drama? 8. What power lies in "crazes"? 9. What is said of American erudition versus American culture? 10. Why are Americans considered super-

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ficial? 11. Explain the meaning of Bismarck's comment on the Englishman speaking French. 12. How does the American learn a language? 13. Compare the American with the English attitude toward classical study. 14. What is said of English and American use of language? 15. What has been the effect of democracy upon speech in England? 16. What is the power of language in unifying the different parts of the United States. 17. What is said of American journalists in London? 18. How do the copyright laws influence the printing of books?

Chapter IX.—1. What sort of interest is taken in politics by the Englishman in America? 2. Do the 'best people' go into politics in the United States? 3 What is the result of the identification of national and municipal politics? 4. What growing change is noticed in England? 5. Speak of political corruption in both countries? 6. What is the difference in custom between England and America as to the residence of candidates for Congress? 7. What are the advantages of each method? 8. What is the extent of the Irish influence in America? 9. Give the author's comparisons of the American with the English political parties.

Chapter X.—1. Compare party systems in England and in America. 2. Cite the case of the Louisiana lynching as an example of state independence. 3. Explain how it is that in a general election in England or a presidential election in the United States a party may be victorious without having a majority of votes throughout the country? 4. How is it that one person of moderate position may be of national political importance? 5. Explain the proceedings of the imaginary convention that nominated Mr. Crooks. 5. How are the political parties kept active in the United States? 7. What is the importance of the alien vote? 8. Discuss Tammany Hall and its power. 9. What is the author's opinion, as opposed to Mr. Bryce's, of corruption in public life in the United States? 10. What was Benjamin Franklin's experience in England? 11. Compare the author's and his American friend's (see note, page 281) opinions of the excitement of an American presidential campaign. 12. How is American common sense the saving grace of the country?

Chapter XI.—1. What is the binding power of Federal treaties on individual states? 2. What feeling is produced in other countries by this national lack of power to control the states? 3. How has Mr. Roosevelt been associated with the "revival of the sense of civic virtue"? 4. Speak of Mr. Roosevelt and the corporations. 5. Give the author's view of the negro question.

Chapter XII.—1. What is the effect of political corruption on the morals of the community? 2. What is the English notion of "American aristocracy"? 3. What is the American opinion of the members of the two houses of the English Parliament as compared with our two houses of Congress? 4. How great is the advance of business in the English aristocracy? 5. What different reasons actuate Englishmen and Americans who go into business? 6. In what direction did Cecil Rhodes's intellect develop? 7. What is said about the breadth of American commercial enterprises? 8. What is said of former American

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commercial looseness? 9. Of the panic of 1907? 10. Why do English people have an inaccurate idea of American happenings? 11. What moral force is suggested by the vigor with which American business wrong-doers are exposed? 12. Compare the power of "trusts" in England and America. 13. What is the American feeling about pools? 14. How is the throne a democratic power? 15. What is the present state of American commercial integrity? 16. What is the general American opinion of the morality of the British peerage? 17. What is the general method of the "yellow press"? 18. Discuss the House of Lords.

Chapter XIII.—1. Review the effort of the previous chapter. 2. How is British honor regarded? 3. Quote the author and Münsterberg on American commercial honesty. 4. What was the "Gentlemen's Agreement"? 5. Speak of the early management of American railways. 6. How has American physical and moral growth taken place simultaneously? 7. What change has occurred in England during the same period? 8. How has the American's faculty for narration imperilled his reputation for truth-telling?

Chapter XIV.—1. How does English commercial machinery differ from American, and what does the Englishman think about it? 2. What is the "moral" of the tack story? 3. What is the opinion of Hanotaux with regard to the commercial power of the United States? 4. How do colonists feel about British conservatism? 5. What tends to prove that this conservatism is no part of the English genius? 6. What tendencies have helped in the development of American character? 7. Compare the methods of English and American banks. 8. What is the result of "America" meaning "Opportunity"? 9. Speak of business co-operation in America. 10. What does the trust do to the individual? 11. Discuss solicitors. 12. What national characteristics are made evident in engine building by Englishmen and by Americans? 13. What disadvantages are connected with the election of judges? 14. What are some of the weaknesses of state courts? 15. Give the author's argument against Wells's expressions on commercial morality.

Chapter XV.—1. What did golf do for America? 2. What change is taking place in England? 3. What place does England hold in international contests? 4. Speak of customs in shooting. 5. Of specialization in sports. 6. Of the amateur. 7. Of the influence of games in bringing about national liking.

Chapter XVI.—1. What arguments call for an alliance between England and the United States? 2. Why is it important that the people of the two countries should recognize their likeness to each other? 3. Account for America's irritation against England. 4. On what different points is there a lack of understanding? 5. How does the American's good opinion of himself make for misunderstanding? 6. Account for English ignorance of America. 7. Would an alliance between England and America be bad politics? 8. What qualities of the British Empire and people have been left undescribed? 9. Of the American people?

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The C. L. S. C. Member's Question Book American Year 1911-12

This Question Book explains:

1. How to get the Annual Certificate.
2. How to secure a Diploma for four years' reading.
3. How to earn Seals for your Diploma.
4. How to apply for the Annual Certificate.
5. How to obtain a Recognized Reading Seal.
6. Brief Review Question Paper. Provisions for grading and returning Brief Review Question papers.
7. Full Review Question Paper (White Seal Memoranda). Provisions for grading and returning Full Review Question papers.

1. Annual Certificate

Every member of the C. L. S. C. who has read the entire prescribed course for the current year is entitled to the Annual Certificate, which will prove an artistic and permanent reminder of the work of the year. (See No. 4, "How to Apply for the Annual Certificate"). The prescribed course of "required reading" consists of the set of four books and three series of articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN Magazine, entitled "As We See Ourselves," by Benj. A. Heydrick, "A Reading Journey in South America," by H. W. VanDyke. and "American Engineering," by Carl S. Dow.

2. C. L. S. C. Diploma

Every member of the C. L. S. C. who has read the entire prescribed course for any complete four years' cycle—one Classical, one Continental European, one English, and one American Year—is entitled to a C. L. S. C. diploma on payment of the diploma fee. No examinations are required, but the answering of Review Question Papers is recommended and seals for the diplomas are awarded for this work as explained in the succeeding paragraph about Seals. When you have read four years send to the C. L. S. C. Department for a special application blank for the diploma. The diploma fee is 50 cents for paper or $1.00 for parchment.

3. How to Earn Seals for Your Diploma

An undergraduate may earn Seals in the following ways: By answering the Brief Review Question Paper each year for four years, one Seal; and by answering the Full Review Question Paper (White Seal Memoranda), four Seals,—one for each year. Also,

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by fulfilling the requirements for Recognized Reading, another Seal may be added each year, and for answering the questions upon any of the Chautauqua Special Courses, any number of Seals varying in form and color, as stated in the Chautauqua Special Course Handbook, may be earned. These are placed upon the diploma at graduation.

After graduation, one Seal is awarded for reading the four books and the required articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN Magazine of a given year and reporting the same; two Seals for reporting the reading and answering the questions in both the Brief and Full Review Question Papers (White Seal Memoranda); three Seals for reporting the reading, answering the Brief and Full Review Question Papers and submitting an acceptable report of Recognized Reading. To a graduate who reads the magazine only, one seal is offered for answering a set of questions which will be printed in the May number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. These questions relate wholly to the required magazine series. An applicant for the seal must be a magazine subscriber or must pay the separate enrolment fee of $1.00.

Seals are awarded to graduates for special courses as outlined in the Special Course Handbook.

Any person having four small Seals is entitled to the large Seal indicating membership in the Order of the White Seal; seven entitles him to the League of the Round Table Seal; fourteen to the Guild of the Seven Seals, and forty-nine to the Inner Circle Seal. Order seals are not considered and may not be counted in the number required for the seal of a higher order.

4. How to Apply for the Annual Certificate

Answering Review Question Papers or "memoranda" is not a required part of the C. L. S. C. plan, but is strongly recommended and those who have carried out this feature of the work are enthusiastic in their approval of it. There are many members, however, who read the course thoughtfully, but who through limitations of various sorts find writing a difficult task. The C. L. S. C. has anticipated this difficulty and its requirements make due allowance for it. Every member who has read the entire prescribed course for the current year is entitled to the Annual Certificate. To secure the certificate write answers to the following questions on blank sheets of paper, numbering your answers to correspond with the numbers of questions. Always retain a copy of your written work. Send your answers, *enclosing* 6c *in stamps to cover cost of wrapping and mailing Certificate,* to C. L. S. C. Department, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y. This should be done even if Review Question Papers are also sent in.

1. Write at the top of your answer paper the titles of the four books and three series of required magazine articles in the course which you have read. Write the word "Read" after each, to indicate that you have actually done the reading.

2. Are you reading alone or as a member of a Circle?

3. What articles or series of articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN have you found most suggestive and helpful in the work of the year? Enumerate three in order of preference.

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4. What comment, favorable or otherwise, have you to make upon the books of the year?

5. Upon receipt of the magazine, to what part of it do you first turn?

6. Please specify any improvements in the appearance or contents of THE CHAUTAUQUAN which seem to you desirable.

N. B.—Give your name in full, your postoffice address, your occupation, the population of your town, and the C. L. S. C. Class to which you belong.

5. How to Obtain a Recognized Reading Seal

An important feature of C. L. S. C. work is the department of Recognized Reading. Many members of the C. L. S. C. do much reading of the very best sort, outside the prescribed C. L. S. C. Course or specified Seal Courses. Such reading includes important newspaper editorials, current magazine articles, and standard books. In addition, there is often the preparation of a club or circle paper involving much reading and study, or attendance upon educational courses of lectures of which notes are taken. Stories from the C. L. S. C. reading of the current year may be told in the home. Many hours of good work may be put upon the Sunday School lesson. Visits to local scenes of historic interest, or to art galleries and museums may be made of positive value. All of these agencies deserve encouragement, for every C. L. S. C. member should be an intelligent and observing citizen of the world in which he lives.

1. As the conditions for this seal require no written review, but simply a report of reading, it is essential that the report be very complete and detailed, so that the examining committee may be able to judge correctly as to the work done.

2. It is suggested that each reader keep a note book and jot down articles read, with name and date of periodicals, so that there may be no difficulty in making a full report at the end of the year.

3. *Only reading which relates to the subjects of the current year's work can be recognized,* Bible study being the only exception. In the case of graduates taking special courses, reading related to their work will, of course, be considered.

4. The least requirement for the seal is the *equivalent* of twenty editorials, eight magazine articles and three books.

But since many people will be able to give more attention to the work suggested under sections 4-8, in such case a less amount may be reported under sections 1-3. The examining committee will consider each report upon its own merits, with the above general basis as a guide for the reader. One seal only will be awarded.

5. Editorials must be taken from not less than two papers or periodicals of acknowledged standing. Magazine articles from not less than two besides THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

In order to secure a Recognized Reading Seal make report on blank sheets of paper, numbering your answers to correspond with the numbers of the following questions. Always retain a duplicate of your written work. Send your report to C. L. S. C. Department, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y.

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1. Editorials: Name of publication. Date. Subject of each editorial.

2. Magazine articles: Name of magazine. Date. Title of each article. Name of author.

3. Standard books, exclusive of those in the C. L. S. C. course.

4. Amount of time weekly given to Bible study, *aside from work for special seal courses.* The nature of this study.

5. How many and what kind of stories have you told to children?

6. What educational courses of lectures have you attended? State subject of course, name of lecturer, and extent of notes taken.

7. What written papers have you prepared during the year? Give subject, number of words, and for what purpose.

8. What visits have you made to art galleries and museums?

N. B.—Give your name in full, your postoffice address, and the C. L. S. C. class to which you belong.

6. BRIEF REVIEW QUESTION PAPER

C. L. S. C. American Year 1911-12

Below are twenty-five questions on the four books of the "American Year" made out for readers who wish to review the year's course to their own advantage.

Answering these questions *is not required* in order to graduate, but by answering them undergraduates and graduates may secure credit in the form of a seal on their diplomas. (See Section No. 3, "How to Earn Seals").

How to Secure Seal Credit

If you desire seal credit answer the following review questions on blank sheets of paper numbering your answers to correspond with the numbers of the questions. Always retain a duplicate of your written wrok. Send your answers to Brief Review Question Paper to C. L. S. C. Department, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Fees for Grading or Correcting

Your answers to this Brief Review Question Paper, whether you desire credit for seals or not, will be *graded* and *returned* for a fee of twenty-five cents, or *corrected* and *returned* for fifty cents. This fee includes similar examination of your answers to No. 7, Full Review Question Paper, if sent in at the same time.

Brief Review Questions

Write at the top of your answer paper the titles of the four books and three series of required magazine articles in the course you have read. Write the word "Read" after each, to indicate that you have actually done the reading.

The Twentieth Century American

1. What is the responsibility of the United States with regard to the establishment of universal peace?

2. What has been the effect of American self-reliance and ingenuity?

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3. What factors have been important in elevating the masses in America?
4. What is the result of the identification of national and municipal politics in America?
5. Discuss the ability of members of the House of Lords.
6. What vision should be given to both Englishmen and Americans with regard to each other?

The Spirit of American Government

7. To what view of government did the Declaration of Independence give expression?
8. Of what importance in a democratic constitution is the recognition of the right to amend?
9. Why is the Federal Supreme Court the most powerful tribunal in the world?
10. What was the result of the Constitutional Convention's failure to make clear the relationship between the general and the state governments?
11. What are the three defects in the Senate as now organized?
12. Discuss publicity.
13. What is democracy's problem?

Materials and Methods of Fiction

14. How does the fiction writer make use of human science, human philosophy, human art?
15. Wherein lies the real distinction between realism and romance?
16. What is a narrative?
17. What are the three elements of fiction?
18. Explain emphasis by position (a) at the end, (b) at the beginning of (1) the short-story, (2) the novel.
19. Define the short-story.

Twenty Years at Hull-House

20. In what way is Settlement life "natural?"
21. What was the teaching drawn from the coffee-house experience?
22. What is the untechnical definition of socialism?
23. Give the "standard of life" argument leading to approval of State regulation.
24. How does a Settlement fulfil its most valuable function?
25. What has always been the noblest object of art?

N. B.—Give your name in full, your post-office address, and the C. L. S. C. Class to which you belong.

7. FULL REVIEW QUESTION PAPER

C. L. S. C. American Year 1911-12

(White Seal Memoranda.)

Below are seventy-five questions on the four books of the "American Year" made out for readers who wish to review the year's course to their own advantage.

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Answering these questions *is not required* in order to graduate, but by answering them undergraduates and graduates may secure credit in the form of a seal on their diplomas. (See Section No. 3 of this Quarterly, "How to Earn Seals.")

How to Secure Seal Credit

If you desire seal credit answer the following questions on blank sheets of paper numbering your answers to correspond with the numbers of the questions. Always retain a duplicate of your written work. Send your answers to this full Review Question Paper to C. L. S. C. Department, Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Fees for Grading or Correcting

Your Answers to this Full Review Question Paper whether you desire credit for seals or not, will be *graded* and *returned* for a fee of twenty-five cents, or *corrected* and *returned* for fifty cents. This fee includes similar examination of Answers to No. 6 Brief Review Question Paper, if sent in at the same time.

Full Review Questions

The Twentieth Century American

1. What is the responsibility of the United States with regard to the establishment of universal peace?
2. What nearness, geographical, commercial, and historical, is there between Great Britain and the United States?
3. What is the cause and what the effect of American self-reliance and ingenuity?
4. What modifications of American character have been wrought by environment?
5. Whence arose the "myth" of American chivalry toward woman?
6. What has been the effect upon Americans of exaggeration of their humor and depreciation of their literary and artistic ability?
7. What factors have been important in elevating the masses in America?
8. Why has it been thought that America has less erudition but more culture than England?
9. What results from the identification of national and municipal politics in America?
10. What is the power of the states with regard to federal treaties?
11. How has the "revival of the sense of civic virtue" been shown?
12. Discuss the ability of members of the House of Lords.
13. Compare the physical and the moral development of the United States in the last quarter century.
14. Explain how "America is only another name for Opportunity."
15. Why is a common love of sport desirable in England and America?
16. What vision should be given to both Englishmen and Americans with regard to each other?

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The Spirit of American Government

17. Why must the system of checks and balances not be confused with democracy?
18. To what view of government did the Declaration of Independence give expression?
19. What were the characteristics of the Articles of Confederation?
20. Account for the conservative reaction after the Revolution and state where it found expression.
21. Of what importance in a democratic constitution is the recognition of the right to amend?
22. Why is the power of the judiciary the "most vital part of our government?"
23. Why is the Federal Supreme Court the most powerful tribunal in the world?
24. What are the three general forms of government?
25. What was the result of the Constitutional Convention's failure to make clear the relationship between the general and the state governments?
26. Explain the committee system in the House of Representatives.
27. How far can the results of a general election be regarded as an expression of public opinion upon the questions raised in the party platforms?
28. Connect diffusion of power and irresponsibility.
29. Discuss democracy and municipal ownership.
30. What two significant omissions with regard to personal liberty were there in the Constitution as originally adopted?
31. In what does true liberty consist?
32. What was the result upon the liberty of the laborer of the introduction of the factory system?
33. What are the three defects in the Senate as now organized?
34. Discuss publicity.
35. What has been the influence upon democracy of the art of printing?
36. What is democracy's problem?

Materials and Methods of Fiction

37. What is the final test of the fineness of fiction?
38. Distinguish between fact and truth.
39. How does the fiction writer make use of human science, human philosophy, human art?
40. Wherein lies the real distinction between realism and romance?
41. Compare the range of realism with that of romance.
42. What is a narrative?
43. What three elements enter into any event?
44. What is the prime structural necessity in narrative?
45. Illustrate by "Silas Marner" the real meaning of plot.
46. When is a character true? When convincing?
47. Give three illustrations of three stages of the evolution of setting.

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48. Distinguish between romantic and realistic setting.
49. Give three advantages of writing in the first person.
50. Discuss the best point of view and maintaining the point of view.
51. Explain emphasis by position (a) at the end, (b) at the beginning of (1) the short-story, (2) the novel.
52. Name nine ways of producing emphasis.
53. How is the form of fiction (epic, dramatic, novelistic) determined?
54. Give examples of epic feeling in modern fiction.
55. Explain "no struggle, no drama."
56. What is the difference between the novel and the novelette?
57. Define the short-story.
58. Compare Poe, Hawthorne, Kipling in the openings of their short-stories.
59. What elements of structure are illustrated by the story of the Prodigal Son?
60. When has an utterance the quality of style?

Twenty Years at Hull-House

61. What childhood decision about the "horrid little houses" bore fruit in after years?
62. What aspect of democratic government was made clear by Lincoln?
63. What was the school girl receipt for Justice?
64. What does Tolstoy mean by "the snare of preparation?"
65. In what way is Settlement life "natural?"
66. What three combined pressures led to the opening of Hull-House?
67. What was the teaching drawn from the coffee-house experience?
68. What was the lesson learned from the case of the young man who worked on the canal?
69. What is the untechnical definition of socialism?
70. Give the "standard of life" argument leading to approval of State regulation.
71. As illustrated by the story of Angelina, what difference of attitude of children toward immigrant parents was brought about by the Labor Museum?
72. What has become the attitude of the American Settlements toward organized charity?
73. How does a Settlement fulfil its most valuable function?
74. Distinguish between the cultivated and the uncultivated person.
75. What opportunities are open for lecturers?

N. B.—Give your name in full, your post-office address, and the C. L. S. C. Class to which you belong.

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Talk About Books

EFFICIENT DEMOCRACY. By W. H. Allen, Ph. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

With a wealth of humor the General Agent, New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, who is also the Secretary, Committee on Physical Welfare of School Children, in a volume on "Efficient Democracy" has made evident the folly of expecting efficient work to be done by the unprepared-though-virtuous, and the wisdom of allowing a judicious curiosity to make inquiries and to prepare truth-telling statistics. He urges application of the principles of scientific management to all phases of social activity—charitable work, prevention of crime, religious work, government, etc.—and supports his contentions by the recital of many instances drawn from the facts whose consideration he constantly advocates. The book makes valuable reading for anyone.

PRIVILEGE AND DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Whether the political revolution of the nineteenth century achieved real democracy, or whether privilege persisted with merely a shift of position is the main thesis of Frederic C. Howe's volume on "Privilege and Democracy in America." The theme is discussed in terms of suggestive questions, such as the misuse of law, society's responsibility for bad conditions, and class ascendency. The use and abuse of land, the unnatural and widespread strength of monopoly, the burden of rent-paying (which means in the country competitive tenancy destructive to good farming), the wrong of the unearned increment, the survival of feudalism in private ownership of railways—these are some of the topics which Mr. Howe treats with admirable good sense and good temper. He adds a philosophic consideration of the future's possibilities, basing his hope on the application of one of two remedies—industrial socialism or industrial freedom.

Appendices add to the value of the volume, which is handsomely produced.

GROSSCUP'S SYNCHRONIC CHART OF UNITED STATES HISTORY. A synchronic Chart of United States History, with Diagrams, Maps, and Statistical Tables of Political and Economic Progress. By George E. Grosscup, B. A., New York, Windsor Publishing Company. $1.50 net.

This book is novel. It is built upon a practical idea which, in its application to book-making, is almost wholly new. The author, who is a teacher of history in the High School of Commerce, New York City, uses an appropriate descriptive phrase when he calls his work "history made visible." It includes a number of American his-

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torical maps and diagrams, principal among which is the large folding chart from which the book takes its name. Upon it each important event of our national history is set down in such a way that its relation to every other event both in time and locality can be seen at a glance. Each of our states has its separate place upon the chart where its individual history is shown, and its career can be traced back to the territory from which it has developed. Its connection with other states is made clear, as well as its part in the general history of the nation. The relation of our country to others is also shown, the events of European history bearing upon America being noted in briefer form. The influence of European nations upon America is emphasized by the coloring of the various portions of the chart, which is yellow during the period of Spanish dominance, red when and where England ruled, and so on. All of this is kept in chronological order by lines dividing the chart into centuries and quarter centuries.

The text of this book offers another novelty. Its main chapters form a brief American history arranged in strictly chronological sequence. Each chief event stands out in big and heavy type. Events of less, but still prominent importance, appeal less strongly to the eye.

THE FUTURE CITIZEN. By F. A. Myers. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.20 net.

A plea for eugenics, for good environment and training, and for substantial remedies of the day's social failure is made by F. A. Myers in his discussion of the bringing up of "The Future Citizen." Though sincere in purpose, the author's work is a testimony to his assertion that "pleasantness is being eliminated today from our beautiful world."

A YEAR IN A COAL-MINE. By Joseph Husband. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.10 net.

With simplicity and directness Joseph Husband in "A Year in a Coal-Mine" has told a breathless story of the experiences of an occupation whose usual workers do not describe it in print because they cannot express themselves. Ten days after his graduation from Harvard the author went to work as a "loader" in a middle west soft coal mine, and during the months that followed he became acquainted not only with the routine of the mine, but with fire and explosion, and the methods of contending with them, and with fatalities which give ground not for contention—merely for submission. As a whole, it is a tale of tragedy and the resulting feeling is not of a human interest story but of a record of mighty natural forces recurrent, persistent, temporarily tamed, never permanently conquered.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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The Canadian Elections and Reciprocity

The liberal government of the Dominion of Canada found it necessary or advisable to "appeal to the people" on the issue of reciprocity with the United States. The eleventh parliament of Canada was dissolved on July 29, and general elections were fixed for September 21. The reader already knows the result of these elections and the decision of the Canadian people on the question submitted to them, but a review of the antecedent events is not out of place here.

What rendered the elections advisable from the standpoint of the government was the obstructive tactics of the opposition. It appears that "closure" is unknown in the Dominion parliament in connection with certain forms of legislation, and that the majority is at the mercy of the minority. The reciprocity resolutions were debated for months, but the government had no means, even after the United States had passed the reciprocity bill, to force a vote on the counterpart in the Canadian commons.

It was made plain, however, that the government was not really averse to dissolution, though the eleventh parliament had had only three sessions, instead of the customary four or the legal five. This was because it was deemed advantageous to remit the issue to the people. The election, in other words, was a sort of referendum on reciprocity with the United States. The farmers, the free traders and

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strong liberals were known to favor reciprocity, but the strength of the opposition could not be accurately determined, and this chiefly because other than economic considerations befogged and complicated the issue. The "annexation" cry affected certain elements, although for any Canadian to say that reciprocity would lead to annexation of their country by the United States was to admit tacitly that reciprocity would prove beneficial to Canada. The annexation cry was an appeal to nationalism, imperialism, loyalty, and was intended particularly for those who believe in imperial federation and a customs union with England.

There were secondary issues in the campaign—the right of the developing West to more adequate representation in parliament, the need of a census, reapportionment and redistribution of seats, and alleged "graft" or corruption in some departments of the government. Thus the "referendum" was not really a referendum in the proper sense of the term, but there can be no doubt that the voters regarded reciprocity, with its possible consequences, as the paramount issue.

The new or twelfth parliament will meet in October for a special session.

The New Anglo-Japanese Treaty

The treaty between England and Japan has been revised and expanded. In its present form it will remain in force ten years. The revision effected no change in the substantive provisions of the treaty. It applies to the Far Eastern interests of the contracting powers, as did the older ones, and provides for a defensive alliance in the event of an unprovoked attack or aggressive action on the part of any power causing either of the parties to become involved in war in defense of its territory or interests in the sphere specified.

Under the old treaty, had Japan gone to war with the United States over some Far Eastern question, and that

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war could be regarded as defensive, England would have been compelled and bound by honor to fight on the side of her ally. This, obviously, created an obstacle to the unlimited treaty of arbitration, which was then pending between ourselves and England. It was through the desire to remove this obstacle to make the treaty of arbitration possible, that Japan very gladly accepted a modification of the treaty. A section of the revised treaty reads thus:

"Should either high contracting party conclude a treaty of general arbitration with a third Power it is agreed that nothing in this agreement shall entail upon such contracting party an obligation to go to war with the Power with whom such treaty is in force."

It is manifest to unprejudiced eyes that if Japan feared or contemplated war with the United States, or even regarded such a war as likely in the near future because of certain alleged vital issues, she would not so readily have acquiesced in the British proposal to modify the treaty in our favor. As a matter of fact, in spite of excitable militarists and amateur strategists, who at certain intervals raise a hue and cry against Japan, and warn us that a conflict is "coming" over immigration, the open door in China, the mastery of the Pacific, and so on, nothing is more remote than trouble betweeen us and Japan. Admiral Togo, on his visit to the United States, called the American people the brilliant preceptors and best friends of Japan. This may be the language of courtesy and diplomacy, but the truth is that, except in a few states where Japanese immigration is deemed a menace, there is general respect and admiration in America for Japan. The Anglo-Japanese alliance is not resented by Americans, but rather viewed favorably as a guaranty of peace in the Far East. In Canada, likewise, the apprehension as to the effects of this alliance has been dispelled.

The "Unlimited" Arbitration Treaties

The full text of the peace and arbitration treaties signed on August 3 on behalf of the United States, England and

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Germany was published a few days later in order to elicit general comment and discussion. There were those who found the agreements "an anti-climax" after the claims that had beeen made, and there were others, "doubting Thomases," or opponents of unlimited arbitration, who stated that they were "reassured" and ready to withdraw their objects, since the treaties were not really "radical." But to the majority of enlightened men, it was plain that the treaties were decidedly radical and "epoch-making." They did not undertake the impossible, and there was in them no absolute guaranty of arbitration of every question that might arise betweeen the contracting parties. This, however, was not surprising. It is true that not all international disputes are in fact arbitrable. The United States would not arbitrate the Monroe Doctrine; England would not arbitrate her Egyptian occupation; Germany would not arbitrate her right to the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine; France would not arbitrate her "special interest" in Morocco. If, further, Morocco were to be divided, as some powers plan, arbitration would not be resorted to in order to determine the number of slices or the respective claims of the impatient "legatees."

But most of the disputes that arise betweeen nations admit of arbitration. The new treaties are unprecedented and unique in that they do not at the outset exclude expressly or otherwise questions of "vital interest, honor or sovereignty." The underlying assumption of these treaties is that any question *may* lend itself to arbitration and that it is right and sane to attempt it. The treaties set no limits, but they do not provide for compulsory arbitration. Failure is possible under them, but much is done to prevent failure, to remove obstacles, to eliminate passion, hysteria, jingo provocation, rash patriotism.

In brief, the essential provisions of the treaties are as follows:

"All differences internationally justiciable shall be submitted

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to The Hague, unless by special agreement some other tribunal is created or selected.

"Differences that either country thinks are not justiciable shall be referred to a commission of inquiry, composed of representatives of the two Governments, empowered to make recommendations for their settlement. Should the commission decide that the dispute should be arbitrated such decision will be binding.

"Before arbitration is resorted to, even in cases where both countries agree that the difference is susceptible of arbitration, the commission of inquiry shall investigate the dispute with a view of recommending a settlement without arbitration.

"The commission at the request of either Government will delay its findings one year to give an opportunity for diplomatic settlement.

"The Senate will ratify the terms of submission of each dispute to arbitration."

In the Senate opposition has developed, and the treaties have been very materially amended. The provision that a joint commission shall decide whether disputes are arbitrable, if the contracting parties disagree, is among the important features eliminated by the Senate committee on foreign relations. The argument is that the provision violated the prerogatives of the Senate as part of the treaty-making power and virtually established compulsory arbitration in certain cases. There are other objections to the treaties, and further changes will be attempted. Delay is unavoidable, although public sentiment is with the President and favors ratification of the treaties as signed. The alleged dangers and encroachments certainly seem imaginary, and a simple change of the wording of one clause would suffice to make it plain that no arbitration without the sanction and approval of the Senate is intended.

The End of the Constitutional Struggle in England

On August 10 the "revolutionary" bill which deprived the House of Lords of their absolute veto and formally "robbed" it of the right or privilege of revising or rejecting finance or money bills was accepted by that house. The constitutional crisis came to an end. The Commons triumphed. The peers bowed to fate, or to the spirit of the

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age, or to democracy, and recognized that their place in the government scheme had become subordinate, modest and relatively unimportant. The "old" House of Lords was "ended."

For months the controversy had raged over the character of the liberal anti-veto bill, and the tory or unionist peers had protested that they would not surrender. The liberal government, backed by its solid and adequate majority of 120 in the Commons, had declared again and again that compromise was impossible, and that the lords must either pass the anti-veto bill or see their chamber "swamped" and "packed" by new peers created for the speecial purpose of passing the measure. Finally, Premier Asquith had to announce—with the consent of the king—that he had long before secured the pledge of the crown for the creation of liberal peers in numbers sufficient to overcome the tory majority in the upper house. This announcement made a profound impression and convinced the official tory leaders that further resistance was useless, even worse than useless. The creation of hundreds of liberal peers, they saw and argued, would enable the liberals to rush or jam through other radical and contentious measures—including an Irish home rule bill—in addition to the anti-veto bill, for it would give them control of the upper as well as the popular branch of parliament. A section of the tory party, however, defied the leaders, cried "treason" and advocated fighting to the last ditch and forcing the king and the ministry to create peers by the hundred. There was no logic in their position. On the final division the number of these "last ditchers" or irreconcilables was 114, but the government, with the aid of a small section of the more sagacious members of opposition, defeated them. The majority of the tory lords abstained from voting and "washed their hands of the whole affair." Their passive acquiescence made the government's victory possible without the creation of new peeers.

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The lords still have considerable power over legislation other than fiscal. They can amend bills, debate them at length, delay action for a period not exceeding two years, prevent "snap judgments" and "leaps in the dark." But they cannot finally veto any bill which the commons, representing the electors, are determined to pass, showing this determination by passing the measure three times at as many sessions within two years.

This action, momentous as it is, does not settle the whole question of the lords. It is agreeed on all sides that their chamber needs to be modernized, reorganized, reduced in size, made at least in part elective and amenable to the people. The tories have tentatively put forth their program of upper-house "mending," the liberals have promised to present an alternative program. Perhaps a reformed and modernized second chamber will recover prestige and even power; the whole question of second chambers, their necessity and function, is under discussion in England, and certainly a representative, responsive body has claims which cannot in this day be patiently entertained when made by a privileged, hereditary, irresponsible, intensely partisan chamber.

Throughout the struggle the king acted "constitutionally," taking the advice of the ministers, recognizing the popular mandate as given at the general election and keeping the throne out of partisan politics. The monarchy has not suffered in England as a result of the futile fight of the peers for their ancient but unfair privileges.

City versus Country Again

Another and fuller census bulletin dealing with the distribution of population has been issued, and it emphasizes the fact that the drift toward urban and suburban areas has been very marked of late. "Are we fast becoming an urban people?" is the question suggested by the bulletin.

In 1900 40.5 per cent of the population lived in

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cities and towns; in 1910 the percentage was 46.3. Nearly 43,000,000 Americans and immigrants who expect to become naturalized live in cities and towns of over 2,500 population. During the decade covered by the census the rural population gained only 11.1 per cent, while the urban population gained nearly 40 per cent. How the urban population is distributed now the following table shows in detail:

Places of—	Number of places 1910	Population 1910	Pct. of total population 1910
1,000,000 or more	3	8,501,174	9.2
500,000 to 1,000,000	5	3,010,667	3.3
250,000 to 500,000	11	3,949,839	4.3
100,000 to 250,000	31	4,840,458	5.3
50,000 to 100,000	59	4,178,915	4.5
25,000 to 50,000	120	4,062,763	4.4
10,000 to 25,000	374	5,609,208	6.1
5,000 to 10,000	629	4,364,703	4.7
2,500 to 5,000	1,173	4,105,656	4.5
Rural territory	.....	49,348,883	53.7

In seven states the rural population has actually decreased, while there is not a single state or territory in which the urban population has not gained at least 10 per cent. These facts are of the utmost consequence. They bear on our food supply, on our exports of farm products, on unemployment in cities, on congestion and all its physical and moral concomitants.

No doubt immigration is a great factor in the situation, for it is notorious that relatively few aliens seek the country; even the agricultural laborers and skilled farmers of Italy and Greece remaining in the cities and depending on factory labor, street cleaning and casual work. How to distribute them better, give them land to till and prevent the overcrowding of the industrial labor market, has long been recognized as a most difficult problem.

As regards native Americans, there is need of a back-to-the-farm movement as well as of a movement for the amelioration of rural living conditions. Scientific agricul-

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ture, social life, the introduction of music and other arts are counted on to check the drift of the young to the great cities. Toil and monotony are still to a needlessly high degree the lot of the "isolated" farmer. Co-operation and organization should do away with these drawbacks to a life otherwise free, attractive, healthy and inspiring.

Barbarism in America

The lynching problem is a serious one in its simplest terms. No civilized nation can tolerate mob rule and contempt of due processes of law and justice, and any lynching is murder under another name. But the lynching problem is doubly grave with us in view of recent atrocities—cases of mob frenzy and brutality that disgrace the United States and suggest danger of the rebarbarization of many communities. The lynching of a negro thug and murderer at Coatesville, a manufacturing town of over 12,000 population, not far from Philadelphia, surpassed in fiendishness and savagery anything recorded theretofore in the South or North. The burning of a fatally wounded man chained to a hospital cot by men and boys—this was a demonstration of inhumanity that caused the whole nation to hang its head in shame and apprehension.

As has been said in many comments, what happened in a Pennsylvania town that was once almost part of a center of abolitionist agitation against negro slavery may happen anywhere in the east or north. No longer is lynching confined to one section; no longer can the excuse be advanced that only one particularly monstrous crime of the black desperado begets lynching; no longer is lynching merely an execution of a criminal by an orderly and determined mob that otherwise displays no signs of depravity. The evil grows more and more familiar and its forms are apt to grow more and more horrible and atrocious. Race hatred, blind passion, the spirit of retaliation and the gratification of the bloodthirsty instinct of the beast in man threaten to make

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lynchings veritable orgies of frenzied savagery. In every city there are Hooligans and roughs; in every city there are reckless, brutal men who know no restraint and no law. What is to prevent repetitions of the Coatesville horror?

Indictment, trial and condign punishment of the lynchers' leaders are the first obvious duty. There should be no sympathy and no weakness in dealing with barbarism. Even where public sentiment and official courage make this possible—which is rarely, it must be admitted, the case—occasional examples and lessons may be forgotten, but it is impossible to deny the cumulative deterrent effect of indictments and adequate penalties for lynching. Above all, however, moral education, enforcement of law in an earnest spirit, the cultivation of a general sentiment against all illegal, extra-legal and arbitrary acts should be insisted on as the means of our moral security and advance.

Statehood and the Judical Recall

President Taft vetoed the original resolution admitting Arizona and New Mexico into the "sisterhood of States" on account of the sweeping and drastic "recall" provision in the Arizona constitution—a provision which extends to the judiciary. The President does not object to the recall in the case of political officers—legislators, executives, etc.—because such officers are elected by majorities or even pluralities and carry out the views of parties, majorities and pluralities. Judges, on the other hand, are interpreters of the law according to precedent and established principles of construction, and are supposed to be above and outside parties, to serve all the people, not majorities. Judicial independence, all admit, is essential to the sound, fair administration of justice, and a judge who should consider political or partisan or class interests would be a menace and usurper. The question, therefore, is: Would the recall in the case of judges operate to make them servile, timid, time-serving, demagogical? President Taft answers in the affirmative. He described the recall as a weapon of legal terrorism. He

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explained that he could not stultify himself and sign a measure which in any way recognized or encouraged that proposal.

Since Congress has passed another resolution for the admission of the two territories, making the elimination of the Arizona recall a fundamental condition of such admission, the probability or moral certainty at this writing is that the contentious feature will be voted out of the proposed constitution and admission brought about. Once a state, Arizona will be free to vote the recall in again, as Oregon has voted it in and as California is seeking to vote it into her constitution. The opponents of the recall believe, however, that further discussion of the question, in the light of what many progressives have said, may influence a majority of Arizona voters sufficiently to prevent the adoption of the recall even after admission.

The advocates and supporters of the idea are not at all apprehensive. They say that the President made a mistake, that he had no moral right to dictate to Arizona, and that his whole argument was purely theoretical. Whatever the law may say, they urge, in practice judges have been biased, partisan, class-conscious, corporation-ridden; laws are annulled because they are progressive and liberal, and all sorts of technicalties are used and abused to protect vested wrongs. Just, independent judges have nothing to fear from the recall, as the people respect integrity and courage; only unfit and reactionary judges would ever feel the prod —and they ought to feel it. Thus the controversy rages in the press and on the platform. It is clear that some states are about to try the recall "all along the line," and thus actual experience may in the course of a few years show the real, general and natural effects of the new idea.

Congress, the President and "Politics."

The special session of Congress which was called in April to deal with the question of reciprocity with Canada

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ended on August 12. The Democrats were in control of the House; the Democrats and the insurgent or progressive Republicans were, for a time, in control of the Senate. The situation was such that, human nature and politics being what they are, lively contention and disagreement were inevitable. As readers know, reciprocity was ratified by the Democrats and "regular" Republicans against the protests and efforts of the majority of the insurgents, and the latter unquestionably have lost prestige and ground on account of their course. On the other hand, the Democrats, acting on the belief that the country was in favor of immediate revision of the tariff downward, undertook to revise a number of schedules without waiting for the data expected from the tariff board created by the existing tariff law. With the aid of insurgents, and in one instance of the regular or "standpat" Republicans, they succeeded in carrying through both Houses a wool and woolens bill, a farmers' free list bill—designed to "compensate" the agricultural industry for the alleged injuries of reciprocity—and a cotton bill, the last-named incidentally reducing iron and steel duties, duties on chemicals and many other duties. The President deemed it his duty, under his personal pledges as well as under the platform of his party, to veto all of these bills. He realized the danger of such action in a political sense, but he felt that he had no honest alternative. He had approved the unsatisfactory Payne-Aldrich tariff, in spite of schedules and rates he held to be excessive and even "indefensible," but at that time no independent, nonpartisan, trustworthy tariff board was in existence to gather information, apply tariff tests and recommend changes based on accepted principles. Tariff-making by guesswork and log-rolling had been the practice for decades, and the President felt that the Aldrich bill was at any rate an improvement on the tariff act it displaced. But now the tariff board is functioning and no one has attacked its fitness or its fairness.

In harmony with congressional resolution it was in-

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structed to submit a report on the wool schedule early in December, and reports on other important schedules needing revision will follow at intervals without any unnecessary delay. The President saw no emergency or exigency which dictated revision "in the dark" in August when revision in the light of a proper, business-like investigation of conditions of production, labor, marketing, etc., was assured in December. In his judgment regard for industry, stability, wages and the public welfare demanded the short delay involved in the vetoing of the Democratic tariff bills.

Opinions differ as to the wisdom and popularity of his action. There are many partisan and other predictions. To the bystander it seems clear that everything will depend on the work of the next regular session of Congress. The tariff in its broader aspects will always be a party issue. The difference between protective duties and revenue duties is fundamental. But charges of insincerity, of double-dealing, of subserviency to "interests" and "privilege" will not survive an honest, diligent, systematic attempt, at the next session, to revise the wool, cotton, steel and other schedules. The tariff board will report; the President will urge speedy revision in accordance with the report; all parties in Congress will have the opportunity of co-operating in the enactment of defensible, abundantly backed, revision bills. Failure to revise next winter and spring will seriously injure the party in power, but success, with the Democratic House aiding and contributing, will eliminate the issue now seen in the recent vetoes and will raise the presidential campaign of 1912 to a higher plane.

Aside from the tariff bills, all parties worked for a strengthened publicity and anti-corruption act applicable to elections of senators and representatives, for statehood, for congressional reapportionment, for direct election of senators. On the last-named question agreement proved impossible, and further negotiation and labor will be necessary, but the record of the session on the other matters named is admitted to be creditable. The new act against corruption, im-

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proper influence and secrecy in congressional elections is comprehensive and advanced, and it is one of the best signs of the reaction against waste, graft and bribery in elections.

A Child Welfare Exhibit

Last winter in New York City and last spring in Chicago and Minneapolis a "Child Welfare" exhibition was held under the auspices of social workers and humanitarians for the purpose of showing what has been done in recent years for the promotion of child health—physical and mental—and child morals and development, as well as of giving "a vivid and comprehensive picture of child life" in great, busy, congested cities.

It is frequently said that ours is the century of the child. We study childhood scientifically and rationally; we realize that reform not only begins in the home, but in the nursery or cradle; we see that to neglect childhood is to breed disease, delinquency, poverty, inefficiency. What we have done to improve the conditions and prospects of children is, however, only a beginning. What remains to be done is what the Exhibition is designed to teach and illustrate. To quote from the circular of the organizers:

> The plan of the exhibit is to take the interests of city children as their parents and the city provide for them, and consider them under the following headings: "Homes," "Schools," "Libraries and Museums," "Work and Wages," "Recreation," "Streets," "Health," "Laws," and also the interests of children in the city as provided for by benevolence, and consider them under the following headings: "Settlements," "Associations," "Churches," "Public and Private Philanthropy."
>
> In each of these divisions, a committee has been formed to present the things done for children and to show the things not done for them.

Photographs, drawings, plans, charts, legends, tableaux, etc., bring home the bright as well as the dark and seamy side of child life. Some of the object lessons, illustrating the wages of sin, ignorance and destitution as reflected in child death and child decay, are very painful. But, on the other hand, the exhibit has much that is inspiring and de-

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lightful—athletic drill, apparatus work of school children, children's choruses and games, boy scouts and boys' bands. What has been done to bring performances by boy and girl dramatic societies, health, joy and proper education of hand, mind and heart to thousands of children can be done for hundreds of thousands, given public interest, more generous appropriations and more or better coöperation.

An important feature of the exhibit is discussion, at conferences and lectures, of the problems of child life, training, play, etc., as well of the education of teachers called upon to deal with children and guide them toward manhood and womanhood. The exhibit is so extensive and costly that it cannot be made a traveling and moving one, although several cities are to have it. Some of its features, at least, should be brought before the smaller cities of the country. The literature of the exhibit, of course, is available to friends of children everywhere.

Notes

INSPECTION OF RESTAURANTS

Some of the southern cities, Jacksonville and Savannah and Charleston, are of the opinion that the welfare of many people is intimately affected by the conditions of the restaurants and they are instituting inspections. Jacksonville has carried out this service to its citizens by means of a score card. The city health officer said last winter :

"During September last I advised the enclosed score card system and since that time eating houses have been scored once a month, except private boarding houses. Since the city has inaugurated this system the average score of all places has been raised 22 per cent.

"The scoring is always done by the same inspector and a carbon copy of each score is left with the proprietor, with the understanding that these scores are to be published once a month. Each month the number of these in the 85 per cent class has increased, there being at the present time nearly twice as many in this class as when the first scores were made.

"We find it a very successful plan. Each detail in the score card is carefully explained to the proprietors and when they see by making certain changes in methods and equipment they can better their score the larger of them are willing to go to considerable

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trouble to do so. It is fair to all alike and has met with the almost universal approval of the proprietors themselves."

The score card itself is an interesting exhibit. The inspections are made under the head of Kitchen, Ice Box, Attendants, Pantry (or storeroom), Methods of Washing Dishes, etc., Dining Room and Surroundings. The following are the perfect scores allowed for the kitchen: General cleanliness of room and furniture, 3; clean sink, 2; clean dish pans, mops, towels, 3; cleanness of cook and assistants, 4; washable suits for cook and assistants, 2; all utensils, clean and protected from contamination, 2; windows and doors effectively screened, 4; abscence of flies, roaches, etc., 4.

A total of 23 points is allotted to the ice box, 12 points to cleanliness of attendants, cooks, etc., 8 to the pantry or storeroom, 16 to the methods of washing dishes and manner of keeping raw foods, 9 points to the dining room, emphasizing the keeping of it free from flies by screening, and 8 to the surroundings, including garbage cans, plumbing, etc.

If a score card is below 50 the place is considered very poorly kept, and if any place is particularly filthy in any respect, no matter how well the rest is kept, a total score over 49 is not allowed. Any restaurant with a score of 85 or better is considered especially well kept and due credit is given in the published scores.

SMALL HOLDINGS

A statistical statement concerning the progress of the Small Holdings movement up to December 31, 1910, was submitted in March to the House of Commons by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture. The summarized results show that the number of applications received in England and Wales has been 30,886; the number of applications provisionally approved, 15,368; the quantity of land acquired or agreed to be acquired, 89,253 acres; the number of applicants provided for by the council, 6,300, by private land owners, 2,120; and the number of acres still required to provide for applicants is 127,256.

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II. The Novel*

By Benjamin A. Heydrick

THE preceding paper in this series, dealing with the American people and their homes, was in the main a study in still life. In this article we are to see Americans in action, in business and politics, and to learn if we may, what standards, what ideals prevail among us.

A characteristic feature of our industrial life is the factory. The life of the workers, within and without its walls, has been described by Mary Wilkins-Freeman in *The Portion of Labor*. The six o'clock whistle has blown, and the workers in Lloyd's shoe factory are passing out, tired at the end of the day:

"Girls and women in dingy skirts and bagging blouses, with coarse hair strained into hard knots of exigency from patient or sullen faces, according to their method of bearing their lots; all of them rank with the smell of leather, their coarse hands stained with it, swinging their poor little worn bags which had held their dinners."

If this picture is faithful it may be that we are paying a rather high price for our cheap goods, or rather that others are paying it for us. Edith Wharton in *The Fruit of the Tree*, a story of a New England cotton mill, describes an accident in the carding room, as reported by the foreman:

*This is the second of this series of articles on American Life as portrayed in American letters since 1870. The first instalment on "The Novel" appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September, 1911.

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" 'His 'card' stopped suddenly, and he put his hand behind him to get a tool he needed. . . . He reached back a little too far, and the card behind him caught his hand in its million of diamond-pointed wires. . . . He will lose his hand, and probably the whole arm. . . . The cards are so close to each other that even the old hands run narrow risks, and it takes the cleverest operative some time to learn that he must calculate every movement to a fraction of an inch.'

'But why do they crowd the rooms in that way?'

'To get the maximum of profit out of the minimum of floor space. It costs more to increase the floor-space than to maim an operative now and then.' "

After such "accidents," what of the workman? Upton Sinclair shows us such a case in *The Jungle*. A stockyard laborer who had been hurt goes back after a long illness, to find his place gone. Day after day he stands at the gate with hundreds of others, only to be turned away. When he first came there he had been hired at once; he was strong then. "But they had taken the best of him; with their speeding-up and their carelessness they had worn him out, and now he is thrown aside."

Even the children are drawn into the great machine. Little Stanislovas, a boy of fourteen, taught to say "sixtin" when asked his age, is shown how to place an empty lard can in position, and how to take it away when it is filled.

"And so was decided the place in the universe of little Stanislovas. Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, it was fated that he should stand upon a certain square of floor from seven in the morning until noon, and again from half-past twelve till half-past five, making never a motion, and thinking never a thought, save for the setting of lard cans. In summer the stench of the warm lard would be nauseating, and in winter the cans would all but freeze to his naked little fingers in the unheated cellar. Half the

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year it would be dark as night when he went in to work, and dark as night again when he came out, and so he would never know what the sun looked like on week-days. And for this, at the end of the week, he would carry home three dollars to his family, being his pay at the rate of five cents per hour—just about his proper share of the total earnings of the million and three-quarters of children who are now engaged in earning their livings in the United States."—*The Jungle.*

Do these extracts reflect the spirit that animates our industrial life? It is only fair to think of the efforts now being made in many states to change such conditions as these. Employers' liability laws, child-rescue campaigns, speak a determination on the part of Americans to put an end to such things. But to say we are making laws against these evils is to admit that they exist.

When conditions become unbearable, the laborer has but one recourse—the strike. It is a two-edged sword, that wounds the wielder as often as his opponent. A street-car strike is described in Howells's *Hazard of New Fortunes,* a factory strike in *The Portion of Labor,* a strike engineered by a walking delegate in Thomas Nelson Page's *John Marvel, Assistant.* It is the same story in all. Men and women go out resolved not to return until their wrongs are righted. The mills close, the pay stops,—but the rent and the grocers' bills go on. The union helps a little; some families have a trifle in the savings bank. When that is gone, an article of furniture is sold, then clothing, then—what? Shall he go back to work? He dares not. For bitter as is the war of labor against capital, the war of labor against labor is more merciless, more savage still. Mr. Page has described what happens when a "scab" seeks work.

"The next morning at light McNeil walked through the pickets who shivered outside the car-barn, and entered the sheds just as their shouts of derision and anger reached him. 'I have come to work,' he said simply. 'My children

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are hungry.' The first car came out that morning, and on the platform stood McNeil, glum and white and grim, with a stout officer behind him. It ran down by the pickets, meeting with jeers and cries of 'Scab! scab!' and a fusillade of stones, but as the hour was early the crowd was a small one, and the car escaped. It was some two hours later when the car reappeared on its return. The news that a scab was running the car had spread rapidly, and the street near the terminus had filled with a crowd wild with rage and furiously bent on mischief. As the car turned into a street it ran into a throng that had been increasing for an hour and now blocked the way. An obstruction placed on the track brought the car to a stop as a roar burst from the crowd and a rush was made for the scab. The officer on the car used his stick with vigor enough, but the time had passed when one officer with only a club could hold back a mob. He was jerked off the platform, thrown down, and trampled underfoot. The car was boarded, and McNeil, fighting like a fury, was dragged out and mauled to death before any other officers arrived. When the police, in force, in answer to a riot call, reached the spot a quarter of an hour later and dispersed the mob, it looked as if the sea had swept over the scene. The car was overturned and stripped to a mere broken shell, and on the ground a hundred paces away, with only a shred of bloody clothing still about it, lay the battered and mutilated trunk of what had been a man, trying to make bread for his children, while a wild cry of hate and joy at the deed raged about the street."—*John Marvel, Assistant.*

Mr. Howells shows how powerless we are in such emergencies. The State Board of Arbitration comes to the city, establishes itself at a prominent hotel, and invites the roads and the strikers to lay the matter in dispute before them.

"But it appeared to work only in the alacrity of the strikers to submit their grievance. The roads were as one road in declaring that there was nothing to arbitrate, and

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that they were merely asserting their right to manage their own affairs in their own way. One of the presidents was reported to have told a member of the Board, who personally summoned him, to get out and go about his business. Then, to Fulkerson's extreme disappointment, the august tribunal, acting on behalf of the sovereign people in the interest of peace, declared itself powerless and got out, and would, no doubt, have gone about its business if it had had any."—*Hazard of New Fortunes.*

Mr. Howells goes on to comment:

"What amuses me is to find that in an affair of this kind the roads have rights and the strikers have rights but the public has no rights at all. The roads and the strikers are allowed to fight out a private war in our midst—as thoroughly and precisely a private war as any we despise the Middle Ages for having tolerated, as any street war in Florence or Verona—and to fight it out at our pains and expense, and we stand by like sheep and wait till we get tired."

To prevent strikes some great concerns have sought to fill their factories with foreign labor. Sinclair tells how the meat-packers sent their agents into towns and villages all over Europe to spread reports of high wages in the Chicago stockyards. The Poles came first, then the Lithuanians, and now the Slovaks—each time a lower class of people, more ignorant, nearer the level of the brute, and so fitter for the brutal toil that awaited them. Once here, they discover that the wages which seemed so high to a Lithuanian peasant are barely sufficient to live upon in America, while their ignorance of the language and customs make them an easy prey to swindlers. If this is true, may there not be some analogy between our great ocean liners, with their crowded steerage, and the slave ships of former times? Brilliant posters and deceiving circulars take the place of copper wire and beads, but the poor alien is lured into a slavery no less cruel.

The railroad has received its share of attention from

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our novelists. In *The Octopus,* Frank Norris shows how a railroad may control the whole industrial life of a state. The great wheat growers make money or lose it as the railroad dictates. And its methods are peculiar. Let a single instance suffice. A farmer comes to the station where some plows, consigned to him, have just arrived. But he cannot get them, the agent explains, since according to the regulations freight coming from the East must first go to a common point and be re-shipped from there. So the farmer, having already paid the freight from the point of shipment, must pay to send his plows on to San Francisco, and then back again, at a higher rate because it is a short haul—all to get what is already at hand. Is there no appeal? Yes, to the state railroad commission, the members of which are named by the railroad itself, through its control of politics.

We have followed business from the factory to the means of transportation; there is yet another aspect, the great exchanges where products are bought and sold. Of these the most famous is the Chicago wheat pit, which Frank Norris has vividly described.

"A vast inclosure, lighted on either side by great windows of colored glass, the roof supported by thin iron pillars elaborately decorated. To the left were the bulletin blackboards and beyond these, in the northwest angle of the floor, a great railed-in space, where the Western Union Telegraph was installed. To the right, on either side of the room, a row of tables laden with neatly-arranged paper bags half full of samples of grain, stretched along the east wall. . . . Directly opposite the visitors' gallery, high upon the south wall, a great dial was fixed, and on the dial a working hand that indicated the current price of wheat fluctuating with the changes made in the Pit. Just now it stood at ninety-three and three-eighths, the closing quotation of the preceding day. . . . By now the chanting of the messenger boys was an uninterrupted

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chorus. From all sides of the building, and in every direction, they crossed and recrossed each other, always running, their hands full of yellow envelopes. From the telephone alcoves came the prolonged, musical rasp of the call bells. In the Western Union booths the keys of the multitude of instruments raged incessantly. Bare-headed young men hurried up to one another, conferred an instant comparing despatches, then separated, darting away at top speed. Men called to each other half-way across the building. . . . In the Wheat Pit the bids, no longer obedient of restraint, began one by one to burst out, like the first isolated shots of a skirmish line. . . . Then suddenly came the single incisive stroke of a great gong. Instantly a tumult was unchained. Arms were flung upward in strenuous gestures, and from above the crowding heads in the Wheat Pit a multitude of hands, eager, the fingers extended, leaped into the air. All articulate expression was lost in the single explosion of sound, as the traders surged downward to the center of the Pit, grabbing each other, struggling toward each other, tramping, stamping, charging through with might and main. Promptly the hand on the great dial above the clock stirred and trembled, and as though driven by the tempest breath of the Pit moved upward through the degrees of its circle. It paused, wavered, stopped at length, and on the instant the hundred of telegraph keys scattered throughout the building began clicking off the news to the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Mackinac to Mexico that the Chicago market had made a slight advance and that May wheat, which had closed the day before at ninety-three and three-eighths, had opened that morning at ninety-four and a half."—*The Pit.*

What does it mean, the business that goes on in the wheat pit? An old trader explains:

"'They call it 'buying and selling,' he went on, 'down there in La Salle Street. But it is simply betting. Betting on the condition of the market weeks, even months,

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in advance. You bet wheat goes up. I bet it goes down. Those fellows in the Pit don't own the wheat; never see it. . . . They don't care in the least about the grain. But there are thousands upon thousands of farmers out here in Iowa and Kansas or Dakota who do, and hundreds of thousands of poor devils in Europe who care even more than the farmer—I mean the fellows who raise the grain, and the other fellows who eat it. It's life or death for either of them; and right between these two comes the Chicago speculator, who raises or lowers the price out of all reason, for the benefit of his pocket.'"

Speculation is not confined to wheat. In every city are broker's offices where stocks are bought and sold and trading on margins is carried on. Sometimes, so our novelists report, men of high standing venture on risky transactions of this kind; sometimes politicians find a profit in the stock market through their knowledge of coming events, and always a crowd of little fellows, clerks, and men on small salaries, venture to play the game against the masters, and naturally lose.

Out of business, out of railroads, out of speculation, arises the millionaire. The fullest study of the type in fiction is William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man*. It is more than a story of a millionaire, it is a study of the growth of a whole community. It shows the millionaire as, in a sense, the product of his environment, the result of the vast material prosperity of our country in recent years. John Barclay, in Mr. White's story, as a boy played the concertina for country dances at $2 per night. He was shrewd at a horse trade, and gathered dollars in other ways. His first important stroke of business was the organization of the Golden Belt Wheat Company. He persuaded the farmers to lease him their land, persuaded a bank to guarantee dividends to stockholders, and persuaded investors to buy the stock. As it turned out, the bank was ruined by the transaction, and the farmers

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Lily Bart in Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth." A. B. Wenzell
(Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons)

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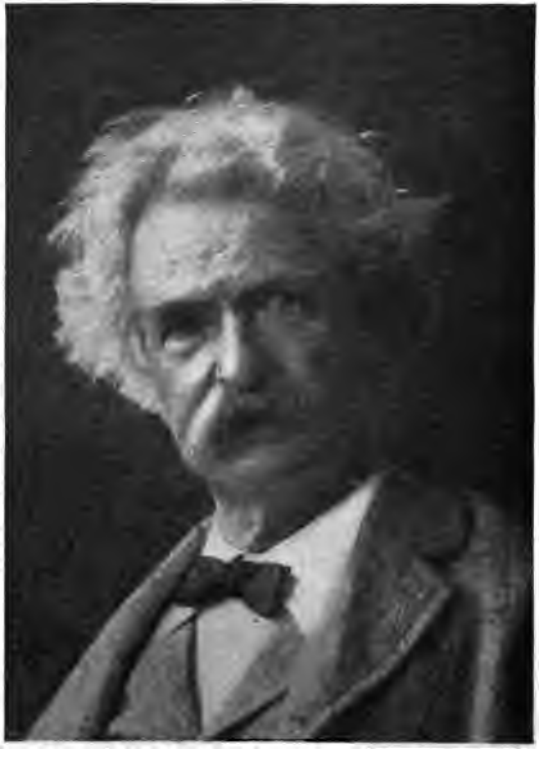
Alfred Henry Lewis



Mark Twain

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Upton Sinclair

Robert Grant

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Thomas Nelson Page

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found out, too late, that they had sold their land instead of leasing it; but John Barclay made the beginning of his great fortune. He turned from wheat raising to milling, to the control of elevators, to railroads; but his methods were the same.

"He learned that by bribing men in the operating department of any railroad he could find out what his competitors were doing. And in the main offices of the National Provision Company two rooms full of clerks were devoted to considering the duplicate way-bills of every car of flour or grain, or grain products not shipped by the Barclay companies. Thus he was able to delay the cars of his competitors, and get his own cars through on time. Thus he was able to bribe buyers in wholesale establishments to push his products. And with Lige Bemis manipulating the railroad and judiciary committees in the legislatures of ten states, no laws were enacted which might hamper Barclay's activities."—*A Certain Rich Man.*

So he became richer and richer, yet he worked as hard as ever. Why did he do so? One of his old neighbors asked the question, and this was his reply:

" 'Because, General, I'm not making money—that's only an incident of my day's work. I'm organizing the grain industry of this country as it is organized in no other country on this planet.'

'Yes, but then, John—what then?'

'What then? . . . Coffee, maybe—perhaps sugar, or tobacco. Or why not the whole food supply of the people—let me have meat and sugar where I will have flour and grain, and in ten years no man in America can open his grocery store in the morning until he has asked John Barclay for the key.' "

It is the love of power that urges him on. And what does such a life make of a man? Here is his portrait, as a painter drew it:

"The wonderful feature about the portrait is the right

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hand. . . . a long, hard, hairy, hollow, grasping, relentless hand, full in the foreground and squarely in the light—a horrible thing with artistic fingers, and a thin, greedy palm indicated by the deep hump in the back. It reaches out from the picture, with the light on the flesh tints, with the animal hair thick upon it, and with the curved, slender, tapering fingers cramped like a claw; and when one follows up the arm to the crouching body, the furtive mouth, the bold, shrewd eyes, and then sees that forehead full of visions, one sees in it more than John Barclay of Sycamore Ridge, more than America, more than Europe. It is the menace of civilization—the danger of the race from the domination of sheer intellect without moral restraint."

That is more than a portrait: it is an interpretation, and a warning.

Since few of us can be millionaires, even if we wished it, what is the outlook for the average man in America? It is a character of Mr. Howells's who speaks:

"'What a noble thing life is anyway! Here I am, well on the way to fifty, after twenty-five years of hard work, looking forward to the potential poorhouse as confidently as I did in youth. . . . Some one always has you by the throat, unless you have someone else in your grip. I wonder if that's the attitude the Almighty intended his respectable creatures to take toward one another! I wonder if he meant our civilization, the battle we fight in, the game we trick in. . . . It ought to be law as inflexible in human affairs as the order of day and night in the physical world, that if a man will work he shall both rest and eat and shall not be harassed with any question as to how his repose and provision shall come. . . . But in our state of things no one is secure of this. No one is sure of finding work, no one is sure of not losing it.'"

This shifts the ground to the economic situation in general. Perhaps poverty is not the fault of the millionaire, perhaps the evils of the factory, the injustice of great

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corporations, are the faults of no men or set of men, but of the individualistic, competitive system under which we live. Mr. Howells is a good deal of a socialist at bottom; so are Robert Herrick, and Thomas Nelson Page. Upton Sinclair is an out-and-out socialist; and one remembers *Looking Backward,* by Edward Bellamy, a "best seller" twenty years ago, which was a direct plea for Socialism.

Let us turn from business to politics. As the list at the end of this article shows, a number of novelists have made this the dominant interest in their stories. Of municipal politics, the most detailed account is found in Lewis's *The Boss,* a story based upon the career of Richard Croker. It traces his progress from street waif to leader of a gang, to boss of his district, of his ward, and eventually of our greatest city. His methods are picturesquely set forth in an interview between the Boss and a highly respectable citizen who desires to become an alderman.

" 'Let's cut out th' polite prelim'naries,' said Big Kennedy, 'an' come down to tacks. How much stuff do you feel like blowin' in?'

'How much should it take?' asked the reputable old gentleman.

'Say twenty thousand.' returned Big Kennedy.

'Twenty thousand dollars! Will it call for so much as that?'

'If you're goin' to put in money, put in enough to win. There's no sense puttin' in just enough to lose. Th' other fellows will come into th' district with money enough to burn a wet dog. We've got to break even with 'em, or they'll have us faded from th' jump.'

'But what can you do with so much?' asked the reputable old gentleman dismally.

'Mass meetin's, bands, beer, torches, fireworks, halls; but most of all buy votes.'

'Buy votes!' exclaimed the reputable old gentleman, his cheek paling.

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'Buy 'em by th' bunch, like a market girl sells radishes.' Then, seeing the reputable old gentleman's horror, 'How do you suppose you're goin' to get votes? You don't think these dock wallopers an' river pirates are stuck on you personally, do you?' . . .

'But do you think it right to purchase votes?' . . .

'Is it right to shoot a man? No. Is it right to shoot a man if he's shootin' at you. Yes. Well, these mugs are goin' to buy votes, an' keep at it early an' late. Which is why I say it's dead right to buy votes to save yourself. Besides, you're th' best man, it's th' country's welfare we're protectin,' d' ye see!'"—*The Boss.*

Money is gained in other ways than from respectable candidates. The builder who obstructs the streets, the saloonkeeper with his Sunday trade, the gambler, the dive-keeper, all these are willing to pay well to be let alone, and so a steady stream of revenue flows into the organization. With money, as Kennedy explained, you can buy votes; with votes you carry elections; through elections you control the aldermen, the magistrates and the police; and in control of these you can traffic boldly in the privilege of breaking the laws.

Are our state politics on a higher plane? In *Mr. Crewe's Career* we see a state controlled by a railroad. The chief counsel for the road is the man to whom the county bosses come for orders. At the convention the delegates shout and the bands play, but the candidate is named by this quiet man in a back room. In form, it is representative government; in reality, it is a monarchy; and the monarch is Big Business.

It is the same story in *A Certain Rich Man.* John Barclay needs Lige Bemis, ex-horse thief, in politics.

"Barclay and Bemis went into the campaign together that had put down the rebellion, that had freed four million slaves, and had put the names of Lincoln and of Grant and asked the people to rally to the support of the party

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and Garfield as stars in the world's firmament of heroes. And the people of Garrison County responded, and State Senator Elijah Westlake Bemis did for Barclay in the legislature the things that Barclay would have preferred not to do for himself. He changed a railroad assessment law, secured the passage of a law permitting his elevator company to cheat the farmers by falsely grading their wheat, and prevented the passage of half a dozen laws restricting the powers of railroads."

Who is to blame for such things? The novelist is ready with his answer.

"Conditions as they exist are the result of an evolution. . . . The railroads found the political boss in power, and they had to pay him for favors. The citizen was the culprit to start with, just as he is the culprit now, because he does not take sufficient interest in his government to make it honest."—*Mr. Crewe's Career.*

And so the fault lies not with John Barclay nor Lige Bemis nor Big Kennedy, but with you and me.

Is the picture of our business and our politics that has been presented in these novels a true one? Several points should be kept in mind. For one thing, most of these books belong to the class of novels with a purpose. They are written not merely to amuse an idle hour but to make us think seriously of dangers which threaten our national life. Some of these men write with the zeal of reformers; their books are not novels but tracts, polemics put into the form of fiction. *The Jungle* was written for the same purpose that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written—to arouse the conscience of a nation. Such writers deliberately choose the extreme, the striking examples to prove their case. Their statements may be true, as far as the particular instance is concerned, but are they typical? Do they, taken alone, give a fair idea of conditions? It is evident that allowance must be made on this ground.

Again, the novelist who chooses business or politics as

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his main interest, labors under the necessity common to all writers of fiction, that of having a "villain" in the story, an opposing force, over which the hero is to triumph. So naturally the railroad or the political machine becomes the villain, and has to be made appropriately black. Thus a certain artistic necessity leads to an over-emphasis of the unfavorable side. We see the selfish corporation stifling competition, buying legislatures, corrupting judges, and we stand aghast. But who shall tell us of the great pension systems kept up by certain railroads for their employees, of welfare work in many forms, of homes in mountains and at sea-shore maintained by great stores for their tired workers, of profit-sharing enterprises, of model factory towns, of increases in wage-scales made through no fear of strikes? For all these things are true, and must be set against the darker side.

Finally it must be remembered that in some cases these very books have helped to change the conditions they describe. The stockyards are no longer what they were; in politics we are entering a new era; in public life the standards are higher than before. The old order changeth, and our to-days are not our yesterdays.

NOVELS DEALING WITH AMERICAN LIFE

BUSINESS.

The Railroad

The General Manager's Story, Herbert E. Hamblen; The Road Builders, Samuel Merwin; The Short Line War, Merwin & Webster; The Empire Builders, Francis Lynde; The Hand-Made Gentleman, Irving Bachellor; Snow on the Headlight, Cy Warman.

Lumbering

The Whip Hand, Samuel Merwin; King Spruce, Holman F. Day; The Blazed Trail, S. E. White.

Shipbuilding

The Master Builders, J. E. Dunning.

Mining

Roger Drake, Captain of Industry, H. K. Webster.

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The Factory
The Portion of Labor, Mary W. Freeman; Amanda of the Mill, Marie Van Vorst.

The Packing House
The Jungle, Upton Sinclair.

The Cattle Ranch
The Outlet, Andy Adams; Reed Anthony, Cowman. Andy Adams; The Cattle Baron's Daughter, Harold Bindloss.

The Wheat Ranch
The Octopus, Frank Norris.

Speculation
The Pit, Frank Norris; Sampson Rock of Wall Street, Edwin Lefevre; The Banker and the Bear, H. K. Webster.

POLITICS

The Political Boss
The Boss, Alfred H. Lewis; The Man Higher Up, Henry R. Miller; The Ring and the Man, C. T. Brady; The Plum Tree, D. G. Phillips; The Honorable Peter Stirling, P. L. Ford; The Demagog, Wm. R. Hereford; Coniston, Winston Churchill; Through One Administration, F. H. Burnett.

Politics and Reform Movements
Mr. Crewe's Career, Winston Churchill; The Ramrodders, Holman F. Day; The District Attorney, William Sage; A Spoil of Office, Hamlin Garland.

The Reconstruction Period in the South
Red Rock, Thos. N. Page; A Fool's Errand, A. W. Tourgée; John March, Southerner, G. W. Cable.

NATIONAL PROBLEMS

Labor and Captial
The Breadwinners, John Hay; The Man of the Hour, Octave Thanet; John Marvel, Assistant, Thomas Nelson Page; A Hazard of New Fortunes, W. D. Howells; A Traveller from Altruria, W. D. Howells; Looking Backward, Edward Bellamy; The Mutable Many, Robert Barr; The Silent Partner, E. S. Phelps.

The Negro Question
By Inheritance, Octave Thanet; The Marrow of Tradition, C. W. Chesnutt.

Divorce
He that Eateth Bread with Me, H. M. Keays; Let Not Man Put Asunder, Basil King; Together, R. Herrick; The Undercurrent, Robert Grant.

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The Indian Problem

Ramona, H. H. Jackson; The Man of Yesterday, Mary H. Kinkaid; The Heritage of Unrest, Gwendolen Overton.

Mormonism

The Heritage of the Desert, Zane Grey.

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San Martín and O'Higgins at Uspallata Pass—from Vila's famous painting

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San Martín meeting O'Higgins in the Andes near Mendoza.

Bolívar crossing the Andes

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Meeting of San Martín and Bolívar at Guayaquil

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Bust of General San Martín in the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

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Bust of General Simon Bolívar in the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

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Statue of General Belgrano, the Buenos Airen patriot

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The Argentine Declaration of Independence

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"The Soldier's Leap"—Gorge in the Andes near Uspallata Pass, across which one of O'Higgins's cavalry leaped his horse to escape the viceregal troops.

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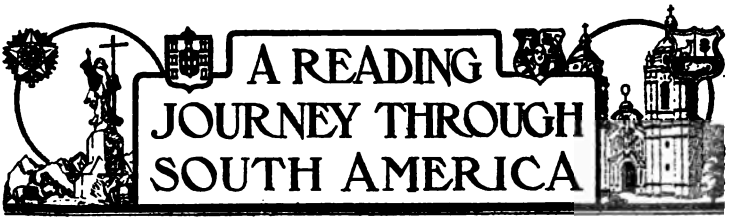

Colonial Period and War of Independence*

By Harry Weston VanDyke

Member of the Bar, Washington, D. C. Licenciado in Spanish Law.

THE system adopted by Spain for the civil, ecclesiastical and military government of her vast colonial empire in the new world is set forth in the famous code known as the Compilation of Laws of the Kingdoms of the Indies, framed in the reign of Philip IV and published in 1680 by Charles II. The basis of the political organiation was the division of American territory into two great viceroyalties created by the Emperor Charles V (Charles I of Spain), in 1542. "We order and decree," says Law 1, Title 3, Book III of the Compilation, "that the Kingdoms of Peru and New Spain (Mexico) be ruled over and governed by the Viceroys who represent our royal person. These shall exercise superior power, do and administer justice equally to all our subjects and vassals, and apply themselves to all that will promote the tranquility, repose, ennoblement and pacification of those provinces. * * *"

The viceroyalties were subdivided into great provincial districts administered by the Royal Audiencias, which

*This is the second instalment of the Reading Journey through South America, which began in the September, 1911, CHAUTAUQUAN with an article entitled Discovery and Conquest. The first and second articles of the series contain geographical and historical information desirable for every traveler to be familiar with before beginning his journeyings. The author, Mr. Harry Weston VanDyke, writes by recommendation of and cooperating with the Pan-American Union, Hon. John Barrett, Director General.

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were superior judicial tribunals exercising also the functions of civil administration. These in turn embraced lesser governmental jurisdictions known as *gobernaciones* (lesser provincial districts), *alcaldías mayores* and *ordinarias* and *corregimientos* (municipal jurisdictions of greater and lesser magnitude). In harmony with this civil administrative division, there was an ecclesiastical division of the territory: archbishoprics corresponded with *audiencia* districts, bishoprics with *gobernaciones* and *alcaldías mayores*, and parishes and curateships with *corregimientos* and *alcaldías ordinarias*. The viceroys were presidents of the *audiencias* and captains-general at the capitals of the viceroyalties, the others being presided over by gowned presidents and captains-general subordinate to the viceroys.

Under the Viceroy of Peru, whose capital at Lima was the center of Spain's government in South America, there were seven Royal *Audiencias*: Panama (1535), Lima (1542), Santa Fe de Bogotá (1549), created by the Emperor Charles V, Charcas (1559), Quito (1563), created by his son Philip II, Chile (1609), by Philip III, and Buenos Aires (1661), created by Philip IV.

In the eighteenth century two more viceroyalties and a captaincy-general were carved out of the original jurisdiction of the Viceroys of Peru. The Viceroyalty of Santa Fe or New Granada, created in 1717, abolished in 1723, and re-established by royal decree in 1739, was made up of the *audiencia* districts of Santa Fe de Bogotá, Panamá, San Francisco de Quito, and the province of Venezuela, which, like the Central American provinces, has been an appanage of the original Viceroyalty of New Spain (Mexico). Subsequently the boundaries of the Viceroyalty of Santa Fe were reduced by the institution of the Captaincy-General of Venezuela with an independent government and its own high court (*audiencia*), in the years 1742, 1777 and 1786, and by the restitution to the Viceroyalty of Peru of the provinces of Maynas (1802) and Guayaquil (1803).

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The Viceroyalty of Buenos Aires was created in 1778 from the *audiencia* districts of Buenos Aires and Charcas and certain territories of Chile, together with the territory now known as Paraguay and Uruguay. The *Audiencia* of Charcas, later called Chuquisaca, or Upper Peru (now Bolivia), returned by royal decree, in 1810, to form part of the Viceroyalty of Peru.

By royal degree of March 15, 1798, the Captaincy-General of Chile, which from the first had enjoyed a high degree of autonomy under the Viceroyalty of Peru, became completely autonomous, subordinate only, as were the viceroyalties, to the Council of the Indies in the Peninsula, as the mother country, Spain, was called in her colonies.

From these colonial territorial divisions logically sprang the South American republics with which we are familiar today, except Brazil, which was a Portuguese colony similarly administered, but the provinces of which did not separate when it declared its independence, in 1822. It became an empire and so remained until 1889, when the present republic of the United States of Brazil was established.

Under the Spanish colonial system, the king was the absolute sovereign and sole proprietor of Spanish America. This territory was an appanage of his crown and did not form an integral part of Spain; America and Spain were connected solely through their common allegiance to the king. He governed America directly, not through his regular ministers, but by a body of personal advisers called the Council of the Indies, to which his personal representatives in America, the viceroys and captains-general, reported directly.

Spanish-Americans knew only two forms of government under the colonial régime: the executive, represented by officials sent out from Spain, and the municipality, or *cabildo,* to which the people of Spain have persistently clung since Roman times, and by which, being officered by the creole element, some slight check was always placed

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upon the exactions of Peninsular overlords. There was no intermediate representative body standing for the provincial, or *audiencia,* districts into which the viceroyalties and captaincies-general were divided. There was no elective council to stand between the people inherent to the land and the king, for whose personal benefit (and that of his favorites) the land was exploited. Consequently the South Americans had no opportunity to develop a self-sustaining body politic, which, in the course of time, might by peaceful means have altered the theory of Spain's colonial system, as was the case in Brazil, where the king himself resided for several years during the invasion of Portugal by Napoleon's armies; before his Majesty returned to Portugal, he opened up the Brazilian ports to the commerce of the world and established a vassal, but wholly autonomous kingdom, over his American possessions under his son.

No amelioration of the hardships endured by the Spanish-American colonists under their king's rapacious administration could be secured to them but by revolution.

By the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Englishman Drake had slipped through the Strait of Magellan and the great Dutch navigator, Schouten, in 1616, doubled Cape Horn for the first time. These triumphs of Spain's northern and recently established commercial rivals were a source of keen anxiety to the Spanish sovereign, for therein lay a menace to his treasure land in the new world. He looked upon South America as his personal property, its commerce to be developed for his sole benefit, not for the advancement of the Spanish settlers and natives, who, in his mind, were there for no one's profit but his own.

Already almost hermetically sealed against even the general import and export trade of the Peninsula, laws were framed that still more closely guarded his monopoly. No Spaniards (and certainly no foreign traders) were allowed to freight ships for the colonies, or to buy a pound

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of goods thence, without obtaining special permission and paying well for that privilege. Cadiz was the only port in Europe from which ships were permitted to sail for America, and the whole trade was farmed out to a ring of Cadiz merchants. Every port in Spanish South America was closed to trans-Atlantic traffic except Nombre de Dios on the north side of the Isthmus of Panamá near the present city of Colon. Not a ship could enter Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Callao or Guayaquil. Imports from Spain must first go to the Isthmus, be disembarked, transported over the Andean passes and the Bolivian plateau on the backs of the alpaca, and finally, down over the Argentine pampas to Buenos Aires, or down the arid coast to the Peruvian and Chilean settlements. Under such conditions in the southern provinces European manufactures—agricultural and mining implements, and other essentials for a people's advancement were to be had only at fabulous prices.

On the other hand, also, the system made exports impossible, except the precious metals mined in the north, drugs, and other easily transportable products. Hides, hair, wool, agricultural produce and hard wood would not stand the cost of such long and difficult hauls. Exploitation and repression were the essential features of the Spanish colonial system. The peninsular authorities acted upon the theory that America should be confined to producing gold and silver, and all other industries were ruthlessly strangled. The Plata settlements, and all others south and east of the Peruvian-Bolivian mining region, suffered from this ruinous suppression. Having no mines they were considered worthless, and were in consequence ignored, until they came in conflict with home industries by the cultivation of olives and vines. To protect the Peninsular growers, the Argentinos were forced to cut down their olive trees and uproot their vines.

The inevitable results followed the enforcement of these repressive laws. Smuggling, bribe-giving, evasion and con-

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tempt for all law, and hostility to the Peninsula grew up where, in their stead, the colonists could have developed themselves into a bulwark for Spain which was so soon to totter from her proud position as the greatest world power. Where the science of government and national up-building should have been taught and fostered, revolution became the chief political resource.

Strange as it may seem, however, in spite of three centuries of such misgovernment and blindness on the part of Spain, her American colonies were found to be patriotic in the early years of the nineteenth century, when, with her king a prisoner in the hands of Europe's insatiable overlord, patriotism was almost the only asset of the Spanish peoples. The successful struggles of the North American revolutionists had left the South Americans apparently unmoved; they remained loyal to the House of Bourbon which had so sorely oppressed them, in spite of the struggle for freedom in the north and the contagion of French Jacobinism, and even presented a solid front against the English Admirals Popham and Beresford when, in 1806, the English made an unsuccessful attempt to induce the Plata colonists to throw off the yoke of Spain and, incidentally, to open their productive country to world commerce.

In 1808 Napoleon occupied the Spanish Peninsula, forced the abdication of Charles IV, held him and his successor, Ferdinand VII, prisoners in France, and established his brother Joseph on the throne in Spain. Throughout the colonies, as in the mother country, the intense loyalty of the people was aroused by this summary outrage upon their royal house. A council of regency, or national *junta* (assembly) was formed at Cadiz, and under its instigation, with the aid of England, the Spanish people entered upon an insurrection against the usurper that ceased only when the last Frenchman was driven from the land.

The regency, however, could not take the place of the exiled king in the purblind loyalty of the colonists, for it was

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the kingship that held the infatuated loyalists on both sides of the water. This body had transferred the Spanish American provinces to Napoleon, and had laid itself open to the suspicion of bad faith on many another score. The resistance to constituted authority, therefore, soon developed a dual character: patriotic hostility to the Napoleonic usurper, and local opposition to the Peninsular regency. The result was the almost simultaneous election of popular representaitve *juntas* throughout the colonies, not as a preliminary step to permanent separation—that phase developed later—but to govern until their ruler by divine right should be restored to them. It was nevertheless their hope by this representative government that they might improve their political condition.

In April, 1809, a *junta* was formed in Caracas, Venezuela; in July of the same year the example was followed in Peru, and at Quito in August. In May of the next year, Santa Fe de Bogotá and Buenos Aires followed, and Santiago elected the Chilean *junta* in September of that year. The colonists expected by these steps to release the Indians from slavery in the mines in the north and west; to restore and develop the cultivation of grapes, olives and tobacco, and build up their grazing and agricultural industry in the south and east; to open their ports to imports of European commodities essential to their growth, and to their own exports, by way of exchange; to lighten the crushing imposts and internal taxation; to abolish the tithe system, and reclaim and parcel out the vast feudal estates which had gradually been absorbed by the Spanish officials in the course of an administration which could be likened to that of the rapacious Roman proconsuls against which Cicero inveighed so impotently.

But the ambitious reforms met with immediate and successful opposition. The country was full of Spanish office holders who saw in these activities their dismissal and the death blow to their spoils system. In the short struggle

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that followed, the success of the Peninsular forces was almost universal. The colonists had had no training in warfare, nor had they yet developed as a people the unity of purpose and sturdy self-dependence which was eventually to bring them their freedom.

The *junta* governments were everywhere effectively suppressed, except in Bogotá and Buenos Aires, where the fires of revolution smouldered during the succeeding years of Peninsular chaos that preceded Waterloo, and the colonists, their eyes opened at last to the true and only remedy for their ills, were formulating their great resolve to separate themselves entirely from the mother country. While their measures of reform had been suppressed, the ideas that called them into being could not be obliterated. Furthermore their unsuccessful clash with the viceroys and lesser officials brought more glaringly before their eyes the extortions and brutal indifference of the ruling class. The attitude of the Peninsulares toward the creoles and *mestizos* of the colonies had always been contemptuous, and the creoles, being for the most part of unmixed Spanish descent, though born in South America, found their resentment of that attitude at last more than they could endure. The spirit of revolt persisted, therefore, but with this difference, that the sentiment of the people was now against Spanish rule, instead of being merely reformatory within the limits of loyalty; what they finally determined upon was absolute independence.

The overthrow of Spanish dominion in South America was the result of two simultaneous and equally important movements that originated in Buenos Aires and Caracas. The former gradually spread northward and westward, taking in Chile, and the latter spread along the northwest coast of the continent, driving the Spanish from Venezuela and Colombia. The two movements finally united within the limits of the present Republic of Ecuador, to continue the advance together into the heights of Upper Peru, where the viceregal power was broken and the yellow and red flag of

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Statue of Simon Bolivar, the Liberator of South America, at Lima, Peru

Cathedral at Lima, **Peru—built by Pizarro**

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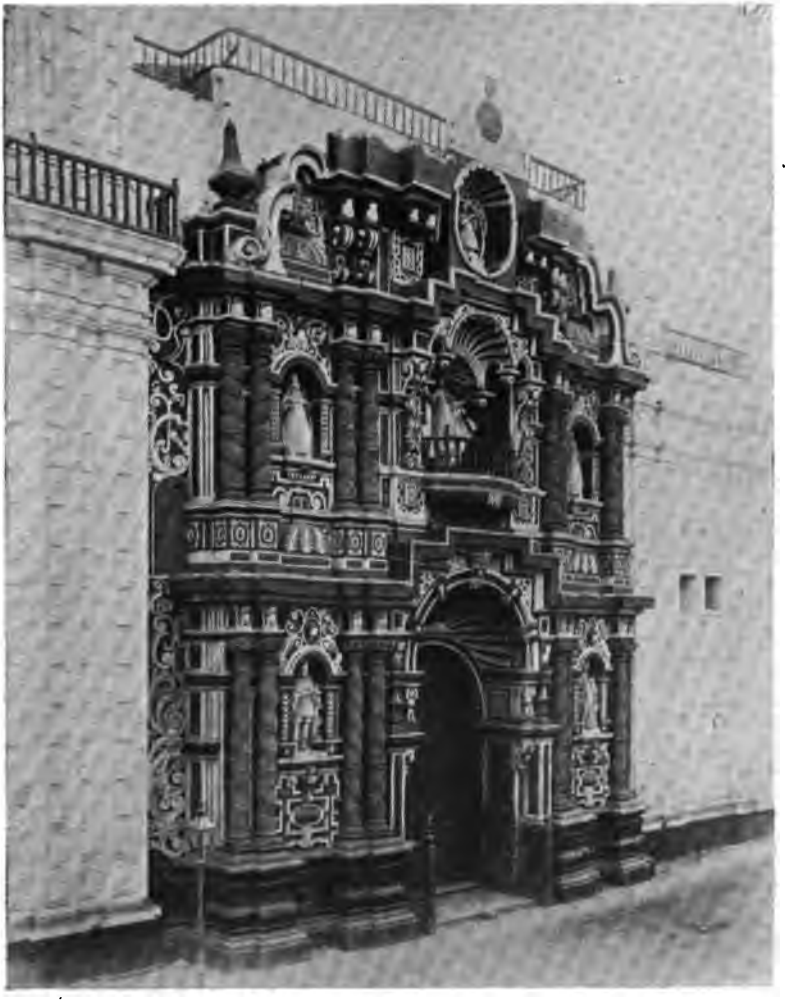

La Merced Church at Lima, Peru—type of religious architecture of Spanish colonial period

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Pizarro's Palace, now the Government Building, on the Plaza in Lima, Peru. It was here that the great Conquistador was assassinated

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Spain—a river of blood flowing through two streams of gold—ceased forever to be the emblem of sovereignty in the south continent.

This second stage of the war of independence produced two great leaders who, profiting by the lessons learned in the abortive attempts of 1810, trained the colonists in the art of war and instilled into them some measure of their own skill, executive ability, resourcefulness and unyielding determination. These men were the brilliant and magnetic Simon Bolívar, who headed the northern movement, and José de San Martín, perhaps less conspicuous as a popular leader, but a greater statesman and general, who accomplished his great work in the southern half of the continent. Both were men of honorable South American families, well educated and of lofty purpose, the former a native of Caracas and the latter an Argentinian, and both, during sojourns in Europe, had had opportunity to study at close range the problems evolved by the popular revolutions in France and Spain.

The series of military successes that was destined to lead to South American independence began at Tucumán in the northern part of what is now Argentina, in the fall of 1812, and at Salta, a little farther north, in February, 1813. By these battles the persistent efforts of the Spanish forces in Peru to put an end to the *junta* government of 1810 in the Plata settlements, were checked under the leadership of the patriot Belgrano. But on the first of October following, the Royalists, in violation of the armistice entered into after Salta, almost destroyed Belgrano's army at Vilcapujio. This proved a distinct service to the colonists, for it placed in command of the remnants of Belgrano's force, San Martín, then just returned from twenty years' service in the Peninsular armies against Soult and others of Napoleon's marshals.

San Martín recognized at once the futility of pursuing the campaign and attacking the Royalists in the mountain-

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ous regions of Upper Peru (now Bolivia), with over a thousand miles of difficult roads between his army and his base of supplies. He therefore conceived the idea of forcing Spain to defend her own bases at Lima and Callao, and to this end elaborated a plan for the invasion of Chile and capture of Valparaiso, and thence, a combined military and naval attack on the capital of Peru, the seat of Spain's power on the continent. With this purpose he repaired to the almost inaccessible town of Mendoza on the Argentine slope of the Andes, opposite the Chilean capital, Santiago, remaining there two years. During this period he recruited a strong force of revolutionists, trained them in the art of war and accumulated an adequate equipment.

Shortly after he had established his camp of instruction, the Chileans under their famous leader, Bernardo O'Higgins, had extorted a truce at Talca, in 1814, from the forces of the Peruvian Viceroy, by which the protracted struggle to maintain the junta government in Chile was for the moment suspended. The truce of Talca was, however, repudiated by the Viceroy at Lima, and General Ossorio was soon on his way south with another Royalist army. Weakened by local political dissensions, the Chilenos were unable to prevail against Ossorio's forces, and his decisive victory at Rancagua, October 1st, 1814, marked a complete restoration of Spanish authority in Chile, whereupon O'Higgins and a few of his officers, escaped from the wreck of their army, crossed the Andes and placed themselves under the command of San Martín.

In January, 1817, San Martín's army, four thousand strong, was ready to move against the unsuspecting Spanish in Chile, who had been led by a strategem to believe that the patriot army would enter the country through one of the more easily accessible passes through the Andes.

San Martín, however, chose the terrible Uspallata Pass just south of Mt. Aconcagua, and accomplished a feat

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which, in endurance and skill, surpassed Napoleon's famous passage of the Alps, the height of Uspallata exceeding the St. Bernard Pass by over 4,000 feet. The revolutionists descended the western slope of the Andes and fell upon the Spanish outpost at La Guardia on the 7th of February, and on the 12th defeated Ossorio's main force at Chacabuco. Two days later the liberating army entered Santiago. The patriot government was at once re-erected in Chile, and the Supreme Directorship was conferred on O'Higgins after San Martín, refusing to be diverted from his plans for the liberation of the entire continent, had declined the honor.

On the first day of the ensuing year the independence of Chile was proclaimed. The *de facto* independence of the country was not achieved, however, until the decisive defeat of the Royalists on the plains of Maypú, on the 5th of April, 1815.

With Chile cleared of Spanish troops, and the port of Valparaiso at his service as a base of supplies, San Martín was ready to enter upon the next stage of his work—the liberation of Peru. From this point in his career he can no longer be considered as a general of Buenos Aires—he becomes now the great Liberator, a title conferred also upon Bolívar by the northern patriots.

Another period of two years, devoted to recruiting, organizing and drilling, elapsed after Maypú before San Martín undertook his invasion of Peru. In this he was aided by Lord Cochrane, a cashiered British naval officer, who was to render most valuable service in the naval warfare that was at once begun against the Spanish viceroy. Cochrane's first success was the capture of Spain's best harbor on the Pacific, Valdivia, south of Valparaiso, in spite of the fact that his rockets were filled with sand instead of powder, the Chilean authorities having imprudently employed Spanish prisoners in the manufacture of ammunition.

In August, 1820, San Martín's combined military and

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naval expedition against Peru set out from Valparaiso with some 4,500 troops. Thus far this stronghold of Spain had undergone less violent revolutionary disturbances than any other part of her American possessions; in 1820 it was fully under the control of Don Joaquin de la Pezuela, the forty-fourth viceroy to follow Pizarro. But it was three years now since Pezuela had reported to the Madrid government that he stood over a volcano liable to burst into action at any moment. San Martín understood this condition of things and labored to produce the eruption whereby the Peruvians might emancipate themselves.

Arrived off Callao, the seaport of Lima, the liberators entered upon operations and negotiations lasting several months, during which effective missionary work in the cause of independence was done throughout Peru by San Martín's lieutenants. At last, on the 6th of July, 1821, the Spanish leaders, neglected by their home government, and realizing the ineffectiveness of their forces, evacuated Lima, which was at once occupied by San Martín. He did not come, he said, as a conqueror, and it was with much hesitation that he accepted the supreme power offered by the patriots; he styled himself Protector of Peru, promising to surrender the government to the people as soon as the Peruvian congress should be assembled to take over the burden. He retained his control of the embryo republic for a year in spite of the hostility that was engendered by misconception of the high purposes embodied in the title he assumed.

The wisdom of his retention of power at such a critical period of Peruvian and South American history is hardly to be contested. These were the decisive campaigns of the war of independence on the continent. The future of Buenos Aires and Chile, of New Granada and Venezuela, and of all the Spanish settlements depended on the battles that were now to be fought in the mountains of Peru, where the royalist forces had now concentrated, for this was the heart of Spanish South America. San Martín

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was not destined to fight these final battles, but to him is due the credit of conceiving the plan of action, of executing it almost to the end and of showing, by his retirement in favor of a more convincingly popular fellow patriot of the north, a modesty, soundness of judgment and generosity almost unparalleled among the world's statesmen.

In the meantime the northern movement, under the direction of Simon Bolívar was approaching Peru. It arrived at the coast town of Guayaquil (in what is now Ecuador) in the spring 1822. San Martín immediately repaired to that port for a conference with his confrère, leaving his administration in the hands of the Marquis of Torre Tagle, a member of the old nobility who had turned revolutionist, and Bernardo Monteagudo.

The meeting of the two Liberators marked the close of San Martín's military career. He saw clearly that there could be no room for himself and Bolívar in the same sphere of action, and it was necessary for the welfare of the common cause that one of them should retire. He was great and patriotic enough to make the sacrifice. Returning to Lima, he resigned the supreme authority and retired to Europe, for there was no place for him in Buenos Aires, except as a leader in the civil wars that by this time were distracting the country, and this rôle he disdained. In 1850 he died in France at the age of seventy-two, after a thirty years' struggle with sickness and poverty, but attended always by his devoted daughter. After his death his body was brought to Buenos Aires and reverently placed in a tomb, one of the handsomest in the world, about which stand three marble figures representing Buenos Aires, Chile and Peru.

As early as 1806, the Venezuelan, Miranda, had tried ineffectually to revolutionize the whole of South America, but he was not of the metal from which leaders are made, and the political situation had not ripened at that early date. After Spain's suppression of the *junta* established at Cara-

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cas, in 1810, Miranda and Bolívar landed in Venzuela, in 1811, and called into being the first congress of the people. This body departed from the policy of the defunct *junta* government, and proclaimed the independence of Venezuela. The movement thus started met a speedy end; the cause was literally shattered by the awful earthquake on Holy Thursday of 1812, and by the arms of Spain, upheld, as the Royalists claimed, by Divine vengeance against the contemplated overthrow of the Lord's annointed. Miranda was captured and ended his days in a Spanish prison.

Bolívar escaped into New Granada and with the elimination of Miranda soon had full sway in the revolutionary counsels of the northern provinces. He found at Bogotá, in 1813, an active revolutionary *junta* and a military organization. With the latter he struck the Royalists at Cúcuta, just within the eastern border of the present Colombia, and passed over the mountains to Caracas, proclaiming war to the death. Here the Dictatorial career of the Great Liberator began. The career was, however, punctuated by many disasters to his arms and to his political manoeuvers before the decisive battle of Boyacá (won from the Spanish general Morillo by Bolívar and his lieutenants, Santander and Paez, on August 7th, 1819) placed Bogotá permanently in the hands of the patriots, and gave assurance of eventual success to the northern movement. The Spanish army was wrecked, its general a prisoner, and the Viceroy of New Granada, or Santa Fe, a fugitive. Bolivar hurried from this triumph to the revolutionary congress he had some time before called at Angostura, in Venezuela, and brought about the enactment by that body of a Fundamental Law for the union of the old Captaincy-General of Venezuela and the Viceroyalty of Santa Fe or New Granada as the Republic of Colombia, of which he became President. By the end of 1821 all of this territory, except Panamá and Puerto Cabello, near La Guayra, in Venezuela, had been freed from the control of Spain, which, after much vacillation and in-

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competence resulting from the chaos on the Peninsula, concentrated her forces on the plateau behind Lima for the final struggle with the army of the north and south now about to coalesce at Guayaquil under the Liberator of Colombia and the Protector of Peru.

The famous battle of Pichincha, won on the 24th of May, 1822, by Bolívar's great lieutenant, Sucre, gave the *audiencia* district of Quito (now Ecuador) to the northern federation, and it was later formally incorporated into Bolívar's Republic of Colombia.

The final clash between the Royalists and the patriots was deferred for two years, during which time the confusion of sectional interests and negotiations by the now desperate mother country threatened to undo the great work of the two Liberators. Bolívar's victory at Junin in Peru over the Spanish under Cantarac, on the 6th of August, 1824, and the decisive battle on the plain of Ayacucho, midway between Lima and Cuzco, on the 9th of December, put an end to the war. The patriot army of about six thousand men under Sucre defeated the Spanish forces—eight thousand five hundred strong—under the Viceroy La Serna and his leading general, Cantarac, in less than eighty minutes. The Viceroy wounded and a prisoner and his men deserting by hundreds, Cantarac sued for terms, and that afternoon fourteen generals, five hundred and sixty-eight officers and three thousand two hundred privates became prisoners of war.

Following up his victory, Sucre proceeded into Upper Peru and called together the patriot congress that was to institute, in August, 1825, the Republic of Bolívia—named for his chief—of which he became the first President. Bolivar was then at the head of affairs in Peru. He soon, however, relinquished his Dictatorship and returned to Bogotá to resume for a brief term his functions as President of the great federation of Colombia.

Bolívar sank rapidly from his apogee and, beset on all

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sides by the enemies his imperial designs had made for him, died on his estate of Santa Marta at the early age of forty-seven, disheartened and in comparative poverty. To him also in after years his people erected monuments in tardy recognition of his matchless services.

Tracing the course of the revolutionary movements outlined in the foregoing historical sketch, it will be seen that the present South American republics, with the exception of Brazil, are founded upon the viceregal and subordinate divisions described in the beginning of this article. To recapitulate briefly:

The insurrection of the Viceroyalty of Buenos Aires began in the city of that name, in May, 1810, with the dismissal of the viceroy and the institution of a governmental *junta*. This was later superseded by the triumvirate that framed the "Provisional Ordinance for the Government of the United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata." In 1816, by the action of the congress held at Tucumán, these provinces became the "Confederate States of the Rio de la Plata," and as such definitely declared their separation from Spain. Later they assumed the style of the "Argentine Confederation," and still later, the present name of the Argentine Republic, a name that doubtless originated in colonial times from the term "Argentinos" given to the people of the Plata (silver) river country by the Peninsular officials engrafted upon them; these, in their turn, were called "Goths." Paraguay, the northeastern province of the Viceroyalty of Buenos Aires, and Uruguay, known as the "Eastern Border" of the Viceroyalty, became distinct republics as a result of the same revolutionary movement; the latter, however, passed through many vicissitudes before achieving its complete independence. In 1817, the province was annexed by Brazil and was known as its Cis-platine province. On Brazil's separation from Portugal, in 1822, the province became the object of the war between Brazil and Argentina, at the conclusion of which, the disputed province was rec-

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ognized as an independent state under the name of the Eastern Republic of Uruguay.

Out of the Viceroyalty of Santa Fe or New Granada, and its former dependency, the Captaincy-General of Venezuela, grew the three republics on the northwest coast of the continent: Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador. These, as we have seen, were consolidated by Bolívar into the single Republic of Colombia, and as such it endured until 1830, when it disintegrated into the three distinct states above named. At the time of the separation the second of these styled itself "The Republic of New Granada" and then became successively known as "The Granadan Confederation" (1858), the "United States of Colombia" (1861), and "The Republic of Colombia" (1886), as we now know it.

The Captaincy-General of Chile resolved itself into the present-day Republic of Chile in 1822, shortly after the Spanish forces were defeated at Maypú.

From the Viceroyalty of Peru, as it stood constituted at the time of the revolution, sprang the two modern republics of Peru and Bolivia, the latter comprising the provinces of Charcas, La Paz, Cochabamba, Potosí and Santa Cruz de la Sierra which had formed the ancient Audiencia of Charcas, or Upper Peru, under the Viceroyalty.

The various Portuguese provinces were the only ones to continue the monarchical system, but declared themselves independent of the mother country nevertheless, and became known as the Empire of Brazil, until 1889, when the present republic was declared.

Prompted by the success of the single federal state controlling the destinies of the Americans in the north continent, the question has been asked, "Is a United States of South America conceivable?" The writer has little hesitation in answering the query in the negative. At the beginning of the last century Miranda had such a vision before him when he sought, in 1806, to incite his apathetic

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countrymen to revolt. Bolívar, in a measure his disciple, dreamed the same dream, and for a brief period enjoyed in a large measure its realization. With the Presidency for Life conferred on him by the threefold republic of Colombia, with supreme power in the newly emancipated republic of Peru bestowed on him after Ayacucho, with the fanciful title "Father and Saviour of Peru," and with his devoted lieutenant, Sucre, President of Bolivia, he had some grounds for his hope of bringing the whole of Spanish South America under his personal sway. But the people of the continent had no mind at that time for a Latin Cromwell, and Bolívar, more fortunate than the Mexican Itúrbide, was allowed to retire in peace from his ambitious campaign for empire and meditate upon what he thought was the ingratitude of a people liberated by his genius. San Martín in retrospect is the more perfect type of revolutionist and patriot.

An attempt was actually made, in 1848, to form a South American Confederation, but the treaty signed at Lima by the representatives of Peru, Bolivia, New Granada, Ecuador and Chile, failed of ratification by the governments of those republics. The great divergence of local interests between the mountainous regions of the northwestern states and those of the plains, the difference in climate, and the almost constant friction over boundaries between the various republics, are the principal reasons why the peoples of South America would never consent to submit their destinies to a common governmental control.

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Aconcagua	Ah-cohn-cah'-gwah
Alcaldias	Ahl-cahl-dee'-ahs
Alcaldias Mayores	Ahl-cahl-dee'ahs Mah-yo'-rays
Alcaldias Ordinarias	Ahl-cahl-dee'ahs Ohr-dee-nah'-ree-ahs
Angostura	Ahn-gohs-too'-rah
Argentina	Ahr-hayn-tee'-nah
Argentinos	Ahr-hayn-tee'nohs
Audiencias	Ow-dee-ayn'-see-ahs
Ayacucho	Ah-ee-a-koo-choh
Belgrano	Bayl-grah'-noh
Bernardo Monteagudo	Bayr-nahr'-doh Mohn-tay-ah-goo'-doh
Bolivia	Boh-lee'-vee-ah
Boyaca'	Boh-yah-cah'
Buenos Aires	Boo-ay'-nohs Ah'-ee-rays
Cadiz	Kah'-dees
Callao	Kah-yah'-oh
Cantarac	Kahn-tah-rahc'
Caracas	Kah-rah'-kahs
Chacabuco	Chah-cah-boo'-coh
Charcas	Tchahr'-kahs
Chile	Chee'-lay
Chilenos	Chee-lay'-nohs
Chuquisaca	Choo-kee-sah'-kah
Cochabamba	Koh-chah-bahm'-bah
Colon	Koh-lohn'
Corregimientos	Cohr-ray-hee-mee-ayn'-tohs
Cu'cuta	Koo'-koo-ta
Cuzco	Koos'-coh
Ecuador	Ay-kwah-dohr'
Granada	Grah-nah'-dah
Gobernaciones	Goh-bayr-nah-see-oh'-nays
Guayaquil	Gwah-ee-yah-keel'
Jose' de San Martin	Hoh-say' day Sahn Mahr-teen'
Junta	Hoon'-tah
La Guayra	Lah Goo-ah-ee'-rah
La Paz	Lah Pahs
Laserna	Lah-sayr'-nah
Lima	Lee'-mah
Maynas	Mah'-ee-nahs
Maypu	May-poo'
Mendoza	Mayn-doh'-sah
Mestizos	Mays-tee'-sohs
Miranda	Mee-rahn'-dah
Morillo	Moh-ree'-yoh
Nombre de Dios	Nohm'-bray day Dee-ohs'
Ossorio	Ohs-soh'-ree-oh
Paez	Pah'-ays
Paraguay	Pah-rah-gway'
Pezuela, Joaquin de la	Pay-zoo-ay'-lah, Hoh-ah-keen' day lah
Pichincha	Pee-cheen'-chah
Pizarro	Pee-zah'-roh
Potosi'	Poh-toh-see'
Puerto Cabello	Poo-ayr'-toh Kah-bay'-yoh
Quito	Kee'-toh
Rancagua	Rahn-cah'-gwah
Rio de la Plata	Ree-oh day lah Plah'-tah
Salta	Sahl'-tah
Santa Cruz de la Sierra	Sahn'-tah Kroos day lah See-ay'-rah
Santa Fe de Bogota'	Sahn'-tah Fay day Boh-goh-tah'
Santander	Sahn-tahn-dare'
Santiago	Sahn-tee-ah'-goh
Soult	Soolt
Sucre	Soo-kray'
Talca	Tahl'-cah
Torre Tagle	Tohr'-ray Tah'-glay
Tucuman	Too-koo-mahn'
Uruguay	Orr-hoo-gway'
Uspallata	Oos-pah-yah'-tah
Valdivia	Vahl-dee'-vee-yah
Valparaiso	Vahl-pah-rah'-ee-soh
Venezuela	Vay-nay-zoo-ay'-lah
Vilcapujio	Veel-cah-poo'-hee-oh

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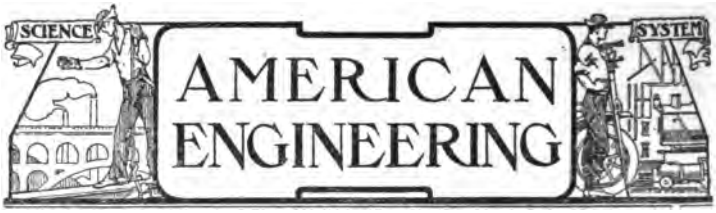

II. The Steam Engine*

By Carl S. Dow

HEAT in the form of steam has been and still is the greatest factor in the development of all lines of industry which require more power than is available from human labor. Practically all the power employed by the civilized world is supplied by the steam engine—it has freed the galley slave from his labors at the oars, it has relieved the horse from the work of drawing the street car, in short it has made possible all our modern methods of production and transportation.

Before the railway train, no one thought of that great industry, the express business, which, starting in 1839, grew in two decades in importance represented by a capital of over thirty millions and which today with a capital of over seventy millions operates on over 200,000 miles of steam and electric railroads.

The steam engine has made possible the subway car, the elevated train, and the electric light, for, contrary to a rather popular impression, electricity is not a source of power. The electrical machine, called the dynamo or generator, does not go of itself, it must be driven by a steam engine, gasoline engine, water wheel, or some other prime mover. Electricity is but a medium for transmission, as is a belt, or gears, or shafting. In Boston, alone, over 220,000 horse power of steam engines are used in electric

*The first instalment of this series appeared in the September, 1911, CHAUTAUQUAN. Its title is "Engineers and Engineering."

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power stations of which the Boston Elevated Railway Company and the Boston Edison Company have 150,000 horse power.

In New York City, the New York Edison Company maintains the largest power plant in the world in such a small space. With its facilities for supplying electric light and power to over 90,000 consumers, it sends out over the wires 300,000 horsepower, or enough energy to supply the current for over 4,000,000 incandescent lamps. And behind all this is the steam engine.

The relation of electricity to power may be shown in connection with ship propulsion. If electricity without a prime mover could do the things the popular mind thinks it can, why hasn't it been used in the propulsion of ships? Let us see what would happen if a ship were to be propelled by electricity. To be electrically-driven, some engine (steam, gas, or gasoline) would have to supply mechanical energy to a dynamo or generator which would convert it into electricity. An electric motor would then have to reconvert the electrical energy into mechanical power to turn the propeller. This double conversion of power would not only add to the machinery to be carried and to the expense, but would also entail greater loss than at present, for neither the generator nor the motor can deliver all the power supplied to it; some is lost in the machine.

Engineers know full well that the steam boiler and steam engine waste much heat energy. To eliminate this apparatus, engineers and scientists have experimented for years in the hope of discovering some way of getting electrical energy direct from coal, but as yet without success. We continue to rely on the engine.

Steam has more than fulfilled the prophecy of Roger Bacon, the most talented philosopher of his age. He expressed his look into the future by these words:

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"Men may construct for the wants of navigation such machines that the greatest vessels, directed by a single man, shall cut through the rivers and seas with more rapidity than if they were propelled bv rowers; chariots may be constructed which, without horses, shall run with immeasurable speed. Men may conceive machines which could bear the diver, without danger, to the depth of the waters. Man could invent a multitude of other engines and useful instruments, such as bridges that shall span the broadest rivers without any intermediate support."

To understand the beginnings of this most important invention and trace its various stages of development, means going back to the seventeenth century, to the time before the Revolutionary War, back to the time when men began to realize that mines could not be kept free from water except by mechanical power. When the removal of water from mines by steam became an accomplished fact, man realized that he had under his control an engine which could work for him.

But of course the first machines were exceedingly crude both because natural laws, now taught in schools under the familiar name "Physics," were little understood even by the most thoughtful, and also because there were no good tools, no skillful mechanics, no standards for accurate work.

However, at this early date (the beginning of the eighteenth century) a few men were acquainted with the fact that the cooling or condensation of steam in a closed cylinder resulted in a void or vacuum and that the pressure of the atmosphere on water would force it up into the cylinder. But this form of water-raising engine was not the real prototype of the modern steam engine; its action was too slow and it wasted too much steam. The steam simply forced the air out of the cylinder—it did no other work. The piston engine, first brought out by Newcomen, and later improved by James Watt, was the real beginning of the rapid progress which marked the end of the eighteenth century.

While the American colonists were struggling for freedom in this country, a remarkable man, James Watt, in England was studying and experimenting with that hitherto lit-

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tle known substance, steam. From small crude machines, and tests too uncertain for infallible deduction, he formulated so many engineering principles that it seems safe to say that practically all the main features of the modern steam engine were in use at the end of the eighteenth century. The only advances made since then have been those of improvement, not of invention.

The steam engine furnishes the power for innumerable industries: it drives the tools in the machine shop, the looms and spindles in most mills, the saws in the saw mill. It raises the pile-driver's weight and hoists building material to the top of the building. Tucked away in some part of the factory, the steam engine is the invisible life of the establishment.

The application of steam to land transportation was first made in England, in the same way that the English mine was the scene of the first successful use of the steam pumping engine. Of course the locomotive was impossible until years after the stationary engine had been pretty well established. One of the marked differences between the early locomotive and the stationary engine of the period was the steam pressure. The reason is obvious; the locomotive must be powerful in a small space, whereas the stationary engine in those days could occupy any reasonable area. The most natural way to get the greater power was to raise the steam pressure.

Another difference worthy of note is the absence of a tall chimney for the locomotive. To get sufficient draft for the fire under the conditions where a tall chimney is inconvenient, steam coming from the cylinder after it has done its work is directed into the short stack—as it still has considerable velocity it draws the smoke and gases along with it with great rapidity. The driving wheels make one revolution for every four exhausts or "puffs," for both ends of each cylinder exhaust during one revolution, and no two exhausts come together. Knowing this fact the passenger

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counting the number of puffs per minute can easily compute the speed of the train if he knows the diameter of the driving wheels.

Although it was the English engineer who produced the first successful pumping or stationary engine and also the first engines for railway service, when it came to propelling boats by steam it was the American engineer who blazed the way. John Fitch, an American, in 1788, devised a mechanism in which a steam engine moved paddles. While not a commercial success, it proved that steam propulsion was feasible.

In 1807, Robert Fulton, of New York, earned for himself the distinction of being the first to introduce a really successful, commercially successful, steam boat. His "Clermont" made a trial trip from New York to Albany, a distance of 150 miles, against the river's current. The speed was five miles per hour, a snail's pace compared with the 25-mile steam boats of today or the 35 to 40 mile motor boats.

A little more than four years have elapsed since that great event was commemorated by the one hundredth anniversary Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York. By no means least in interest was the opportunity given the spectators for comparing the reproduction of the "Clermont" with steam ships of the present time. This working model is to be seen at the dock at Poughkeepsie on the Hudson River.

The development of locomotive engines is interesting, but how much more interesting is that of the marine engine. The number of varieties required may be seen from a brief survey of the service to be performed. There is the huge slow-speed "walking-beam" engine, so familiar (at least the walking beam) in our harbors and on our rivers. This engine with a vertical cylinder and large shaft extending across the boat turns the paddle wheels on either side, the

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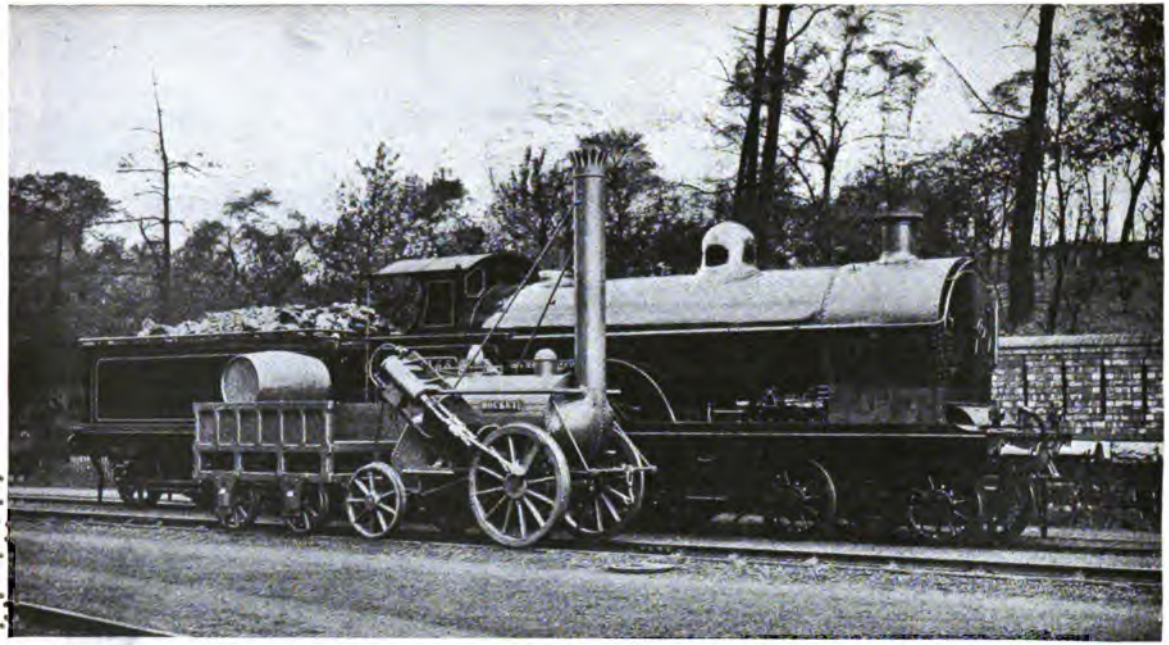

Latest English Locomotive Speed 68 miles per hour with train weighing 357 1-2 tons. Compare with Stephenson's "Rocket," speed 19 miles per hour with train weighing 13 tons.

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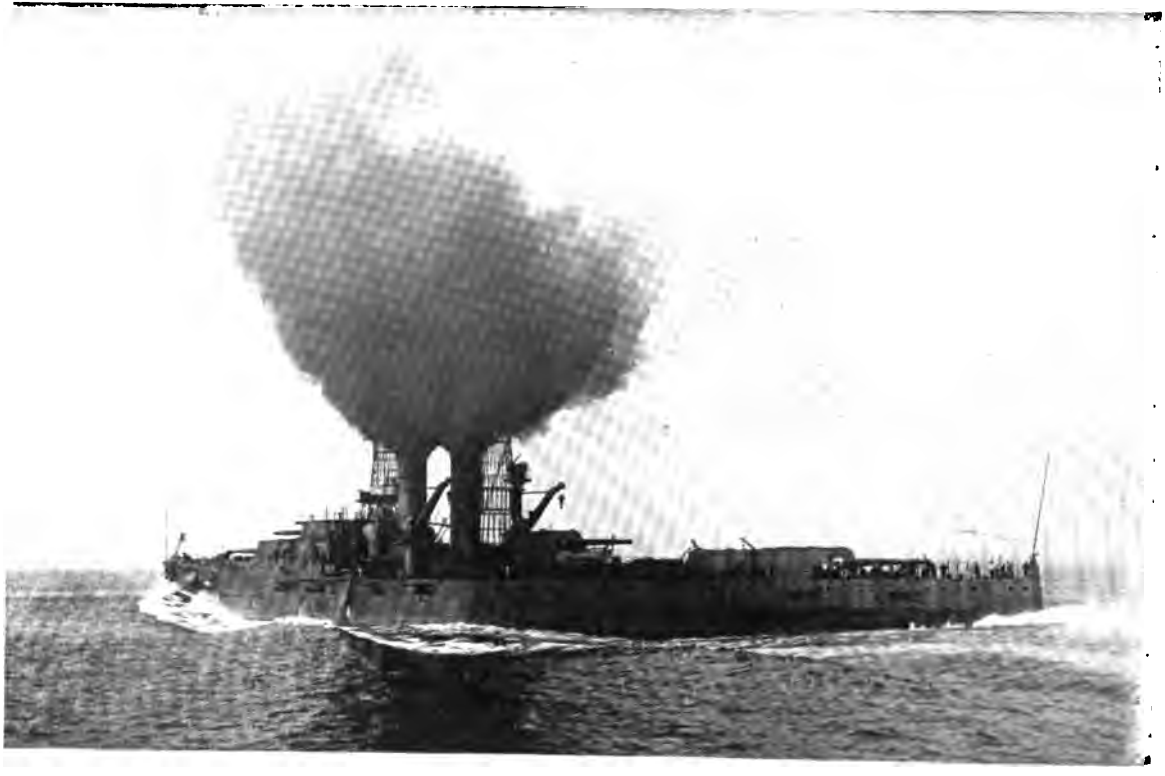

United States Battleship Utah on Trial Trip. Equipped with turbines driving four shafts, and water-tube boilers fitted for burning either coal or oil. Speed 21.63 knots per hour.
(*Photograph by the New York Shipbuilding Company.*)

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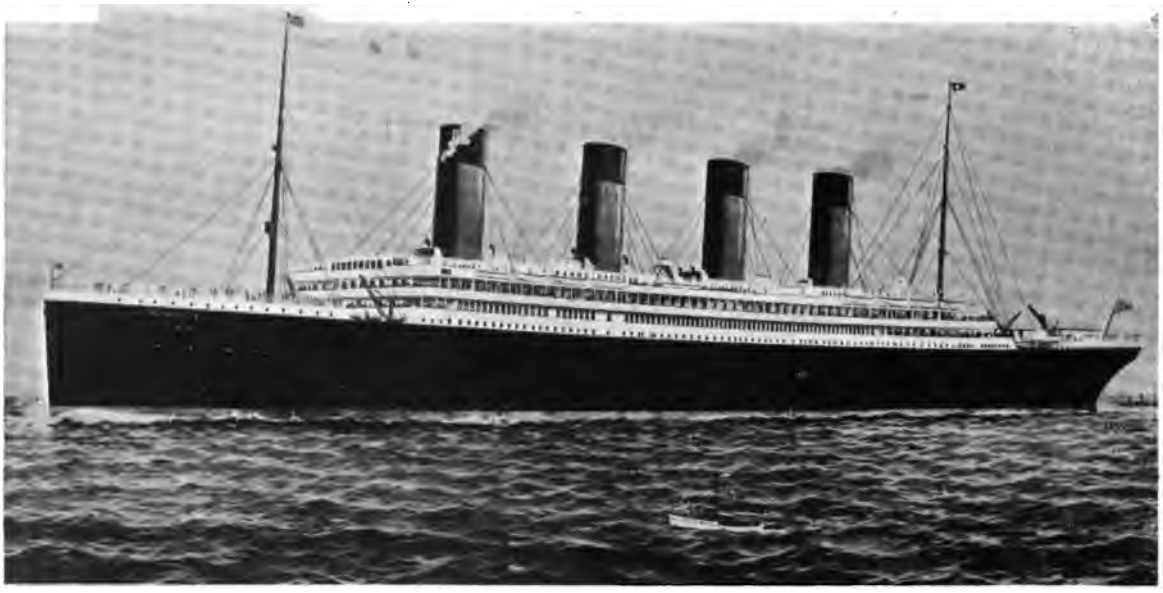

The "Olympic," the largest ship afloat. Newest ocean liner. Accommodations for 2,500 passengers. 882 feet, 6 inches in length. Eleven decks.

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The U. S. S. "Delaware," the most powerful and efficient war vessel at the coronation of King George, was especially commended for wonderful mechanical equipment by naval experts from all over the world.

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Typical Power Plant for Manufacturing Company. Interior of power plant of Dennison Manufacturing Company. Engines driving electric generators. Exhaust steam used for manufacturing purposes.

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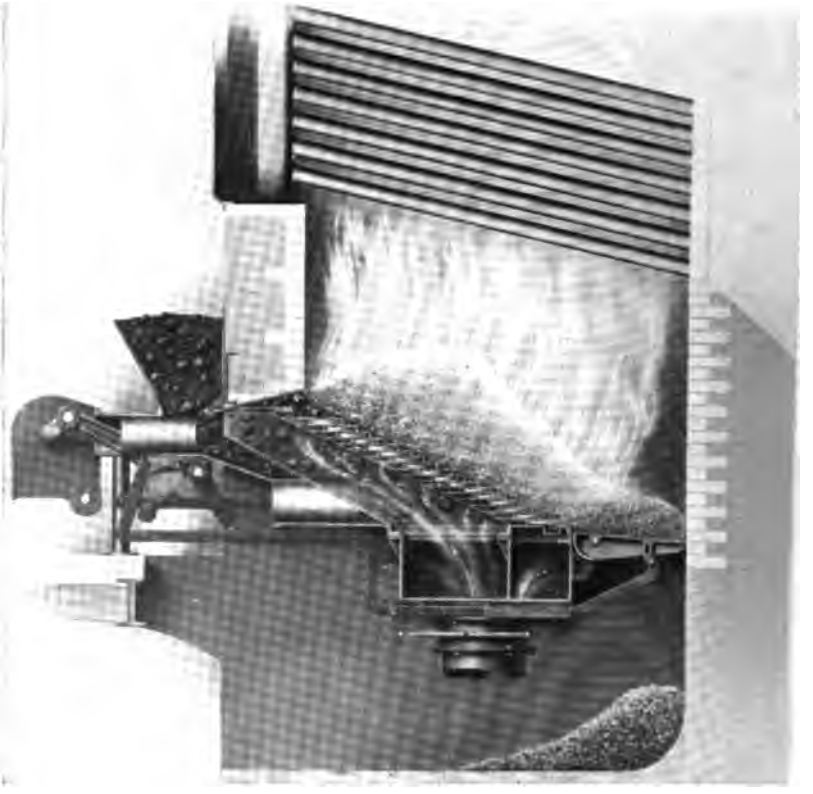

THE TAYLOR STOKER

A Mechanical Device for automatically supplying coal to boiler furnaces. With this type the great quantities of coal can be burned to produce the steam required by the largest city power stations. Smokeless. Low labor cost.

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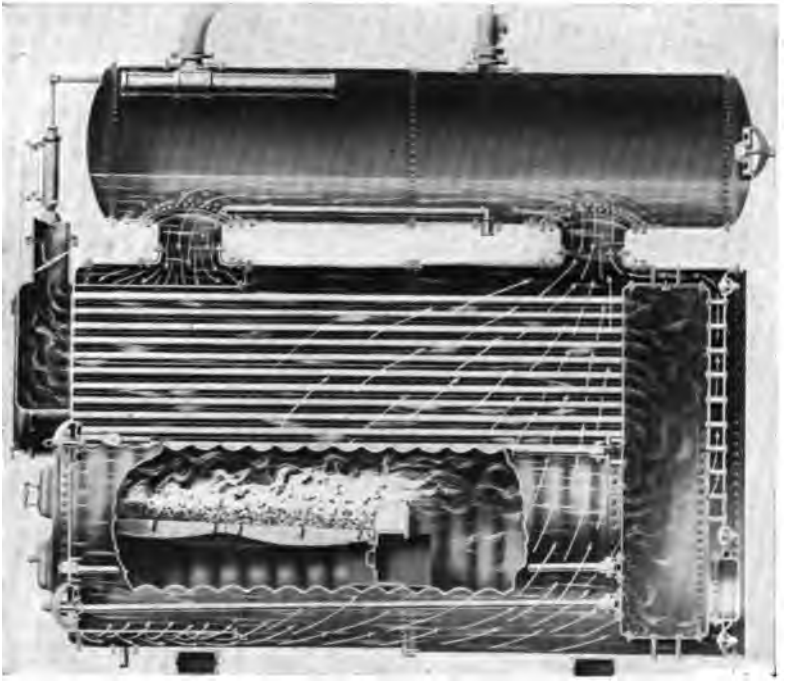

ROBB-BRADY SCOTCH BOILER

A modified form of the Standard Marine Type which is of High Efficiency. This modification reduces cost by eliminating expensive construction.

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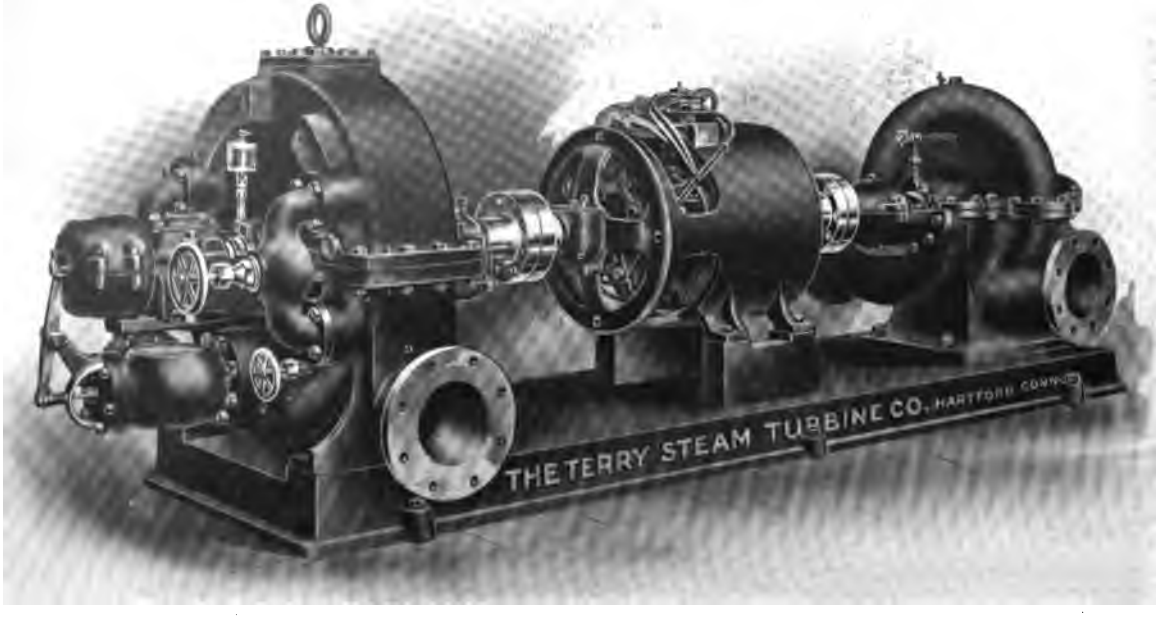

Terry Steam Turbine driving 30 K. W. Generator and an 8-inch Single-stage Centrifugal Pump. Either machine may be operated

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back and forth motion of the piston being changed to circular motion by the beam and connecting rod.

The ocean-going vessel soon outgrew the paddle wheel, adopting in its place the screw propeller, submerged at the stern. Of relatively small diameter, the propeller must revolve faster, so that the type of engine had to be changed to a small cylinder, high speed engine with higher pressure. The beam disappeared, for the circular motion was obtained by a crank and connecting rod. This type of engine is in use today, only it is larger and more powerful in every way. When an ocean liner needs much power, two or three sets of engines are used with two or three propellers.

Recent years have witnessed the adoption, to some extent, of the steam turbine which is of much higher speed than any engine. It is much simpler, because all the motion is rotary, eliminating the mechanism for changing from reciprocating. The steam does not push a piston; it strikes blades or buckets on the circumference of the wheels pushing them around with great velocity and power. The propeller is put on the turbine shaft, or the shaft extended to the stern of the boat. The turbine, however, does not eliminate the boilers, pumps, etc., it is simply another method of propelling the boat by steam.

Other kinds of service require special engines: the tug boat calls for a substantially-built, powerful engine of moderate speed, the torpedo boat and destroyers, and the steam yacht, take a light but strong, high-speed engine. For such boats the engine is, however, of essentially the same type as that for the liner.

Years ago, when the "Great Eastern" was put in commission people thought this great craft the largest possible to build. It seemed then as though nothing could ever surpass it in size. It was really too big for the time—too big for the docks; it was ahead of time. But the ocean giants of today are far larger than the "Great Eastern." Last June there occurred the first service trip of the largest ves-

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sel in the world, the "Olympic." Mere figures give no adequate idea of its size. It is over 800 feet long, a distance which has meaning when you think of it as one-sixth of a mile, or 330 feet longer than the Washington monument is high. Perhaps the knowledge that the "Olympic" has eleven decks, carries a crew of 850 and accommodates 2,500 passengers, will give an idea of its enormous size. Another fact easy to state but hard to grasp is that this vessel burns 800 tons of coal per 24 hours, or over 4,000 tons during the trip across.

The "Olympic" presents the most advanced marine engineering practice, and therefore is well worth considering from this view point. Instead of one engine, as in most steam boats, it has two triple expansion engines, four cylinders each, of 15,000 horse power, and one exhaust steam turbine of 16,000 horse power, making a total horse power of 46,000. This amount of power is necessary to move this enormous mass at a speed of 21 knots or about 26 miles per hour. The three screw propellers act together in going ahead, while for reversing, the turbine is cut out and the two reciprocating engines do the work. This arrangement solves one of the great problems connected with the turbine. It is a fact well known among engineers that the turbine is not easy to reverse, one reason why it has not been more generally adopted.

In any talk about engines, or in any explanation given when visiting a power plant the names of such parts as cylinder, valve, piston, condenser, boiler, pump, etc., are used frequently, in fact one must know in a general way what these names mean if any reasonably clear idea of engineering is to be had.

It has been said that a steam power plant, whether in the form of a 68-cent department store toy or a million dollar station, is a heat engine—a mechanism for converting stored energy in coal into mechanical work. In other words, the small power plant is like the large one, except

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that the latter has larger apparatus and more devices for economy. In its simplest form the power plant has the apparatus shown in the accompanying sketch.

THE BOILER

In the boiler the heat in the fuel is liberated by combustion and transferred to the water. To make the heating surface more effective, the hot gases are made to pass through many small tubes in the fire-tube type, or around water filled tubes in the water-tube type. The two types are about alike as to economy; the water-tube is safer, and steam can be raised more quickly. For this reason it is usually chosen for most electric light stations so that steam can be raised rapidly to meet the great demands, called "peak" loads.

THE ENGINE

It is the duty of the engine to transform the heat energy in the steam into power. By means of suitable valves, which are operated by the engine itself, steam is admitted to each end of the cylinder alternately, driving the piston back and forth. The back and forth motion, called the reciprocating motion, is changed into rotary motion by means of the connecting rod and crank which is on the shaft. As the steam is under great pressure, from 80 to 250 pounds per square inch, the force acting on the piston is enormous. After the steam has pushed the piston to one end of the cylinder, a valve opens and allows the steam to escape. This steam is called "exhaust" steam because it is at low pressure and much of its energy has been exhausted.

THE CONDENSER

In most power plants the exhaust steam is condensed; that is, the latent heat is taken from it by cooling. This changes it from a gas or vapor to a liquid (water). The great reduction in volume decreases the pressure against which the piston acts and consequently less steam is required to push the piston. The condenser is merely a shell

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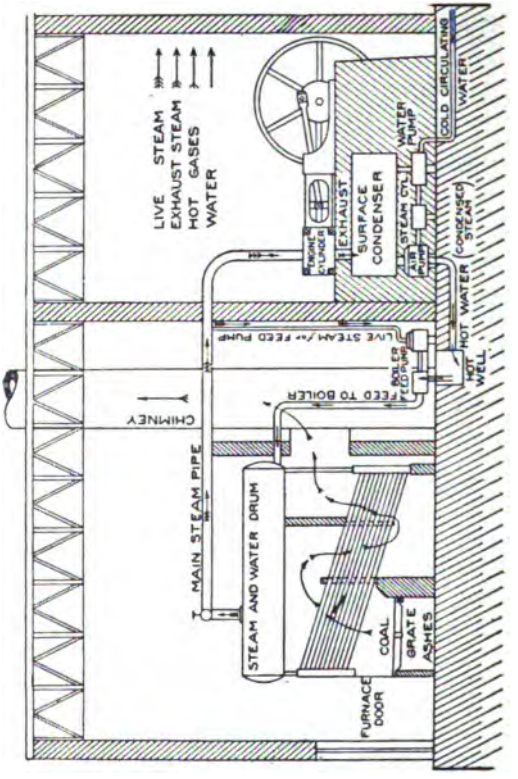

Steam Power Plant

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containing many small tubes. Cold water circulates within these tubes, and as the steam strikes the cold surface it is condensed.

An air pump sucks the condensed steam (water), and any air that may have been in the steam, from the condenser, and sends the water to the "hot well" which is simply a reservoir for storing hot water until it is delivered to the boiler.

THE FEED PUMP

As the pressure in the boiler is considerable, usually 150 pounds per square inch or more, there must be some means for forcing the feed water into the boiler. This is usually accomplished by a direct-acting pump which consists of two cylinders set in line, with a piston in each. The two pistons are fastened to the same rod, and steam pressure acting on one moves the water in contact with the other. By making the steam piston larger than the water piston, so that the total steam pressure will exceed the total water pressure, the pump easily forces the water against the pressure in the boiler.

PUMPING

In a large plant there is a network of pipes, but every one is an important part of the system. Some convey water and some carry steam. Of these pipes, the principal ones are: The Main Steam pipe which carries the live steam from the boiler to the engine cylinder; Auxiliary steam pipes to conduct steam to the feed pump and other auxiliaries; a Feed pipe through which the feed water goes to the boiler; and piping to connect the air pumps and the hot well.

The piping must be strong, to prevent bursting, as direct as possible, to reduce friction losses, and for steam, should be well covered, to prevent loss of heat by radiation.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS ON THE REQUIRED READING WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THE MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading, Pages 165-233)

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Latest Tendencies in Education

By Anna Garlin Spencer

Director of the School of Ethics; Member of the Faculty of the School of Philanthropy, New York City

THERE are three increasingly evident tendencies in education in the United States which may be called new. They are:

I. Vocational Training.
II. Supervised Recreation.
III. Moral Education.

In a very real sense, these three tendencies are all parts of one great movement of social uplift in the common life. The first of these tendencies is, of course, an inevitable response to the change in the industrial order which substitutes for the old handicraft and hand-machine work in the home, with its personal apprenticeship of learner to master, labor with a power-driven machine in a capitalized and specialized factory system. This new way of industry offers little chance for experience even to guide, much less train a beginner toward efficiency. Hence the need for early drill in manual dexterity in the school; and the later need for either a school attached to the shop, or a series of shop-processes attached to the school, to train children and youth for vocational choices that shall lead toward industrial success and give technique sufficient to make the first wage-earning step up the ladder toward easy self-support. This new function demanded of the school involves many problems. The most serious of these adheres in the question, "How can we give that equal opportunity in education to which potential citizens of a democratic state are entitled; how insure that common culture which all men and women should receive as preparation for a truly human life, and at the same time, gives to the children of the poorer parents, those who must begin wage-earning at from fourteen to sixteen years of age, that preliminary industrial training

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which can alone protect them against the present evils of child labor?" We can only hope to solve this problem by holding firmly on the one hand to that spiritual essence of democracy, the right of every child to receive an education "which shall show what he was meant to become," and on the other hand, clinging as firmly to practical effort to minister to the practical needs of children who must "get their working papers" as early as the law allows.

The second tendency, that toward supervised recreation, often called "the playground movement," is an extension of the kindergarten ideals into later education. It is an effort to make more morally safe and more truly cultural the leisure of children and youth. The combination of legal, social and educational forces to safeguard and help people of all ages, especially children and youth, in the right direction of the play instinct, is already strong and effective in many localities. The increasing provision for recreation-centers, park-playgrounds, vacation-camps, school-gardens, school-excursions, physical culture, dancing of all sorts and musical and dramatic entertainment at low prices, all attest this aim to offer facilities for a "good time" that shall neither lead to the saloon or the brothel (as do many dance halls of our great cities) or debauch the taste or lower the physical vitality. Many problems also inhere in this tendency toward supervised recreation; the pedagogical ones that are most difficult of solution being the answers to the question, "How shall we provide this type of prepared-for and regulated play, without lessening the initiative and vigor of invention of the child?" "How add public and private facilities for entertainment for the adult without lessening the attractions of the home, and the power of self-resourcefulness?"

The answer here requires an even balance between social needs and personal development.

The third tendency, that toward moral education of a definite and systematic type, is as yet directed by only a few leading educators. To be sure, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young,

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the President of the National Education Association, last year made moral education a chief feature of her administration of the affairs of that popular educational body. It is true also that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler said some time ago that "for over forty years in America education has been seen to be a process in the spiritual evolution of the race." It is true also that Herbart, far earlier, declared that an essential of education for all people is "an irrefragable foundation of morality." It is true, as well, that Froebel, and before him Pestalozzi, made the whole educational process a conscious effort at character development. And the "born teachers," the highly expert instructors of children and youth in every age, and under every system, have sought above all things else the "making of ye true man" and true woman of every pupil. We have, however, now reached a conscious period in the growth of educational ideals when we have the character aim more distinctly before us. We have reached also some social conditions in which the need for a more definite appeal to the moral consciousness of the child is perceived. The old unity of religious sanctions which could secure common ethical ideals, and give the strength of discipline in moral practice adequate for the average need, is gone. In our cosmopolitan population the church creeds divide, the family traditions separate, the social groupings differentiate, the vocations classify into economic differences, the "mother-tongues" suggest varying folk-lore and literature. There is but one unifying influence in the common life of America, and that is the tax-supported public schools. Here, if anywhere, some unity of ethical ideal and practice can be secured. It may be but a minimum of that rounded training in ideal purpose and in technique of conduct, which different people, in their differing ways, desire for their children's education. That minimum is most essential, however, for it is the one element of moral training which *all the people may hold in common, as that "irrefragable foundation of morality" on*

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which must be built the right ways of living together in a modern state. Hence many educators now feel that the one most important of all new movements in education is the development of a system of character-training suited to the needs of all the people in the United States, and so detached from special religious sanctions and creeds and forms of worship, that it may justly be installed in the public schools.

Dr. Felix Adler, assisted by those of like faith, years ago established the Ethical Culture School in New York City, with the conscious purpose of centering the whole school curriculum around systematic instruction in ethics. The graded courses of moral education in that school, reaching from the class next to the kindergarten, up through the high school, have a regular place on the school schedule and always have the service of expert teachers. These courses in ethics are not considered a substitute for, but rather as a complement of that character-training which is incident to school discipline. They also emphasize, instead of lessening, the demand of every good school for teachers of fine and noble personality, whose example and companionship are in themselves "a liberal education." They are considered as aiding in the development of the moral judgment, in the increase of moral idealism, and in the broadening and deepening of moral earnestness.

Mrs. Ella Lyman Cabot, whose book, "Every-day Ethics," has served so good a purpose, seems to pursue the same general plan in her teaching. Others, connected with public schools, have developed systems of instruction which have worked well in different schools.

In England, a great impetus was given the tendency toward moral education, of the definite type mentioned above, by an International Congress on Moral Education held in London in the year 1908. This Congress was initiated and managed by a Committee of the Union of Ethical Societies of England, an association which has for its object "To advocate the supreme importance of the knowledge,

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love and practice of the right." The American Ethical Union in this country, of which Dr. Felix Adler is the founder, has the same purpose, and both here and abroad the group of Ethical Leaders have been foremost in working toward ethics teaching as detached from religious creeds. When the Congress convened, however, among its delegates all differences of religious affiliation were lost sight of in the importance of the general subject, and the final outcome of the Congress was a Moral Instruction League of Great Britain, in which leading educators of every form of religious faith and of every sort of school connection joined on equal terms. The executive board governing this League has upon it "Church of England" men and women, and "non-conformists" of every type, educators of scientific turn, and representatives of the Ethical and the Positivist groups. All unite in the one intent to secure direct, systematic and effective moral education in both public and private schools, as an aid in character development. A second International Moral Education Congress is to be held in 1912, August 22 to 28, at the Hague. Preliminary programs may now be secured by writing to the Secretary of the Congress, The Hague, Bilderdijkstraat, 78.

In this country special effort has been made to extend this independent type of moral instruction through the "School of Ethics," held for the last four years at Madison, Wisconsin, in connection with the summer session of the State University of Wisconsin. As an outgrowth of this work, the teachers of Wisconsin have united in a Moral Instruction League for comparative study of the problems involved and for aid to one another in the work. Also, an "Ethics Club" has been started in the University with a view to fixing attention upon the right life as the supreme aim of culture. Also the Professor of Ethics in the University, Prof. Sharp, is collaborating with Dr. Henry Neumann, one of the most important members of the faculty of the School of Ethics, in the preparation of a Manual of Ethics Teaching for High School use.

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A close connection has been made during the current year between the Moral Instruction League of Great Britain and the School of Ethics in the United States, through a visit of Mr. Gould, the official Demonstrator of the League, to this country, under the auspices of the American Ethical Union, which maintains the School of Ethics. Mr. Gould's method is to teach a class of children between the ages of nine and fourteen years, in the presence of adults, who discuss with him the material, methods and general plan after the children are dismissed. We have had many lectures about Moral Instruction. This visit of Mr. Gould gave the first large opportunity our American teachers have had to see how an expert does it. Mr. Gould gave demonstration lessons at various Normal Schools in New England, the Middle States, and the West; and, in addition to his extended course at Madison, Wisconsin, met many teachers at the University of New York and at Teachers' College, Columbia University, as well as at the Chautauqua Assembly in New York. Everywhere teachers and parents greeted with profound interest and real gratitude this contribution of an experienced teacher, a past-master in the art of interesting and instructing children, to the technique of ethics teaching. Mr. Gould showed how unerringly children respond to appeals to high motives, to noble examples, to heroic deeds, to unselfish service, by the use of stories illustrating that which we should like the children to be and to do.

Mr. Gould and the officers of the Moral Instruction League of Great Britain and those in this country (including especially the management of the American Ethical Union) who are particularly interested in the extension of education along this line, have a common belief leading to a common aim and method. They believe that below all differences of moral judgment growing out of differences in religious doctrines, there is a common sensitiveness to moral appeal, a common capacity to admire love and truth

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and justice and unselfish service and high honor and fine action; that that common basis is "the irrefragable foundation of morality" that Herbart speaks of, and may be used to aid mightily in the development of strong and noble character in the average life. Their one aim is to help practical teachers work out a method and content of teaching which shall give definite and systematic aid of the sort indicated. Their technique, in so far as such teachers as Dr. Felix Adler, Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott, Dr. Neumann and others have worked it out, is that which brings to consciousness in the child the latent passion for excellence, which gives examples of nobleness for the child's memory to treasure, which emphasizes the ethical content of all studies yet gives a special and honored place in the curriculum to ethics lessons in which the sole aim is to inspire and lead toward the higher exercises of the spiritual nature, as that is shown in the love for and practice of the right.

From the Headquarters of the Moral Instruction League of Great Britain, No. 6, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W. C., can be obtained most valuable literature (among the rest, manuals of instruction by Mr. Gould and others), by addressing the Secretary, Mr. Harrold Johnson. In this country, the Headquarters of the American Ethical Union, 1415 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. S. Burns Weston, Secretary, furnishes important books and pamphlets including the regular publication of the Union, "Ethical Addresses and Record," containing suggestive sample lessons such as are given in the New York Ethical Culture School and elsewhere, under the auspices of local Ethical Societies, and including also "The International Journal of Ethics."

The movement for definite, systematic moral teaching is already started. To serve well the great social needs of our country, it must be kept free from all religious monopoly and held true to the universal moral instincts and ethical capacities of the common life. These are secured as an inheritance to all the children of men by "the Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness," the Power that

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knows no stepchildren of any race but "hath made of one blood all the nations of the world," and calls all spirits upward toward a common altar of the true, the beautiful and the good.

Our Message*

CLARA M. MUNROE

"Love never faileth."

I walked one day, in the sunset's glory,
To see if a message for you I could find,
But each fleecy cloud told me just the same story,
That God is Love, and Love is kind.

I wandered down thro' the cool, green meadow:
The flowers looked up 'neath their bonnets of blue,
And whispered "Go tell them in sunshine and shadow
God is Love, and Love is true."

I rambled on to the great, gray ocean,
Which bears on its bosom white, fluttering sails.
"Tell me," I cried, "of strength and devotion!"
But I heard, "God is Love, and Love never fails."

At night I read in the starry heaven
The same sweet lesson I learned by day:
God is Love, and to you He hath given
A treasure that fadeth not away.

*Read at the Vigil of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1911. See Round Table.

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The following extracts are from a "notice" which was published in the Edinburgh *Review* of April, 1807, and is an amusing commentary on an amusing volume entitled

The Stranger in America: containing Observations made during a Long Residence in that Country, on the Genius, Manners, and Customs of the People of the United States; with Biographical Particulars of Public Characters; Hints and Facts relative to the Arts, Sciences, Commerce, Agriculture, Manufactures, Emigration, and the Slave Trade. By Charles William Janson, Esq., late of the State of Rhode Island, Counsellor at Law. 4to. pp. 500. London. Cundee. 1807.

This large and most ill arranged volume contains, apparently, whatever Mr Janson could recollect of America, aided in his memory a few notes and memorandums. . . . It is indeed a most hasty performance; by a person neither accustomed to laborious composition, nor qualified to write without labor; neither capable of selecting his materials, nor of arranging them, and not very eminent in that acuteness, which enables a man well to observe, or profitably to reflect, on what he has witnessed.

A vast mass of anecdotes, facts, declamations, pictures, annotations from noted works, excerpts from unknown books, songs and other verses, newspaper advertisements, and many other articles, are thrown together by a sort of manual exertion, then made into chapters by the same kind of labor, adorned with preface, index, and title pages; and then advertised for sale. In all this the hand is more employed than the head; and the reader's mental fatigue is perhaps nearly equal to the author's. . . .

Mr Janson left England in a very incommodious merchant vessel, commanded by a captain who treated him ill. and kept him nearly the whole voyage on short allowance;

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and filled with passengers, for whom he seems to have contracted no great degree of friendship. The voyage presented nothing remarkable, except the visit of a French privateer, and a squall. The former occurrence threw our author into a violent passion; the latter gave him a great fright. The behavior of the captain, too, kept him in constant bad humor; and one of the passengers, an American, provoked him, by showing a dislike of England; and Bob, the cook-boy, comported himself rudely;—all which irritations had so visible an effect on Mr Janson that he obtained the appellation of the "Grumbler," a name which, for the temper of his whole remarks on America, and indeed on everything he discusses, we must admit to be sufficiently applicable to him, both on shore and at sea. . . .

In this frame of mind, however, Mr Janson arrived at Boston. He was presently shocked with the vulgarity of the people, and teazed by their familiar way of treating him, and by their perpetual interrogatories. He next suffered from the excessive civilities of his hosts and hostesses, from the heat and the climate, and "that aggravating and poisonous insect," the mosquito. . . . The heat drives him from Boston to New London, which he marvels at finding much smaller than the old city of that name. Mention is here made of two different lobsters, one, upon which ten hungry men supped, and left enough for an eleventh; another, on which seven persons dined, yet left sufficient to satisfy a hungry man. . . .

At this point of the narrative is introduced a curious account of the adventures which befel three of Charles the First's judges, Generals Goffe and Whalley, and Colonel Dixwell. They took refuge in Connecticut and wandered from place to place over other parts of New England, remaining in concealment for many years—the two former frequently in caves and woods; the latter, by changing his name and getting into a crowd of society. Their story forms one of the oldest and most interesting of the New

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England traditions; and our thanks are due to Mr Janson for inserting several particulars, from what he heard and from some American publications on the subject. . . .

The following anecdote is in Mr Janson's own words.

"During their abode at Hadley, the most famous and memorable Indian war of New England took place. This was called King Philip's war. . . . All of the new frontier towns of New England were attacked, and Hadley was then exposed as a place of that description. The time the savages fixed upon to make the assault was while the inhabitants were assembled in the meeting-house to observe a fast-day; but fortunately it had been some time the custom for the men to attend public workship armed. Had the town been taken, the discovery of Whalley and Goffe would have been inevitable. The men took up their arms and attempted a defence, but were soon thrown into confusion, when (as is related to this day) a stranger suddenly appeared among them, of venerable aspect, and different in his apparel from the inhabitants, who rallied, and disposing them in the best military manner led them to the charge, routed the Indians, and saved the town. In the moment of the victory their deliverer vanished. The inhabitants, unable to account for the phenomenon, believed that they had been commanded by an angel sent from heaven for their protection.

"This supposed angel was Goffe, who never before ventured from his concealment. . . ."

During his stay in New York, Mr Janson collected a number of notes on that city; but, on comparing them with those which he afterwards collected at Philadelphia, he was induced to suppress much of them because "the preference of the latter city in beauty, regularity, architecture, and improvement," is so decided. . . .

"In November, in each year, there are horse races in the capital of America. . . .

"Here I witnessed a scene perfectly novel. I have been at the races of Newmarket, Epsom, York, in short I have seen, for aught I know to the contrary, one hundred thousand pounds won and lost in a single day in England. On coming up to an enclosed ground, a quarter of a dollar was demanded for my admission. Rather than turn back, though no sportsman, I submitted. Four-weeled carriages paid one dollar, and half that sum was exacted for the most miserable single-horse chaise. Though the day was raw, cold, and threatening to rain or snow there were abundance of ladies, decorated as if for a ball. In this year (1803) Congress was summoned very early by President Jefferson, upon a contemplated purchase of Louisiana and to pass a bill in order to facilitate his election again, as President. Many scores of American legislators, who are all allowed six dollars a day, besides their traveling expenses, went on *foot* from the capital, about four English miles,

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to attend the sport. Nay, it is an indisputable fact that the Houses of Congress adjourned at a very early hour to indulge the members for this purpose. It rained during the course—thus the lawmakers of the country were driven into the booths, and thereby compelled to eat and pay for what was there called a dinner, while their contemplated meal remained untouched at their respective boarding-houses. Economy is the order of the day in the Jeffersonian administration of that country, and the members pretend to avail themselves of it, even in their personal expenses.

* * *

. . . The poetry of Dr. Dwight, for example, is evidently the growth of the country where only the coarser sorts of industry yet flourish. We extract the following lines as a sample.

"Say, muse indignant! whose the hand
That hurled the conflagrative brand,
A foe to human feelings born.
And of each future age the scorn;
TYRON achieved the deed malign,
TYRON, the name of every sin.
Hell's basest fiends the flame surveyed,
And smiled to see destruction spread;
While Satan, blushing deep, looked on,
And Infamy disown'd her son."

Mr. Fessenden, we are told, is the "Hudibras of America" and the following are a few of the neat and pointed lines, quoted by our author from that great man's lays:

"Few good and great men can be nam'd
Your scoundrelship has not defam'd;
And scarce a rogue who ought to hang
Who is not number'd with your gang.

Dost thou remember much about a
Droll 'scape of thine once at Calcutta;
When erst invited to a breakfast,
In noose you nigh had got your neck fast?"

. . . The only notice of American painters contained in this book is that of Mr. Peale and his family. They are all artists, and all named after eminent painters. We have Mr. Rembrandt Peale and Mr. Titian Peale. Mr. Titian is "a celebrated portrait painter," and he showed our author portraits of several public characters, "which he immediately recognized." This art, therefore, whatever

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some people may think, *has* made a certain progress in America. With the writers of the New World we are rather better acquainted; but the works of Dr. Ezra Stiles, president of Yale College, are not sufficiently known and prized in this country. His book on the "History of the Three Judges," formerly alluded to, seems in every way deserving of notice.

The Vesper Hour*

Under the Direction of Chancellor John H. Vincent

Baccalaureate Sermon

Delivered to the C. L. S. C. Class of 1911, at Chautauqua, N. Y., on August 13, 1911, by Chancellor John H. Vincent

THE text to which I call your attention at this time is recorded in the prophecy of Hosea in the third verse of the sixth chapter: "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord."

When Hosea said this, he was not delivering an address to students nor to scholars. We need not now study the local situation which made these words appropriate. They express a great truth, as valuable to us as to the ancient people to whom they were written.

A thoroughly religious life increases intellectual power. Perseverance in the study of the divine character and the divine will yields knowledge and insight and develops personal force. The man or woman—the student, old or young—will by "following on to know the Lord" necessarily gain intellectual insight and vigor.

"If we follow on to know:" to know, to aim at knowing, to follow on with purpose and with persistency of purpose—reading, hearing, investigating, thinking, discussing, experi-

*The Vesper Hour continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

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menting; it is only this way of earnest endeavor and resolve that we can know the hidden things, the radical and essential things of the spiritual world and the spiritual life.

"Follow on to know" is a great deal more than becoming for the nonce interested in a topic. It involves the habit of experimentation for profitable, edifying personal experience and character. "He that doeth shall know," said the Great Teacher. It is only when one's executive faculties attempt to *do*—to put what they know into conduct—that the intellectual forces are at their best. To drop for the nonce the puzzling problems that bewilder the interest and to *do the deed* of expression, of help, of service, of self-denial, of fidelity to a disagreeable duty—this is usually to find the problem solved.

It is "following on to know" that finally finds the secret of personal power, for it is "following on to know" that gains scholarship—the increase of learning, the gift of master-ship, the will-power that guarantees mental concentration, persisting in holding to a line of thought, the solving of problems, the dissolving of fields and mountains of ice and all barriers in the realm of research and endeavor —and that resists temptation and that unlocks the door of the most sacred inner life.

It is thus that a really religious life—a thoughtful, steady, faithful, religious and church life—promotes intellectual discipline. It may be as valuable as mathematical, linguistic and scientific studies in the promotion of a personal training worthy of being called an education. Look at that for a moment. Consider the intellectual activity and breadth required by one who thinks much about God—his existence, his infinity, his character, his activity in this vast universe and in the reaches of the centuries. How the effort to grasp the idea of God expands all the powers of the soul; commanding self-control, fixed and persistent attention, intensity of interest, eagerness to know, to understand, to realize God. How the problems that are started

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in one's soul at the thought of an Infinite Deity kindle wonder and desire to stimulate the imagination and arouse the will force.

Thus prayer—intelligent, earnest, absorbing, fervent, believing prayer is intellectual *praxis* equal to and in some respects having an advantage over mathematical and linguistic studies. When one with closed eyes aims and persistently endeavors for a time every day to apprehend and to realize the presence here and now of the infinite and eternal God and to open converse with him who is omniscient, omnipotent, all-wise—and who is LOVE—how *can* it be other than stimulating and invigorating to all the faculties of the personality. Secret prayer to the God of the Old and New Testament is a means of mental discipline and expansion incomparably greater and more valuable than any other form of psychological activity. Of course it is not a substitute for any other normal process of intellectual endeavor—but it commands and stimulates all the faculties and gives added value to every form of scientific, literary, sociological and religious thought.

Then there is the wonderful power of unconscious cerebration. Everyone is thinking all the time. The brain is always busy. The more one puts into his memory the greater the quantity and the greater the variety of activity. The more one develops symmetry and self-control and the deliberate direction of the current of thought always operating, the richer the results when one uses pen or tongue for expressing his wish, will or conviction.

What a pity, seeing that the mental mill is always in action, not to control the activities of "unconscious cerebration" and keep in hopper and bin an abundant supply of material—facts and ideals—that one's brain may be doing sane and useful work even when he rests or sleeps.

Blessed are the people and blessed the church whose pastor is always intent on making thinkers of his hearers—stimulating them by sermons that take hold of them, by

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books and papers that he scatters, by habits of home reading and conversation that he forms or fosters, so that they are eager to hear what he says in the pulpit and to read the literature which his ingenuity and intense earnestness scatter through the homes of his parish. The children of the pastor's fold stay longer in the public school than was the custom before he came, and more of them go to college because of his personal influence, example and appeals. And this is a very important part of his ministry as the pastor of a church.

A really thorough religious life contributes to intellectual discipline and enrichment. What we call "education" embraces the self-discipline which makes possible, at will, intellectual concentration—personal thinking—protracted and undisturbed—by which one may see through a subject and discover its relations and possible applications to life. A trained intellect applies the will force to the extension of research, the testing of theories, the removal of difficulties, the devising of policies. It is able to persist in its scrutiny, judge justly concerning incidental suggestions and appearance, and carry to the end of its application every principle involved in the investigation it has undertaken. All these fine intellectual results follow the habit of conscientious religious reflection and devotion.

Religious life includes intellectual life and growth. Intelligent and continued attention to the invisible and eternal realities which are involved in the act of prayer must promote mental as well as spiritual power. There is no intellectual discipline more effective than prayer. The vastness of the invisible world which the true worshipper must recognize and about which he must think while he prays necessarily expands the intellect. Prayer may be a better intellectual stimulus than mathematics or any branch of science.

Far more vast and inspiring than the sweep of space or the multitudinous worlds that occupy it is the thought of the Infinite Wisdom and Power and Love of Him who

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dwells in the high and holy place and who at the same time loves to tabernacle in the humble soul of the devout, gentle, and obedient disciple of Christ. As the sun may be mirrored in a dew drop, Christ may dwell in a child's heart and make it both glad and strong. A genuine religious life promotes concentration of thought, strong resolve, persistent endeavor. It leads to increasingly wide and varied fields of reading, observation, and conversation. It creates an interest in politics, local and general, in civilization—the civilization of today, the world over, in invention, in scientific discoveries, in commerce, in all forms and departments of education. If the figure and the picture in the New Testament of the Judgment Day should be literally fulfilled, and if it should happen on the morning of election day, see to it that your vote has been cast before the horn of Gabriel sounds its summons. I have no patience with the piety which disregards the responsibilities of life.

You are living now in eternity. This is eternity. Don't be afraid of it. Live as befits it. Live to enrich it. Live to enjoy it. Transact your business in shop, mill, bank, field, forest, ship's deck, deepest coal or iron mine, kitchen, parlor, on excursion train or at a royal dinner table—have "a good time"—a time of gratitude for this world of beauty and opportunity. Whatever you are, wherever you are, be at your human best with God's life in your veins, God's light in your eyes, God's love in your heart and God's gracious guidance in all your ways. Then Gabriel's trumpet will be music to you, celestial music, an announcement of the open gate and the outstretched hand of welcome and a crown of gladness and a waving palm of victory.

And then all the problem will be solved—and well solved. And if you have really accepted God's gracious offers and feel at home with Him where you belong, you will enjoy Him. And if you don't enjoy Him His home would be a prison to you, the air stifling, the music harsh and repelling and the company uncongenial. Heaven to you

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would be Hell; and your Hell, a relief from the agonies of Heaven created by an atmosphere you never cared to breathe on earth and could not breathe easily in Eternity. God loves you too well to give you a place in Heaven. It would be torture to you as earnest religious services are to you here on earth. He will do the best he can for you. It may be that the best will be darkness and loneliness and disappointment and memories. But don't console yourselves with the thought of Eternity by supposing that Heaven with its clear atmosphere, its radiant light, its sweet music that only reverent love can make and only reverent love appreciate, and its royal fellowship, would be anything else than torture to you. What you do not care for here you could not care for there. Whatever Heaven may be to a soul prepared for it by the practice of the heavenly life on earth, you may be very sure that it will not be yours if its Christ be a stranger to you and by you here neglected. God pities you too much to compel you to breathe an atmosphere you have refused to prepare for. He will in love—the love of pity assign you to your own place—the place you have chosen and practiced for and for which you have been well fitted.

Just what heaven may be in the literal details of it, I do not know. No one knows. The heaven of Christ and his saints will have an atmosphere in which only those prepared for it can breathe—to others it would be torture; a force of spirit which only those who have received it and learned to live by it can possess—to others it would be stifling. All we know about heaven is what this Word of God tells us. All our hope for it is based on what that Word says.

No, I am not following my preference and finding pleasure in these sad words. I am suppressing the selfish hunger of my heart in saying what I do. But I am God's messenger —an unworthy one, I know—but I am not optimistic beyond the optimism of Christ. I think it is dangerous to live in this world or any other world without intelligent deliberate

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and resolute love for the service of Christ. And all that I know about the future is what he said. And I say to you: Read all that he said about the future. But if I were you I certainly should not give hope where he did not give hope, nor hold up moral, spiritual and celestial standards for the testing of character which his own teachings do not justify. The most dangerous thing in this world is a positive but unwarranted optimism. And if I at all understand the tone, the spirit, the language of Jesus Christ I am compelled to declare that my only hope for the human soul in the future life is based on the teachings of Jesus Christ, who is to my faith the Alpha and Omega of this revelation, the Corner Stone of the Christian Faith, the positive and trustworthy Revealer of the possibilities of the future. In all the literature of the centuries we find no one, no name, no theory worthy of a moment's consideration as a substitute for Jesus the Christ.

And concerning the unenlightened individuals who never having heard of him have accepted with heart, conscience and will the highest conception their own religious faith has given to them, I have confidence to believe that they will open their eyes in the Eternal City of God to recognize (and that with rapture) in Jesus Christ the real representative of the faith they fostered and the righteousness to which they surrendered. And as they look upon Christ they will see in him the Glorious Reality to whose faint shadow in their more limited sphere they gave allegiance.

To the Representatives of the Class of 1911: Greeting and benediction:

You commemorate in your name—the Longfellow Class—one of our most distinguished Americans and you take from his pen your keynote in the motto of your class: "Act, act in the living present."

It is indeed in the "living present" you live. The age is alive with large conceptions of the significance of life, in our own great continent, and in the two great countries you represent: England and America.

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It is in America and England we are to look for noble ideas of freedom, intelligence, political responsibility and an aggressive Christian civilization. We represent in the Dominion and the Republic different forms of government but we alike represent the freedom of the individual, the right of all men of all classes to the most thorough education; the necessity of righteousness in the individual citizen; of the thorough education of our children and youth in the great principles at the foundation of both governments: faith in God, good will to men, education for all people to whom God has given the power to acquire knowledge, and the cultivation of all classes of the people in the qualities that make for intelligence, personal responsibility, reverence, kindness, and co-operating endeavor as citizens (Christians and Hebrews), that we may illustrate to the rest of the world how possible are justice, righteousness, good neighborship and the noblest type of education and of reverent faith notwithstanding differences in opinion, in blood, in national antecedents and in religion.

Let us be magnanimous. Let us cultivate the noblest type of charity, racial, religious, political, and dedicate ourselves this golden summer day to the largest, noblest, most generous type of life the race has ever dreamed of and the gracious God has ever made possible to his children. Be wise in all aggressive movements, but never be *satisfied* with any advance ground we have been able to occupy; but every day *look up* and *look ahead* a little beyond the forelook and the uplook of the day before.

To this breadth of vision and largeness of life and nobility of personality I exhort the members of the Longfellow Class on this day of your graduation and close my appeal in the language of your own class motto: "Act, act in the living present."

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ODE OF THE CLASS OF '11

Fair Chautauqua, thou dream of the faithful
  Who follow the pathway divine,
We come with devotion to offer
  Our tribute of love at thy shrine.
From our homes on the shores of Atlantic,
  From the land of the palm and the pine,
From the prairie to peaceful Pacific,
  We bring fairest laurels to twine.

Chorus—
We belong to the Class of Eleven!
We belong to the Class of Eleven!
With Chautauqua salute now be given
Three cheers for the Class of Eleven!

Four years of devotion to learning,
  The goal ever shining in view,
Four years, with persistent endeavor
  We've sought every task to pursue;
Knowing well that each step in our progress
  Makes us stronger to dare and to do,
Let us fare ever onward and upward
  Till the last Golden Gate is passed thro'.

Chorus—
Then three cheers for the Class of Eleven!
Then three cheers for the Class of Eleven!
With hand, heart and voice be it given—
Three cheers for the Class of Eleven!

CLARA MARBEE MUNROE, Fall River, Mass.

1911 AT CHAUTAUQUA

1911 has passed the Golden Gate. It happened on a day of brilliant sky and amid singing and applause and flowers. The Elevens were escorted by representatives of all the graduate and undergraduate classes marching under their fluttering banners, by flower girls, and by the band. After the Recognition by Chancellor Vincent in the Hall of

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Philosophy the procession moved to the Amphitheater and listened to a stirring address on "The Larger Selfishness," by President George E. Vincent. In the afternoon they received their diplomas at the hands of Bishop Vincent, and in the evening they went in a body to the Alumni Banquet at the Hotel Athenaeum. President Vincent was toastmaster and responses were made by Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, president of the Society of the Hall in the Grove, Miss Kate F. Kimball, executive secretary of the C. L. S. C., Mrs. Mabell S. C. Smith, assistant editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Dr. George Hodges, Dean of the Lawrence Theological School, Miss Mary Merington, president of the Class of 1911, and Prof. S. C. Schmucker, honorary president of 1908.

The dinner was the culmination of 1911's season's activities which were always pleasant and as varied as might be expected from the originality of Miss Merington, who is always resourceful. One of them was a "Recognition" of a member of the class who could not stay for Recognition Day. His diploma was given him in private by Chancellor Vincent, but his classmates held a humorous service for his benefit, making human arches of themselves for him to pass under. 1911 was given a reception in Alumni Hall by all the other classes, and it, in its turn, received the C. L. S. C. world on the evening before Recognition Day, when it occupied the place of honor in Alumni Hall, while the other classes received in their own rooms.

The class thought itself uncommonly fortunate in having its baccalaureate sermon preached by Chancellor Vincent, who took for his theme, "Follow on to know the Lord." The vigil on Sunday evening was a beautifully symbolic ceremony, and was conducted by Dr. Hurlbut.

The personnel of the Class included some interesting people. Miss Merington, the president, enthusiastic in all her undertakings, for many years the president of the Outlook Club, has been a leader whom her classmates loved to

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follow. Mr. Elias D. Smith, author of a poem which appeared in a recent Round Table, is a traveler who has visited unfrequented places and 1911 spent one pleasant afternoon listening to an account of his journey to South Africa. Miss Jane Judge, society editor of the Savannah Morning News and former editor of The Chautauquan Daily, is another member of the class, as is Miss Phoebe Elliott, also of Savannah, who has conducted the Chautauqua Sunday School Kindergarten for several years. Mrs. Clara Monroe of Massachusetts wrote the Ode which leads the Round Table of this issue, and Mr. L. L. Campbell, one of the vice-presidents, is a professor at Simmons College, Boston.

CLASS POEM OF THE "LONGFELLOW CLASS" OF 1911.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
  Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

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Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

GRADUATES OF OTHER CLASSES

The graduates of previous years who go through the Golden Gate and receive diplomas each season at Chautauqua always are a group as enthusiastic as the graduates of the year, sometimes with increased eagerness because their Recognition has been long delayed. This year the Pioneers of 1882 were represented by one member, the second class, the 1883's by four, and with five exceptions, the classes of every succeeding year.

NEW TABLETS

On Recognition Day the Classes of 1886, 1907, and 1912, participated in the dedication of their mosaic tablets. Each class contributes one of these tablets to the decoration of the floor of the Hall of Philosophy. The tablets contain the name, date, and emblem of the class.

RALLYING DAY

"This is C. L. S. C. Rallying Day," said President George E. Vincent in opening the meeting on Saturday, July 29, when some 1,500 people gathered in the Amphitheater to listen to the plans for the Reading Course for the coming year. "We are here to think upon the Chautau-

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qua Literary and Scientific Circle, to think upon the definite plan which originated in 1878 and which has since that time interested hundreds of thousands of people, and which has given rise to similar undertakings in several foreign countries." After outlining the material of the American Year, Mr. Vincent introduced Mrs. Mabell S. C. Smith, assistant editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, who spoke briefly upon the opportunity opened by the course for community as well as individual broadening. Prof. A. W. Gilbert of Cornell University, president of the new C. L. S. C. Class of 1915, dwelt on the universal appeal of the course. Miss Merington, president of the graduating class, praised the C. L. S. C. as a potent though quiet factor in bringing about fellowship and good feeling between England and America. Mr. Arthur E. Bestor, director of Chautauqua Institution, urged his hearers to read what was worth while and not fill their minds with useless rubbish. Miss Kate F. Kimball, executive secretary of the C. L. S. C., expressed herself as having brought back from her English trip, which resulted so pleasantly for the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN in the series on "English Cathedrals," a renewed love of her own country and a renewed appreciation of the growing friendliness between it and Great Britain. Mr. Frank Chapin Bray, managing editor of the Chautauqua Press, recalled Dr. G. Stanley Hall's interest in the fact that over one third of the C. L. S. C. readers have been over thirty years old, and quoted the result of the latest scientific investigation which has shown that 64 per cent of the greatest work of 400 of the world's greatest men was done after their sixtieth year had been passed. The meeting closed by the offering of greetings from the British National Home Reading Union brought by Miss Kate Stevens, an Englishwoman whose occasional visits to Chautauqua give especial pleasure to the large audiences that always greet her.

Forty-eight delegates were registered at the C. L. S. C. office this year. In the afternoon of Rallying Day the cus-

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tomary reception in the Hall of Philosophy brought together delegates and members who grouped themselves by states and sections and received their friends with cordiality.

1911's BELONGINGS

The banner of the Longfellow Class is of white, bearing a figure of the youthful Hiawatha framed in sprays of chestnut. The name of the class and its motto, "Act,—act in the living present," are also displayed against the snowy background. One of the officers of the class gave for the decoration of the Class Room a framed picture of Longfellow's house in Cambridge, and another officer a large portrait of Longfellow.

ROUND TABLE AND COUNCILS

C. L. S. C. readers always look forward with pleasant anticipation to the Round Tables and Councils where subjects connected in some way with the year gone by or the year to come are presented in informal fashion. The Councils, in addition, give opportunity for discussion of problems connected with circle work and management. As last year, all these meetings were held in the Hall of Philosophy, the Round Tables on Friday afternoons throughout the season and the Councils five times a week from Rallying Day to the end of Recognition Week. Linking last season's topics with the coming season's "Twentieth Century American," an Englishman's views of America, Miss Kate F. Kimball gave at the first Round Table a delightful paper entitled "Among English Cathedrals." It sketched with charm and humor some of her experiences in preparing her English Cathedral series in THE CHAUTAUQUAN of 1910-11. The August issue of the magazine being given over to a Reading Journey through Mexico, of especial timeliness in view of the recent upheaval, Mr. E. H. Blichfeldt, the author of the Reading Journey and

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the assistant managing editor of the Chautauqua Press, spoke at the second Round Table hour on "Our Southern Neighbor, Mexico," making clear the characteristics of the people and the importance to us of intelligent knowledge of them.

At a Federation of Women's Clubs meeting in Pennsylvania a year ago, Mr. Charles Zueblin, with his usual energy, pronounced W. Allen Smith's "The Spirit of American Government," to be "one of the best books ever written," so it was not surprising that he should have given it a rousing review at the third Friday hour. It was a piece of special good fortune for C. L. S. C. readers that the author of "Materials and Methods of Fiction," Mr. Clayton Hamilton, should have been on the grounds this summer, lecturing in the Summer Schools and on the platform. The opportunity to do with him work preparatory to that of the winter's campaign was one of which Circle leaders gladly availed themselves. Mr. Hamilton's Round Table talk on "How to Get the Most Enjoyment Out of Fiction" was delivered with a spontaneity that was pleasant in itself. Prof. Frank C. Lockwood of Allegheny College at a later Round Table took up Mr. Hamilton's book in considerable detail, giving specific suggestions for supplementary reading in connection with its study. At one of the Councils Mr. Charles E. Rhodes of Buffalo, a member of the English faculty of the Chautauqua Summer Schools, made a careful analysis of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and at still another mid-day meeting Mr. Percy H. Boynton, Secretary of Instruction of Chautauqua Institution, discussed the Problem Novel. These reinforcements of the literary side of the coming year, which includes not only Mr. Hamilton's book but also Mr. Benjamin A. Heydrick's series, "As We See Ourselves," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, were of marked educational value as well as of great present interest.

At the platform meeting on the afternoon of Recognition Day, Mr. Arthur E. Bestor, Director of Chautauqua

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Hall of Philosophy Tablets Dedicated in 1911

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Class of 1911. In the center of the front row are Chancellor Vincent, Miss Kimball, Executive Secretary of the C. L. S. C., and Miss Merington, president of the class

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1911's Banner

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Memorial Bible

Mr. Rhodes

Mrs. Compton

Mr. Robertson

Three of the Council Speakers

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Institution and an authority on history and political economy, reviewed H. Perry Robinson's "Twentieth Century American." Its treatment of the peace problem was also touched upon by Mr. Frank Chapin Bray, Managing Editor of the Chautauqua Press, in his talk on "International Peace" before an early Council. Jane Addams's book, "Twenty Years at Hull House" was reviewed at a Round Table by Mrs. Mabell S. C. Smith, assistant editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Miss Grace B. Drake of Cleveland, who is connected with one of the Settlements in that city, at another Council took up "Some Forms of Social Service," suggested by Miss Addams in "Twenty Years at Hull-House" and also in her "Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," the teaching of dancing and the giving of plays being the two special phases whose usefulness was cogently presented by Miss Drake.

Prof. L. L. Campbell of Simmons College, Boston, addressed both a Council and a Round Table on the subject of "The Engineer in the Home and the Home Town," his treatment being practical and calculated to show the presence of engineering problems in the everyday aspects of the home. In connection with the South American Reading Journey, which is to make the travel series for the coming winter, Mrs. Rebecca Compton, who for twenty-nine years was a missionary in South America, spoke before one of the largest audiences of the Councils on some of her South American experiences. Chautauqua's new art interest which expresses itself in the American Art Extension through which teaching material and splendid painting proofs of masterpieces may be had, was explained on another day by Mr. Francis H. Robertson of Chicago.

All the Councils were characterized by the ready participation of the audiences, who eagerly asked questions and sought advice for help in Circle work for the coming year. Definite problems relating to graduate and other activities were taken up at those Councils where discussions were

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general and delegates made reports and the talks were full of suggestion and helpfulness.

SOCIAL SIDE OF THE C. L. S. C.

The Monday social hours of the C. L. S. C. in Alumni Hall were under the general direction of Miss Una B. Jones of Stittville, N. Y. Miss Jones and her assistants brought about a charming series of afternoons, representatives of different classes receiving and assisting, and Chautauqua writers, the new class, and the graduating class being at different times guests of honor. On two occasions photographs decorated the walls, Miss Kimball contributing her English views to the pleasure of one afternoon, and Mr. Blichfeldt exhibiting his Mexican souvenirs on another.

The Hotel Athenaeum was the scene of a reception for Miss Meddie Ovington Hamilton, Field Secretary of the C. L. S. C., a woman of gift and charm, whose success has been marked in telling the C. L. S. C. story at assemblies and in the South and the Middle West. Miss Hamilton lectured at Chautauqua this summer before a large and absorbed audience.

On the evening before Recognition Day a promenade concert and illumination entertained the general populace on the Lake Front, while all friends of the C. L. S. C. passed the splendid Athenian fires flaming about the Hall of Philosophy and visited the Class Houses of 1882, 1884, and 1885, and Alumni Hall where all the other classes, graduate and undergraduate, held festival in their respective class rooms.

Of special festivities there were many. The Class of 1884 had weekly receptions; 1914 had a steamer ride, entertained 1915, unveiled a bust of Dickens, and partook of its annual breakfast; 1908 enjoyed a description of a member's "memory chain" recalling her European travels. 1915's fellow occupants of the room in Alumni Hall welcomed the

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new class to its shelter; 1913 had an afternoon of readings; and 1910, last year's graduating class, entertained 1911, the class of this year.

THE MEMORIAL BIBLE

One of the most impressive events of the Chautauqua season was the presentation of the Elizabeth Dusenbury Vincent Memorial Bible to the Hall of the Christ by the Class of 1901 of the C. L. S. C. The Decennial Committee of this class decided on this gift two years ago, and the ceremony took place on the afternoon of July 27. The committee, through its chairman, Miss Carolyn Leech of Louisville, Ky., offered the volume to the president of the class, W. S. Bainbridge of New York, who made the presentation speech. The Bible was accepted by President George E. Vincent of Chautauqua Institution, and the dedicatory prayer was made by Dr. Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago. Bishop John H. Vincent read the Scripture lesson from the new book. It is a handsome edition in purple leather beautifully decorated and with silver clasps. Every part is entirely hand-made. It was covered by an American flag. The Bible is presented as a memorial of the late Mrs. Vincent, wife of Bishop Vincent.

THE VERANDA

Again this year Mrs. S. Hamilton Day, wife of the pastor of the local church, presided over the C. L. S. C. Veranda, and added many new acquaintances to her already long list of C. L. S. C. friends. One of the pleasantest evenings upon the veranda was Mrs. Day's reception in honor of Miss Georgia L. Hopkins, who was the Lady of the Veranda for two years, and engineered the early life of the Classes of 1912 and 1913.

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FRANK DUNLAP FRISBIE

The following resolutions of respect were passed by the Class of 1896 in memory of its president, and the secretary of the Society of the Hall in the Grove:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father in his wise providence has removed from our midst our beloved president, Frank Dunlap Frisbie, therefore,

Resolved, That the Class of 1896 of the C. L. S. C. hereby expresses its appreciation for the devoted services rendered and for the loyalty manifested by him to the class, and also tenders to his bereaved parents the assurance of sympathy in their deep sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, one printed in The Chautauquan Daily, and another be recorded upon the minutes of the class.

MRS. CYNTHIA A. BUTLER,
MRS. MARGARET A. SEATON,
MISS EMILY E. BIRCHARD,
Secretary.

1903 TABLET FUND

The Class of 1903 is eager to secure the $30 which remains to be gathered for its memorial tablet in the Hall of Philosophy. Any contributions, large or small, may be sent to Miss Evelyn Dewey, 146 East Thirty-sixth street, New York City.

CLASS CO-OPERATION

Alumni Hall at Chautauqua is fast making history. Now that many of the class rooms form the habitat of at least four classes, the spirit of co-operation is developing in the most satisfactory manner. The Ruskin and the Dickens classes rub elbows with the Laniers and the Pierians. The Gladstones, Altrurians, and Philomatheans cheer on the Progressives of '86 who have reached their twenty-

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fifth celebration. Out of this delightful good comradeship, schemes for further class co-operation are continually unfolding. One of the latest springs from the group comprising '89, '97, 1905 and 1913. They propose to add to the homelike qualities of their room a well-filled book case. The collection of books is to be historic and unique. It is to comprise one copy of each book in the Chautauqua Course from 1878 to 1917. Moreover the collection is to have a peculiar personal touch. So far as possible each book is to be the gift of a different person, so that many people may share in the plan. There will be only one copy of each book, so the scheme does not contemplate the despoiling of cherished possessions, but in many households the accumulations of the years, and the changes in home surroundings will make such gifts very possible. It is desired that each book shall have written on its fly leaf, the name, residence of the donor, whether read by an individual or circle reader, how many persons have read it, and any interesting facts which will give the volume some personal historic flavor.

The Classes have distributed this gathering of books as follows: '89 will secure those from 1888 to 1893; '97 will cover those from 1893 to 1901; '05 takes the years 1901 to 1909 and '13 is responsible for 1909 to 1917.

Members of the respective classes who can make contributions are asked to write to their class secretaries whose names will be found in the Class Directory in this CHAUTAUQUAN, and give full particulars, so that there may be no duplication of books.

THE "JANE ADDAMS" CLASS

It is indicative of the growing social spirit of Chautauqua that the new Class of 1915 named itself the Jane Addams Class. The immediate predecessors of 1915 have borne the names of poets and men famous in the world's history, Longfellow, Gladstone, Dante, Tennyson, and so on. But this seemed to be the psychological moment for

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the social spirit to find its full expression. "Twenty Years at Hull-House" is one of the required books for this American Year and the new class responded by common consent to the suggestion of one of their number that they should honor themselves with the name of the acknowledged leader of the great social movement in America. As 1915 gradually awoke to its class consciousness, enthusiasm developed and numbers increased rapidly. Professor A. W. Gilbert, head of the new school of agriculture and a member of the faculty of Cornell University, was unanimously chosen for class president. A goodly list of vice-presidents representing this nation-wide class were selected. The banner committee, charged with the cheerful duty of fabricating a banner for display on Rallying Day, happily suggested mottoes which the class is still discussing at the time at which this is written. The "Jane Addams" Class, with youthful idealism, was seething with schemes to make 1915 the finest of all Chautauqua classes, and a "Jane Addams" scholarship of $50 to be given to some needy student in the Summer Schools was suggested, but further counseling advised first the working out of a plan for class necessities with the scholarship idea as a sort of temporary mental background to serve as a constant inspiration. The general sentiment favored a very simple but artistic class banner as inexpensive as possible. The Class, housed comfortably in a cosy room in Alumni Hall, gladly joined in contributing their share to the building which is a pleasant illustration of the forethought of fellow-Chautauquans. They also learned with pleasure that they might still have a chance to contribute to the beautiful classic Hall of Philosophy in recognition whereof each class places in the floor of the Hall a mosaic tablet commemorating the name, year, and emblem of the class.

The American laurel, now so widely agitated as the possible national flower, was selected by the 1915's for their class emblem, and President Gilbert promised to undertake

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the transplanting of the shrub in the Chautauqua School Garden, so that it might be available for decorative purposes by all 1915's. Members gladly left in the Treasurer's hands their contributions, great and small, but the small gifts, and many of them, are especially desired by the class, in order that the "Jane Addams" class spirit may be of the universal sort. The Class is going forth to gain recruits and establish circles. One member, a California teacher, lives forty-six miles from a railroad. The Chautauqua Circle had been her dream for many years. This summer she realized it with her visit to Chautauqua itself. When the incident was realized, one member said, "Please give me her address, I'd like to send her a friendly note at Christmas time." The social spirit has taken hold of 1915 at the outset.

86's CELEBRATION

The season of 1911 at Chautauqua was of unusual interest to the Class of '86 because of its being its twenty-fifth anniversary. Some forty members of the Class were present and several pleasant social gatherings were held, including special anniversary exercises.

The '86 Tablet in the Hall of Philosophy was dedicated in connection with Recognition Day exercises.

The Class presented to the Aula Christi, through Bishop Vincent, an anniversary gift of eighty-six dollars. The honor of conveying the greetings of the Class and the gift to the beloved Chancellor was accorded Rev. J. T. Whitley, D. D., Mrs. R. B. Burrows, and Miss Effie Danforth. So cordially were they received by the Bishop and so pleasant and informal was the interview that to the callers it was the most memorable event of the season. Bishop Vincent received the gift graciously and suggested that it be used for pictures for the Hall of the Christ. The letter of presentation follows:

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To Bishop John H. Vincent,

Chancellor of Chautauqua Institution:

Greeting: Our Class, "The Progressives," on this, the 25th anniversary of graduation, desire to present to you, the honored and beloved Founder of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, their hearty congratulations and affectionate good wishes. The few of us who have been present at Chautauqua this season feel assured that we represent the surviving members of the Class, wherever they may be, in extending to you this loyal greeting, and wishing for you health, happiness, and the realization of your heart's best desires.

As a slight, but tangible, expression of our affectionate interest, we beg to hand to you herewith a purse of eighty-six dollars, wishing that we could increase it to the more adequate sum of eighteen hundred and eighty-six golden tokens of our good will. We request that the sum be used, according to your judgment, in decorating or furnishing "The Hall of the Christ."

Signed, in behalf of the Class,

Eli H. Long, Acting President,

Effie Danforth, Assistant Secretary.

Chautauqua, August, 1911.

FIVE YEARS GRADUATED

In honor of their fifth anniversary the 1906's entertained with all cordiality the three other classes in their room in Alumni Hall on a fine summer's day.

CLASS RESPONSIBILITIES

The undergraduate classes have certain responsibilities for which their treasurers are collecting funds. Each class, during its undergraduate years, gathers $100 for its share of the upkeep of Alumni Hall, $100 for its tablet in the Hall of Philosophy (that much also including the Class's payment on the building expense of the Hall), and money

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for its banner and for its annual running expenses. While donations to these funds are purely voluntary, every reader wants to have some share in these expenses common to the whole class. All contributions for the funds of 1912, 1913, 1914, and 1915 may be sent to the Class Treasurers who are listed at the back of this Magazine.

GUILD OF THE SEVEN SEALS

The Guild of the Seven Seals, long the highest order of the C. L. S. C., (available for all who had fourteen seals), held many cosy meetings this Summer, where the elect pondered over the past and planned for the future. The ardor with which Chautauquans have possessed themselves of seals made it possible for Chancellor Vincent to announce a few years ago a new Highest Order, the Inner Circle, to be bestowed upon those who had seven times seven, or forty-nine seals. Many have already entered this order. One graduate of 1911 had earned twenty-five seals and was welcomed into the membership of the Guild with a special service of welcome devised for this occasion. On Rallying Day the Guild had a special booth at the afternoon reception, awakening the enthusiasm of many graduates in new courses of study. During the past year seven Letter Circles have been formed among members to keep each other posted on their progress in study.

Such a group of people as this who have been intent upon various study courses for the year past found great delight in comparing notes. Social gatherings brought about many tête-a-têtes and the cords of friendship were strengthened. The greatest number of seals represented at this time was 110 which appeared upon the diploma of Mrs. Frank M. Nichols, Atlantic, Iowa, of the Class of '98. The Guild showed effectively behind its banner on Recognition Day and all are intending to take the new course for the current year in addition to schemes for Bible study.

The letters of the Guild of the Seven Seals Letter Cir-

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cles increase in interest as they go around the circle. "We do what we have to do, a large part of the time," says one writer, "but spare moments express the real self." One reader thinks "Mental Growth and Control" the finest book she has read in the C. L. S. C. courses. "Every year is better than the preceding years," she says. The President of the Guild, who is a member of the Inner Circle, has been so busy with her new duties as secretary in the suffrage headquarters in New York, that she has not earned as many seals as usual. Miss Landfear is in America representing the Huguenot College, the only college for women in Africa. This school has a high standard and is sending out young women who are a power throughout Africa, moulding the life and thought of their communities. A member of the Class of '82 who is busy, happy, and active, has adopted a little girl. She says, "I keep humming all day in my heart the refrain, 'Glorious things of thee are spoken, Chautauqua, City of my love.' "

A WORD REGARDING THE REVIEW QUESTIONS

Many readers of the four years' course find both pleasure and help in the reviewing and writing out of the answers to the review questions. Some members have an impression that this is memory work, and so are discouraged from attempting it. Let it be said that this is not the case and never has been. From the first days of the C. L. S. C. members have been encouraged to test themselves with the questions, consult their books so far as necessary, and state the answers in their own language. The benefit of stating a thought clearly in your own words impresses the fact upon your mind, makes it clear to yourself, and increases your powers of expression. "Never be discouraged" applies particularly to this work. Try the review and you will find that your powers *grow* as you exercise them.

1914'S DICKENS CARDS

1914, the Dickens Class, is selling for the benefit of its

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class fund a card of the class color, blue, bearing the class motto, and a real Dickens centenary stamp. The cards, with envelopes, may be had of the Chautauqua Book Store for ten cents each.

A PIONEER OF NINETY

Mrs. Sarah D. Northrup of the Class of '82 the Pioneer Class, has recently celebrated her 90th birthday. She illustrates in a marked degree the C. L. S. C. belief that "Education ends only with life." She began private teaching when she was a girl of fifteen, was married at twenty-two, and after her children were grown found congenial occupation once more in the work of a teacher. In these late years of her life she has regularly taught a class in the Presbyterian Sunday School. She joined the first class of the C. L. S. C. in 1878, carried on graduate courses with characteristic enthusiasm, and is a member of the Guild of the Seven Seals. The '82's may well be proud of their classmate.

SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR DANIEL WEBSTER'S BIRTHDAY, OCTOBER 24

1. *Biographical Sketch.*
2. *Reading.* "In Reply to Hayne."
3. *Explanation.* "Webster and the Abolitionists," with reading from Emerson ("Ill fits the abstemious Muse a crown to weave"- and Whittier (in "Ichabod" and "The Lost Occasion").
4. *Tributes.*
5. *Reading* of oration delivered at Plymouth in 1820 or on laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1825.
6. *Recitation.* "Birthday of Webster" by Holmes.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

The article on moral education in this number is written by a woman who is giving her life to the introduction of moral training by scientific methods into the schools of the United States. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, now an associate director of the School of Philanthropy, New York, has been connected with philanthropic enterprises for many

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years. She has been a lecturer and preacher, and was associated with her husband, Rev. William H. Spencer, in ministerial work at Haverhill, Mass., Florence, Mass., and Troy, N. Y. Later she had a parish of her own in Providence, R. I. For several summers Mrs. Spencer has lectured to teachers at the University of Wisconsin upon the details of the incorporation of moral instruction in their daily work.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READINGS FOR NOVEMBER

FIRST WEEK—OCTOBER 29-NOVEMBER 5

"English and American Education and Culture" (Robinson, Chapters VII, VIII).

SECOND WEEK—NOVEMBER 5-12

"American and English Politics" (Robinson, Chapters IX, X, XI).

THIRD WEEK—NOVEMBER 12-19

"American and English Business Principles and Methods" (Robinson, Chapters XII, XIII, XIV).

"The Wars of Independence" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "Reading Journey through South America," II).

FOURTH WEEK—NOVEMBER 19-26

"Sports," "Review" (Robinson, Chapters XV, XVI).

"The American Purpose-Novel" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "As We See Ourselves," II).

"The Steam Engine and Its Influence" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "American Engineering," II).

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SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

FIRST WEEK—OCTOBER 29-NOVEMBER 5

1. *Review* of chapters VII and VIII, "Twentieth Century American."
2. *Comparison* of the chapters on "Science" and "Literature" in Münsterberg's "The Americans" with the chapter on "Literature and Science" in "Discourses in America" by Matthew Arnold and with the chapter on "American Literature" in Wm. Archer's "America Today."
3. *Roll Call.* "Great American Educators."
4. *Summary* of chapter "The Universities and Colleges" in Bryce's "American Commonwealth" (1910).
5. *Book Review.* "The Other Americans," by A. Rühl.
6. *Recitations.* Poems of Discoverers. "The Skeleton in Armor," by Longfellow; "Santa Maria, well thou tremblest down the wave," from Sidney Lanier's "Psalm of the West"; "Ponce de Leon" by Edith Thomas; "Balboa" by Nora Perry; "With Cortez in Mexico," by W. W. Campbell; "Rapacious Spain followed her hero's triumphs o'er the main" from "The West Indies" by James Montgomery; "Verazzano," by Hezekiah Butterworth.

SECOND WEEK—NOVEMBER 5-12

1. *Roll Call.* "American and English Public Men of Today."
2. *Summary* of Section I, "Political Life," in "The Americans" by Münsterberg.
3. *Reading.* "Experiences of Three Amateur Policemen in a New York Election," by E. Poole in *"The World Today,"* Jan., 1905, or "Election Night in New York," by W. Cains in *"Harper's Weekly,"* Nov. 7, 1908.
4. *Review of* "The Party System," Vol. II, part III, Bryce's "American Commonwealth" (1910).
5. *Quiz.* "Duties of National Officers," (Bryce's "American Commonwealth," vol. I, part 1, chapters vi, ix, x, xiii, xxii).
6. *Recitation.* "Ad Patriam," by Clinton Scollard.

THIRD WEEK—NOVEMBER 12-19

1. *Comparison* of chapters XII, XIII, XIV, "Twentieth Century American," with chapters V, VI, VIII, of Wells's "Future in America."
2. *Debate* "American vs. English Public Schools as Trainers of Citizens" (see "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature" under "Education," sub-heads "England" and "United States")
3. *Book Review.* "Americans: an Impression," by A. Francis.
4. *Summary* of Reading Journey through South America, II, in this Magazine.
5. *Reading.*. "What the People Read in South America" in *Review of Reviews* for March, 1906.
6. *Story* of the International Bureau of the American Republics (now the Pan-American Union) and its building in Washington, D. C. (See Bulletins of the International Bureau of the American Republics for May, 1910; Dedication Number).
7. *Summary* of Mrs. Spencer's article in this number.

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FOURTH WEEK—NOVEMBER 19-26

1. *Paper.* "The Problem Novel from the Point of View of Art and from that of Usefulness."
2. *Roll Call.* "American Problem Novels."
3. *Two-Minute Talks* on the American game, baseball, the English game, cricket, the sports common to both countries, golf and polo.
4. *Reading* from "The Land of the Dollar," by G. W. Steevens.
5. *Talk.* "Applications of Steam in My Home and My Town."
6. *Book Review* of "A History of the Growth of the Steam Engine," by Robert H. Thurston.
7. *Reading.* "The Ship that Found Herself," by Rudyard Kipling.

TRAVEL CLUB

FIRST WEEK

1. *Talk.* "Spain, the Netherlands, France, and Portugal during the reign of Philip IV."
2. *Explanation* of the "Cause of the War of the Spanish Succession."
3. *Review,* with map, "The system adopted by Spain for the civil, ecclesiastical, and military government of her vast colonial empire in the new world" (VanDyke in this Magazine).
4. *Quiz.* "Chief Facts of Portuguese History."
5. *Story.* "The Portuguese in Brazil" (Dawson's "South American Republics," Part I).
6. *Reading.* "Why North and South America are Different" in *Review of Reviews,* July, 1907.

SECOND WEEK

1. *Roll Call.* "Natural products of South America."
2. *Paper.* "Napoleon in the Spanish Peninsula."
3. *Five-Minute Biographies,* (a) Bolívar, (b) San Martin, (c) O'Higgins (Dawson's "South American Republics"; Clark's "Continent of Opportunity"; Encyclopedias; *Arena,* May, 1906).
4. *Story* of the International Bureau of the American Republics (now the Pan-American Union) and its building in Washington, D. C. (See Bulletin of the Bureau of the American Republics for May, 1910, Dedication Number).
5. *Reading.* "What the People Read in South America" in *Review of Reviews,* March, 1906.

THIRD WEEK

1. *Review.* "Emancipation of South America," *Review of Reviews,* July, 1909.
2. *Two-Minute Biographies* of Miranda, Santander, Paez, Sucre, La Serna, Cantarac.
3. *Summary* of "Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and Andes," by R. Spruce.
4. *Talk.* "Missionary Work in South America" (Clark's "Continent of Opportunity"; "South America, the Continent of Neglected Opportunity" in *Missionary Review of the World,* January, 1909).
5. *Reading.* "The Dictator," by Richard Harding Davis.

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FOURTH WEEK

1. *Map Talk.* "Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador."
2. *Debate.* "Is a United States of South America Conceivable?"
3. *Book Review.* "Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis.
4. *Explanation.* "The Monroe Doctrine" (Hale's "The South Americans"; Pepper's "Panama to Patagonia"; Akers's "A History of South America").
5. *Reading.* "Women of Spanish-America" in *Canadian Magazine,* August, 1906.
6. *Recitation.* "The Spanish American Export Clerk" (in Rühl's "The Other Americans").

REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON NOVEMBER READINGS

AS WE SEE OURSELVES. CHAPTER II. THE NOVEL

1. What is the purpose of this article? 2. What aspects of factory life are described by the extracts from (a) Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman; (b) Mrs. Wharton; (c) Sinclair? 3. What is the growing attitude of Americans toward such evils? 4. Speak of the strike in fiction. 5. What form does slavery take today? 6. In what well-known novel is the railroad discussed? 7. How does the Stock Exchange figure in "The Pit"? 8. Speak of "A Certain Rich Man" as a character study, an interpretation, and a warning. 9. What novelists have been socialistic in tendency? 10. What is the attitude of "The Boss" toward vote buying? 11. What is discussed in "Mr. Crewe's Career"? 12. With whom lies the fault of the conditions described in the political novels? 13. What artistic necessities govern purpose novels? 14. What benefits have resulted from them?

READING JOURNEY IN SOUTH AMERICA, CHAPTER II. THE COLONIAL PERIOD AND WARS OF INDEPENDENCE

1. Describe the organization of Spain's territory in the New World. 2. From what colonial territorial divisions sprang the South American republics of today with the exception of Brazil? 3. What was the King's position toward Brazil? 5. What was the Spanish attitude toward commerce? 6. What was the attitude of the South American colonists toward the royal house of Spain? 7. What events were brought about by Napoleon's occupation of the Spanish Peninsula? 8. What was the feeling of the South American colonists toward Napoleon and what was the result? 9. What influenced the colonists to break with the mother country? 10. How was it done? 11. What two great leaders become prominent? 12. What were the events of the war? 13. What was Peru's part in it? 14. What was the end of San Martin's career? 15. Speak of Venezuela. 16. What was the final clash between the Royalists and the patriots? 17. What was the end of Bolívar's career? 18. Summarize the recapitulation. 19. "Is a United States of South America conceivable?"

AMERICAN ENGINEERING CHAPTER II. THE STEAM ENGINE

1. What developments have resulted from the use of the steam engine? 2. Explain how electricity is not a source

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of power. 3. How extensive are the operations of electric companies in Boston and New York? 4. Why does electricity seem to be not an economic power for ship propulsion? 5. What was Bacon's prophecy? 6. When did the development of the steam engine begin? 7. What men were influential in its development? 8. What has been the nature of the advance since the end of the eighteenth century? 9. What are some of the uses of the stationary engine? 10. What are the chief differences between the stationary engine and the locomotive? 11. What was the usefulness of Fitch? Of Fulton? 12. What is the working of the walking-beam type of marine engine? 13. Of the screw-propeller type? 14. Of turbines? 15. Mention some of the adaptations of engines to use. 16. Give some description of the "Olympic." 17. Define the service of (a) boiler, (b) engine, (c) condenser, (d) feed pump, (e) piping.

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON READING FOR NOVEMBER

1. Of what was Charles V. emperor? When did he become King of Spain? 2. At what time did the royal family of Portugal go to Brazil?

1. What was James Watt's connection with the University of Glasgow? 2. What useful invention usually attributed to another person, is claimed for George Stephenson?

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON OCTOBER READINGS

1. Isabella, on the northern coast of Haiti was founded by Christopher Columbus in December, 1493. 2. Point Gallinas in Colombia in the north and Cape Froward in the Strait of Magellan in the south.

1. High-level Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Tubular Bridge over Menai Straits; Cantilever Bridge over the Firth of Forth; Brooklyn Bridge; St. Louis Bridge. 2. Eads; Roebling.

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

"The C. L. S. C. of Urbana, Illinois, is a model of enthusiasm," said Pendragon. "Last year there were thirty-five graduates who wore caps and gowns, and beechleaves imported from Ohio, and yelled with fervor 'Going!—Going!—Going! Who? What? When? Halley's comet and the Class of 1910.'" "I was there," said a delegate, and it was great to see those women—some of them are grandmothers—taking such an active part. Everybody felt young and happy." "Chautauqua work has that effect on everybody," said Pendragon. "It wakes you up and keeps you alert and you don't have time to think about growing old." "That's the way we Lookout Mountain people feel about it," said the Chattanoogan. "We work faithfully and get all we can out of our books and we find that we get so much fun out of it that we are far from being 'dull boys.'" "Everyone is exceedingly enthusiastic," said a Western member, "and when one considers that we are only a small number of ladies

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on an Indian Reservation, I think we are to be congratulated. We are applying for membership in the State Federation."

"Do you remember the account that we had recently from Arriola, Colorado?" asked Pendragon. "I wrote to the circle there and asked for a picture of their library building, and I know you will be interested in hearing the charming letter that I received in answer to my request."

"I had a good laugh over the idea of sending you a picture of the 'Arriola Public Library!' We have a library in one important sense of the word—we have some books—but as for a library building that is still in the future. Maybe I didn't tell you that we are a farming community and Arriola town has less than a dozen buildings. We are only just emerging from the earlier stages of pioneerhood—if I may pen such a word. Our county is less than thirty years of age and all of our class younger than that were born here. The rest of us have hardly got through saying 'back home,' when we refer to Iowa, Illinois, or New York or Pennsylvania, as the case may be.

"We have to manufacture our own amusements and sometimes we give a play, sometimes a social and now the younger ones are planning to give a dance, all for the benefit of the library fund. There is such a hunger for good and interesting reading matter that we have, so far, spent our money for nothing else except book shelving. One of our C. L. S. C. ladies houses the books in her sitting room and gives her services as librarian free. You see it is the day of small things with us. Some day we hope to see a noble granite building with many rooms and all furnished with books, maps, pictures, everything to call our community up among the things that are really worth while.

"Years ago, when we were fewer than we are now, we gave plays, dances, etc., and bought supplies for our school house. Lamps, a large dictionary, and an organ were part of the things we thus procured and had lots of fun doing it.

"We think our neighborhood is rather fine for a rural district. Our Ladies' Aid has a literary day once a month and during the past year we have thus studied about various authors. Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, Julia Ward Howe, and Mark Twain are some of them. We all take a great deal of interest in politics. In our C. L. S. C. class are Democrats, Republicans, one Prohibitionist, and one Socialist, myself."

"There's nothing like a small community for stirring people up to originate amusements," said another delegate, "and when they are connected with some serious object they seem to have extra interest. By the way," he went on, taking a paper from his pocket, "I want to read you some extracts from letters of graduates who belong to the Guild of the Seven Seals." "Have they a letter circle?" "An active one,

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and if any of you belong to the Guild and want to join the circle, send your names to the Secretary, Miss Una B. Jones of Stittville, New York, and she will put you on the list." "That is a splendid idea. Let us hear the extracts." And the delegate read:

"Though a stranger among you, Chautauqua is a bond that overcomes distance, as well as other differences and gives us a fellow feeling, at least in this particular, that our interest in study is one."

"As I give thanks for my mercies I shall include among them this dear companionship."

"How it cheers the heart of an '82' to get such cheery letters from her young sisters."

"In reading your letters I find I must keep busy in my reading, if I wish to keep you all in sight, and I surely do not wish to lose such good company."

"I believe that I've made a discovery," said the delegate from Lineville, Iowa. "I think the editor of the *Kansas City Star* must read the C. L. S. C., for we find the most timely articles on our lessons—so many that it cannot 'just happen.' All winter the articles have fitted in so nicely with our lessons—"Pepys's Diary" for instance, just as we were studying it. The *Star* is a great paper." "And you are something of a Sherlock Holmes," remarked Pendragon.

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C. L. S. C. Class Directory

CLASS OF 1915—"JANE ADDAMS"

Motto: (under consideration). Emblem: The American Laurel.
President, Prof. A. W. Gilbert, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Vice-presidents, Mrs. L. L. Sheldon, Norfolk, Va.; Rev. George G. Mills, Watertown, Mass.; Miss Elifare Muse, Albany, Ga.; Rev. C. Silvester Horne, London, England; Miss Grace B. Drake, Cleveland, O.; Mr. Elven J. Bengough, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. J. M. King, South Pasadena, Cal.; Mrs. Shirley M. English, Dallas, Tex.; Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, Richmond, Va.; Miss Mabel C. Bragg, Braggville, Mass.; Mrs. Percy H. Boynton, Chicago; Mrs. George T. Guernsey, Jr., Independence, Kans.
Secretary, Miss Eliza Altsheler, 1218 Second St., Louisville, Ky.
Treasurer, Mr. A. E. Skinner, Westfield, N. Y.
Trustee, Mrs. F. L. Gill, Flushing, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1914—"DICKENS"

Motto: "The voice of Time cries to man 'Advance.'" Emblem: Wild Rose. Color: Eton Blue.
President, Mrs. Mabell S. C. Smith, 23 Union Sq., New York City.
First Vice-president, Mrs. Harry Wilson, Clarion, Pa.
Second Vice-president, Mrs. G. C. Ashton Jonson, Batts Corner, Farnham, Surrey, England.
Third Vice-president, Miss Julia M. Elwin, Merrimacport, Mass.
Fourth Vice-president, Mr. H. E. Cogswell, Indiana, Pa.
Fifth Vice-president, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Paris, Ill.
Secretary, Mrs. H. A. Deardourff, Jamestown, N. Y.
Treasurer, Dr. N. J. Lennes, Columbia University, New York City.
Trustee, Mr. E. Allard Compton, Stephenville, Texas.

CLASS OF 1913—"ATHENE"

Motto: "Self reverence, self knowledge, self control. These three alone lead life to sovereign power." Emblem: Owl.
President, Rev. W. E. Howard, 3323 Ward St., Pittsburg, Pa.
First Vice-president, Mrs. J. D. Wilkinson, Shreveport, La.
Second Vice-president, Mr. G. G. Spitzer, Owosso, Mich.
Third Vice-president, Miss M. Brinkerhoff, Barnard, N. Y.
Fourth Vice-president, Prof. F. C. Lockwood, Meadville, Pa.
Fifth Vice-president, Mrs. L. B. Cushman, North East, Pa.
Sixth Vice-president, Miss Florence E. Buek, Birmingham, Ala.
Honorary Vice-presidents, Mrs. W. L. Callahan, Japan; Mrs. Chas. F. Jeff, Central America; Rev. Charles C. Walker, Siam.
Secretary, Miss Grace R. Cooper, Chautauqua, N. Y.
Treasurer and Trustee, Rev. W. E. McKnight, West Grove, Pa.

CLASS OF 1912—"SHAKESPEARE"

Motto: "To thine own self be true." Emblem: Eglantine.
President, Mr. Victor E. Rhodes, 5812 Cates Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
First Vice-president, Rev. A. E. Lavell, Norwich, Ontario, Canada.
Second Vice-president, Mrs. J. E. Robinson, Oil City, Pa.
Third Vice-president, Mr. S. F. Clark, Freeport, Pa.
Fourth Vice-president, Mrs. W. O. Fuellhard, Endeavor, Pa.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary B. Thompson, 5843 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Secretary, Miss Annette G. Hampsher, 5335 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Trustee, Rev. A. E. Lavell, Norwich, Ontario, Canada.

CLASS OF 1911—"LONGFELLOW"

Motto: "Act, act in the living present." Emblem: The young Hiawathas.
President, Miss Mary E. Merington, 535 Massachusetts Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.
First Vice-president, Mr. John Graham Brooks, Cambridge, Mass.
Second Vice-president, Prof. L. L. Campbell, Simmons College, Boston, Mass.
Third Vice-president, Miss Sara E. Martin, Berwyn, Pa.
Fourth Vice-president, Mrs. R. L. Hutchinson, Huntington, W. Va.
Fifth Vice-president, Mrs. L. M. Chatfin, Temple, Texas.
Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Jackman, 99 Park Ave., Utica, N. Y.
Trustee, Miss Phoebe Elliott, Savannah, Ga.

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CLASS OF 1910—"GLADSTONE"

Motto: "Life is a great and noble calling." Emblem: The Beech.
President, Mr. Arthur E. Bestor, Chicago.
First Vice-president, Miss Nannie Stockett, 201 Prince George St., Annapolis, Md.
Second Vice-president, Mr. E. H. Blichfeldt, Chautauqua, N. Y.
Third Vice-president, Mrs. Clifford Lanier, Montgomery, Ala.
Fourth Vice-president, Miss G. Emily Reynolds, New York.
Fifth Vice-president, Miss Mary E. Downey, Columbus, O.
Sixth Vice-president, Mrs. Mary C. Schulze, New York.
Seventh Vice-president, Mr. John T. Rowley, East Cleveland, O.
Eighth Vice-president, Dr. Adelia Barber, New York.
Ninth Vice-president, Mrs. Rose Henry, New York.
Tenth Vice-president, Mrs. Joseph Barkman, Staunton, Va.
Eleventh Vice-president, Mrs. Cornelia M. Arnold, 12 Booth St., Ashtabula, O.
Secretary, Mr. James Bird, Marietta, Ohio.
Treasurer, Mr. J. J. McWilliams, 11500 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.
Trustee, Mr. J. B. Winters, Logansport, Ind.
Custodian of the Banner, Mrs. Fred Beckwith, Akron, O.

CLASS OF 1909—"DANTE"

Motto: "On and fear not." Emblem: The Grape Vine.
President, Rev. William Channing Brown, Littleton, Mass.
First Vice-president, Mrs. B. A. Allen, Washington, D. C.
Second Vice-president, Mrs. Thomas R. Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.
Third Vice-president, Miss Leonora Cox, Bermuda Island.
Fourth Vice-president, Mrs. R. M. Clamson, Tarpon Springs, Fla.
Fifth Vice-president, Mrs. S. A. Peavey, Great Valley, N. Y.
Sixth Vice-president, Mr. John L. Wheat, Louisville, Ky.
Seventh Vice-president, Miss Adel E. Brewer, Stockbridge, Mass.
Eighth Vice-president, Mrs. L. J. Hunter, New York City.
Ninth Vice-president, Mrs. E. W. Allen, Fostoria, O.
Tenth Vice-president, Mrs. Anna Dustin, Pittsfield, Ill.
Eleventh Vice-president, Miss Carolyn Tufts, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Twelfth Vice-president, Miss Emma Blair, Pacific Coast.
Thirteenth Vice-president, Mrs. Waldron Newburn, Tenn.
Secretary, Mrs. L. L. Ottaway, Westfield, N. Y.
Treasurer and Trustee, Mr. C. B. Cover, Johnstown, Pa.
Honorary Members, Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker, New York; Miss Emily M. Bishop, New York; Mrs. Clara Z. Moore, New York.

CLASS OF 1908—"TENNYSON"

Motto: "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." Emblem: The Red Rose.
Honorary President, Prof. S. C. Schmucker, West Chester, Pa.
President, Miss Una B. Jones, Stittville, N. Y.
Vice presidents, H. P. Hartley, Beaver, Pa.; Fannie E. Curtis, East Orrange, N. J.; Mrs. Alice L. Holmes, Beaver, Pa.; Mrs. M. M. T. Runneis, Nipomo, Cal.; Mrs. Clara Byington, Lockport, N. Y.; Mrs. Olive Arms Valenzuela, Concepcion, Chili.
Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Sarah E. Ford, 169 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Trustee, Rev. S. T. Willis, LL. D., New York City.

CLASS OF 1907—"GEORGE WASHINGTON"

Motto: "The aim of education is character." Emblem: The Scarlet Salvia.
President, Rev. Charles A. Clark, D. D., Punxsutawney, Pa.
First Vice-president, Mrs. George W. Coblentz, Clarion, Pa.
Second Vice-president, Miss Rannie Webster, Oil City, Pa.
Third Vice-president, Mrs. J. C. B. Stivers, Cleveland, Ohio.
Fourth Vice-president, Mrs. C. E. Smith, Franklin, Pa.
Fifth Vice-president, Mrs. P. A. Shackelford, Paris, Ky.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. A. H. Marvin, 1490 Cohasset Ave., Cleveland Ohio.
Trustee, Mrs. George W. Coblentz, Clarion, Pa.

CLASS OF 1906—"JOHN RUSKIN"

Motto: "To love light and seek knowledge must be always right." Emblem: The Lily.
Honorary President, Bishop W. F. Oldham, India.
President, Mrs. Theodore Hall, Ashtabula, Ohio.

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First Vice-president, Mr. C. B. LePage, Stamford, Conn.
Second Vice-president, Mr. J. H. Windsor, Brocton, N. Y.
Third Vice-president, Mr. Allen Freehafer, Dayton, Ohio.
Fourth Vice-president, Mrs. C. H. Russell, Toledo, Ohio.
Secretary, Treasurer and Trustee, Miss Irena I. F. Roach, Mechanicsville, N. Y. R. F. D. 3.
Honorary Member, Edward Howard Griggs, Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1905—"THE COSMOPOLITANS"

Motto: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp." Emblem: The Cosmos.
Class Poet: Robert Browning.
Honorary Member, Mr. Edward Howard Griggs, Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.
President, Dr. James A. Babbitt, Haverford, Pa.
Vice-president, Mrs. Evelyn Snead Barnett, Louisville, Ky.
Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Eleanor McCready, 167 Highland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1904—"LEWIS MILLER"

Motto: "The horizon widens as we climb." Emblem: The Clematis.
President, Rev. J. M. Howard, D. D., Waynesburg, Pa.
Vice-president at Large, Mrs. Helen M. Bullock, Elmira, N. Y.
Vice-presidents, Mr. Francis Wilson, New York City; Mr. I. O. Race, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Hortense P. Burke, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Louise C. McCullough, California; Mr. Harry L. Markell, Saginaw, Michigan; Mrs. Katherine Hopkins Chapman, Selma, Alabama; Mrs. M. H. Cozzens, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Louise Nicholson, Arcola, Ill.; Mr. Scott Brown, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. M. K. Walker, Meadville, Pa.; Mrs. E. I. Veirs, Urbana, Ill.
Secretary, Miss Jennie S. Laqueer, Classen Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Treasurer, Miss Susie Parker, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1903—"QUARTER CENTURY"

Motto: "What is excellent is permanent." Emblem: The Cornflower.
Honorary President, Mrs. Alice M. Hemmenway, Providence, R. I.
President, Mr. Frank Chapin Bray, 23 Union Square, New York City.
First Vice-president, Mrs. J. H. Wheeler, Union City, Pa.
Second Vice-president, Mrs. Martha C. Ford, Cleveland, Ohio.
Third Vice-president, Mrs. A. D. Nicholson, Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Clark, New Castle, Pa.
Secretary, Miss Ida M. Quimby, East Orange, N. J.

CLASS OF 1902—"THE ALTRURIANS"

Motto: "Not for self but for all." Emblem: Golden Glow.
President, Mrs. Carlton Hillyer, Augusta, Ga.
Vice-presidents, Dr. G. N. Luccock, Oak Park, Ill.; Dr. E. L. Warren, Louisville, Ky.; Miss H. M. Brown, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. O. P. Norton, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mullets, Norfolk, Neb.; Mrs. F. M. Keefe, Waltham, Miss.; Mrs. E. H. Baumgartner, Decatur, Tex.; Mrs. R. L. Thorne, Louisville, Ky.; Miss E. Kay, New York City.
Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Julia E. Parker, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Trustee, Mrs. Carlton Hillyer, Augusta, Ga.

CLASS OF 1901—"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY"

Motto: "Light, Love, Life." Emblem: The Palm.
President, Dr. Wm. Seaman Bainbridge, 34 Gramercy Park, New York City.
First Vice-president, Miss Mary C. Harrington, Griggsville, Ill.
Second Vice-president, Mrs. M. W. Jamison, Warren, Pa.
Third Vice-president, Mrs. Mary C. Cullum, Meadville, Pa.
Fourth Vice-president, Mrs. Benjamin F. Veach, Warren, Ohio.
Treasurer, Miss Clara Mathews, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Secretary, Miss Carolyn A. Leech, Louisville, Ky.
Trustee, Miss Margaret A. Hackley,, Georgetown, Ky.

CLASS OF 1900—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY"

Motto: "Faith in the God of Truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor." "Licht, Liebe, Leben." Emblem: The Pine.
President, Miss Mabel Campbell, 223 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Vice-presidents, Mrs. J. Preston Hall, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Mrs. Hannah I. Shur, El Paso, Ill.; Mrs. R. M. Brown, Shelbyville, Ky.; Mrs. Cornelia Truehart, Portsmouth, Ohio; Mrs. Eliza D. Ayres, Sturgis, Mich.
Secretary, Treasurer and Trustee, Miss Ella V. Ricker, 700 Carrollton Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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CLASS OF 1899—"THE PATRIOTS"

Motto: "Fidelity, Fraternity." Emblem: The Flag.
President, Mrs. S. R. Strong, Chautauqua, New York.
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Second Vive-president, Mrs. M. D. Barnard.
Third Vice-president, Mrs. J. A. Prendergast, Chautauqua, New York.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. V. Ritts, Butler, Pa.
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Trustee, Captain J. A. Travis 1008 E. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

CLASS OF 1898—"THE LANIERS"

Motto: "The humblest life that lives may be divine." Emblem: The Violet.
President, Mrs. M. M. Findley, Franklin, Pa.
First Vice-president, Mrs. E. S. Watrous, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Second Vice-president, Mrs. R. P. Hopper, West Toronto, Canada.
Third Vice-president, Miss Julia A. Wilmot, Cleveland, Ohio.
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Secretary, Mrs. F. M. Nichols, Atlantic, Iowa.
Treasurer and Trustee, Miss Fannie B. Collins, Grand View, Ohio.

CLASS OF 1897—"THE ROMANS"

Motto: "Veni, Vidi, Vici." Emblem: The Ivy.
President, Mrs. Harriet M. Dunn, Brooklyn, Michigan.
Vice-presidents, Miss Katherine E. Hoerr, 270 Fisk St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Dora Swoboda, 722 24th St., Louisville, Ky.
Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Mary Wallace Kimball, 420 West 119th St., New York City.

CLASS OF 1896—"THE TRUTH SEEKERS"

Motto: "Truth is eternal." Emblem: The Forget-me-not, The Greek Lamp.
President, Mrs. Margaret A. Seaton, Cleveland, Ohio.
Vice-presidents, Mrs. Cynthia A. Butler, Pittsfield, Ill.; Miss Sarah E. Briggs, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Frances Wood, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Mrs. C. E. Danforth, Brookline, Mass.; Miss Irene D. Galloway, Waxahachie, Texas; Mrs. Mary H. Ludlum, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. John D. Hamilton, Coraopolis, Pa.; Dr. George W. Peck, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. C. M. Lemon, Bedford, Ind.
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Trustee, Mr. John R. Connor, Chautauqua, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1895—"THE PATHFINDERS"

Motto: "The truth shall make you free." Emblem: The Nasturtium.
President, Mrs. George P. Hukill, Franklin, Pa.
First Vice-president, Mrs. Robert A. Miller, Ponce, Porto Rico.
Second Vice-president, Miss Mary E. Miller, Akron, Ohio.
Secretary, Miss Katherine Lawrence, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Treasurer, Miss Frances Hazen, Chautauqua, N. Y.
Assistant Treasurer, Miss Mary E. Collins, Grand View, Ohio.
Honorary Member, Robert A. Miller, Jr., Ponce, Porto Rico.

CLASS OF 1894—"THE PHILOMATHEANS"

Motto: "Ubi mel, ibi apes." Emblem: The Clover.
President, Rev. A. C. Ellis, Oil City, Pa.
Vice-presidents, Rev. J. B. Countryman, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss M. L. Monroe, Southport, Conn.; Mrs. J. W. Ralston, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. M. Coble, Dallas, Tex.; Mr. James A. Moore, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. A. P. Clark, Zanesville, Ohio; Mrs. S. R. McClure, Braddock, Pa.
Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Anna M. Thomson, Chautauqua, N. Y.
Trustee, Mrs. A. P. Clark, Zanesville, Ohio.

CLASS OF 1893—"THE ATHENIANS"

Motto: "Study to be what you wish to seem." Emblem: The Acorn.
President, Rev. M. D. Lichliter, Harrisburg, Pa.
Vice-presidents, Dr. George E. Vincent, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Mary B. Ashton, Hamilton, Ohio; Mr. Henry Levy, Jamaica, N. Y.; Mr. W. H. Coonrod, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Mrs. Daniel Paull, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. H. C. Pharr, Berwick, La.; Mrs. T. H. Paden, New Concord, Ohio; Mrs. J. H. Roblee, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. John R. Richards, Syracuse, N. Y.; Miss Fannie B. Wilson, Chicago, Ill.; Miss C. M. Dickinson, New York City; Mrs. G. W. Seymour, Westfield, N. Y.
Secretary, Prof. T. H. Paden, New Concord, O.
Treasurer, Mrs. Julia H. Thayer, Sherman, N. Y.
Trustee, Prof. T. H. Paden, New Concord, O.

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CLASS OF 1892—"THE COLUMBIANS"

Motto: "Seek and ye shall find." Emblem: The Carnation.
President, Mrs. Clara L. McCray, Bradford, Pa.
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Second Vice-president, Miss Emeline Eaton, Southport, Conn.
Third Vice-president, Mrs. Myra Conway, Washington, D. C.
Fourth Vice-president, Mrs. Eloise L. Cotton, Springfield, Mo.
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Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Lillian B. Clark, Andover, N. Y.
Trustee, Mr. W. J. Booth, Titusville, Pa.

CLASS OF 1891—"THE OLYMPIANS"

Motto: "So run that ye may obtain." Emblem: The Laurel and White Rose.
President, Mrs. George Guernsey, Independence, Kans.
First Vice-president, Mrs. George A. Goster, 1914 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Lillian L. Hunter, Tidioute, Pa.
Treasurer, Miss M. E. Daniels, New Britain, Conn.
Trustee, Mrs. George Guernsey, Independence, Kansas.

CLASS OF 1890—"THE PIERIANS"

Motto: "Rdeeming the time." Emblem: The Tuberose.
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Second Vice-president, Mrs. H. B. Mulford, Haddonfield, N. Y.
Third Vice-president, Mrs. E. T. Hopkins, Faust, N. Y.
Fourth Vice-president, Rev. J. R. Morris, Homer City, Pa.
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CLASS OF 1888—"THE PLYMOUTH ROCK"

Motto: "Let us be seen by our deeds." Emblem: The Geranium.
President, Rev. A. E. Dunning, D. D., Boston, Mass.
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Secretary, Miss Thankful M. Knight, Hancock, N. Y.
Treasurer and Class Trustee, Mr. Russell L. Hall, New Canaan, Conn.
Class Chronicler, Mrs. A. C. Teller, Pittsburg, Pa.

CLASS OF 1887—"THE PANSY"

Motto: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." Emblem: The Pansy.
President, Mr. H. E. Barrett, Syracuse, N. Y.
First Vice-president, W. G. Lightfoote, Canandaigua, N. Y.
Second Vice-president, Rev. G. R. Alden, Palo Alto, Cal.
Third Vice-president, Mrs. Julia N. Berry, Titusville, Pa.
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CLASS OF 1886—"THE PROGRESSIVES"

Motto: "We study for light to bless with light." Emblem: The Astor.
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Class Poet, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, Evanston, Ill.

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CLASS OF 1885—"THE INVINCIBLES"

Motto: "Press on, reaching after those things which are before." Emblem: The Heliotrope.
President, Mrs. Charles Hinckley, Delhi, N. Y.
Vice-president, Mrs. L. M. Ensign, Chautauqua, N. Y.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. T. J. Bentley, Springboro, Pa.

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CLASS OF 1883—"THE VINCENTS"

Motto: "Step by step we gain the heights." Emblem: The Sweet Pea.
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Secretary, Miss Ann C. Hitchcock, Burton, Ohio.
Treasurer, Miss M. J. Perrine, Chautauqua, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1882—"THE PIONEERS"

Motto: "From height to height." Emblem: The Hatchet.
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Vice-presidents, Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. Bailey, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. James McCroskey, East Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. L. D. Wetmore, Warren, Pa.; Miss Eudora Conolly, Selma, Ala.
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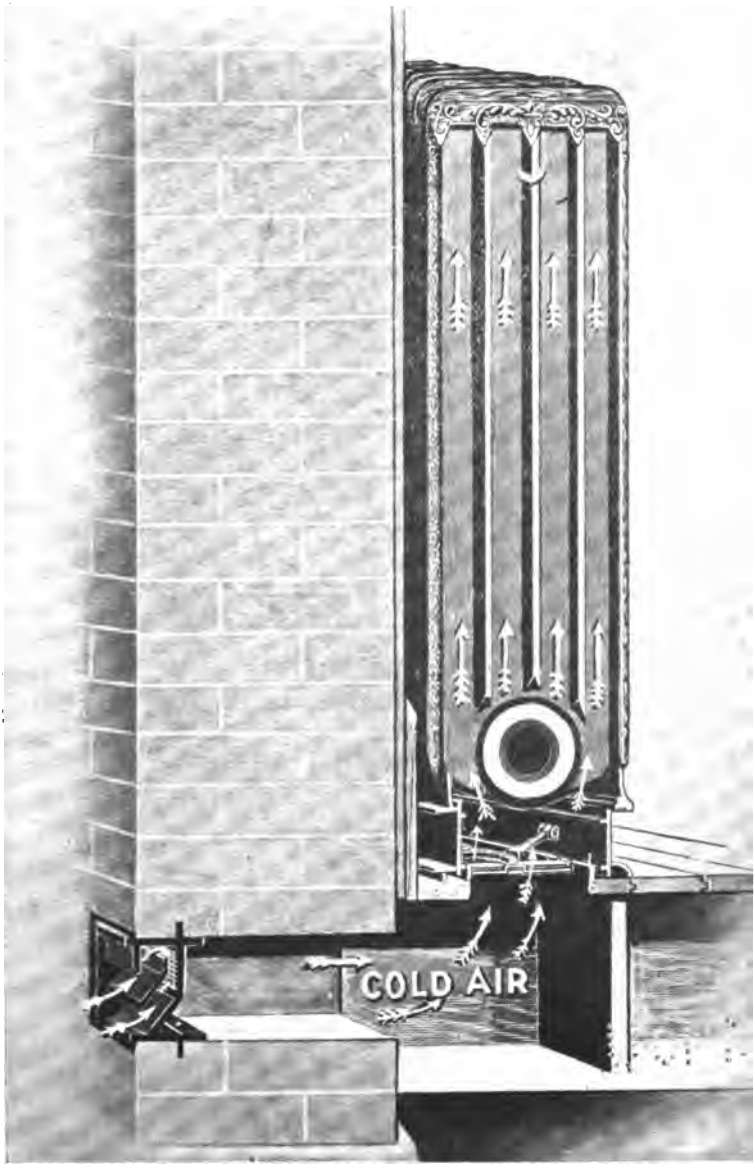

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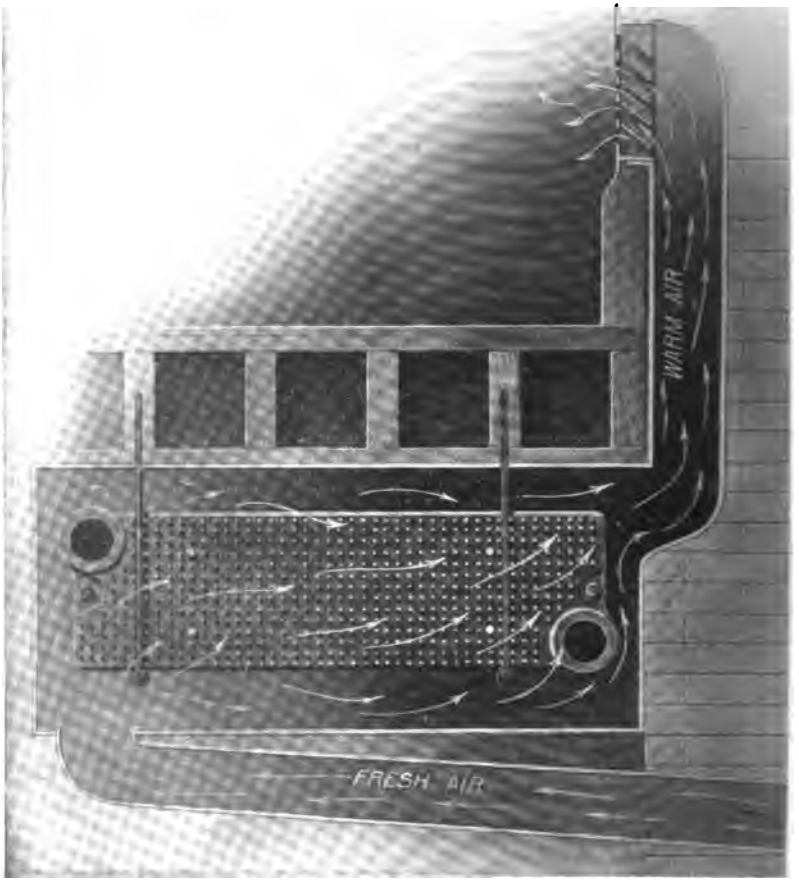

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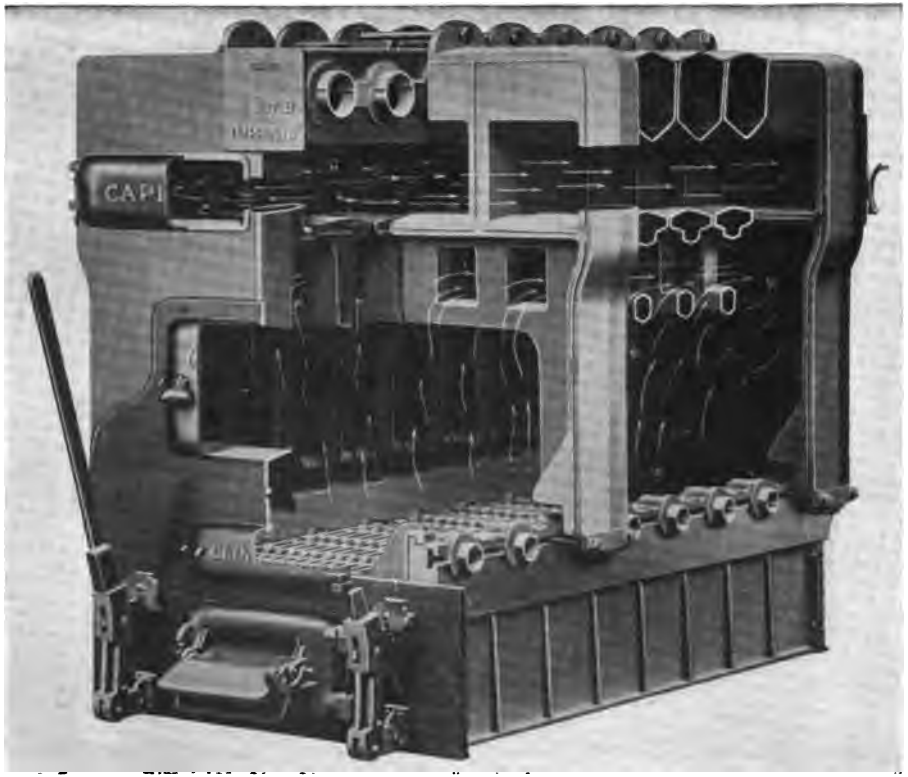

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(*"American Engineering"*)

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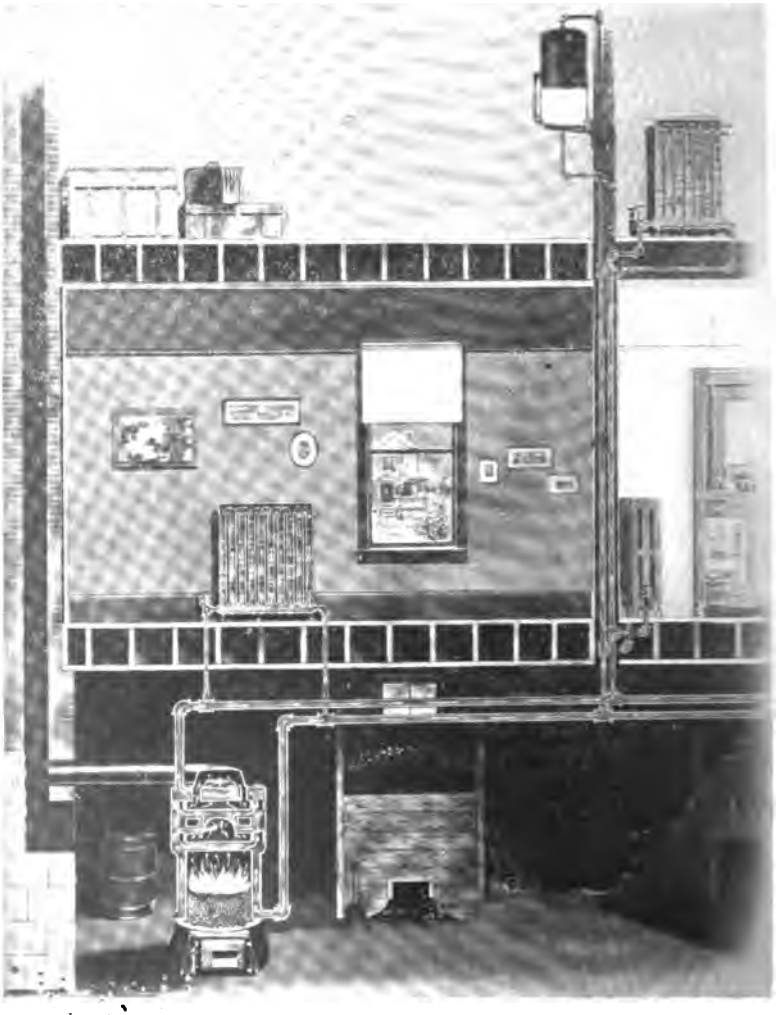

Hot-water Heating System
Showing American Radiator Company Hot-water heater, piping, radiators, expansion tank, etc. (*"American Engineering"*)

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. 64 NOVEMBER, 1911 No. 3

Conference of Governors

This year the annual Conference of Governors met at Spring Lake, N. J., and remained in session five days. This new institution, which was called into being in 1907, promises to become a real factor in law-making and the development of state policy. Of course, the executives can only recommend and urge, but their influence with the legislatures in always considerable and sometimes decisive. In addition to individual action inspired, the conference, of course, acts by resolution, education and discussion.

On the program for this year's meeting were these subjects: Industrial accident compensation and employers' liability; railroad regulation; comity or uniformity in the taxation of property of non-residents; marriage and divorce; increase of the powers of state executives; the referendum and initiative, etc.

The governors of 27 states participated in the conference. The positions taken were liberal and progressive, on the whole, not to say "radical." The need of state awakening, of leadership on the part of the governors, of resistance to monopoly and privilege, was emphasized. Differences of opinion developed as to direct legislation by the people, the recall, and other matters, but this was not unexpected.

One of the most remarkable resolutions unanimously

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adopted by the conference was one which followed heated speeches protesting against judicial legislation and invasion of state rights by inferior federal courts, and particularly condemning a decision of Federal Judge Sanborn in a Minnesota rate case—a decision against the state based, among other things, on the doctrine that laws regulating rates within a state may be invalid as involving indirect interference with interstate commerce. This was denounced as revolutionary doctrine, and it was voted to intervene, prepare additional briefs and see to it that the states' side of the issue is properly presented and argued before the Supreme Court. If the states cannot regulate intra-state rates of interstate carriers, only small, local roads are left under their jurisdiction. The question is obviously momentous, and the Supreme Court will give it profound consideration.

The conference adopted no other resolutions of consequence, but by common consent, it took a step or two toward establishing an extra-constitutional "House of Governors."

Maine's Vote on Prohibition

On Monday, September 11, the qualified voters of the State of Maine registered their verdict on the Prohibition question. The issue was simple in terms: Shall the Constitutional prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants within the state stand, or shall it be repealed as having proven "a failure" or a source of evil? The people, by the small majority of 200, voted against repeal, but the figures are disputed, and a recount or canvass is necessary. The majority for constitutional prohibition in 1884 was over 45,000.

"Resubmission" had been the issue for a decade or more. The victories of the Democratic party in recent years, which finally made the state "democratic" as regards the complexion of the legislature and the control of the

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executive, were generally ascribed to a growing dissatisfaction, in cities at any rate, as well as at summer resorts, with the system of prohibition. The Democrats—but not they alone—advocated resubmission of the question for a long time, in the belief that the people would deliberately vote to repeal the constitutional provision under consideration. The result shows that this belief was not wholly well-founded, but the vote was so close and the prohibition majority so small that neither side can regard the verdict as decisive or satisfactory. The struggle will continue, and "liquor" will remain, unfortunately, the permanent issue in the state.

In one sense the controversy was one between the cities and the rural constituencies. All the cities but one gave anti-prohibition majorities, while the country voted for prohibition, and it is admitted that it is in the cities that prohibition has not been strictly enforced. There is no doubt that of those who voted for repeal thousands voted not so much against the principle of prohibition as against *nominal* prohibition, against officially tolerated or encouraged violation of the law by dives, "blind pigs," or open bar-rooms. It is further to be borne in mind that many believe a license system to be as effectual as prohibition where public sentiment is strongly against the sale of liquor. The argument is that license is "home rule," and that each community should be able to adopt and actually enforce the policy which suits its conditions and needs.

It should be added, however, that according to several governors and editors a reaction against state-wide or constitutional prohibition is developing in the South, where a few years ago the prohibition wave swept everything before it. If this be true, the new immigration and the growth of industrial centers may have not a little to do with the phenomenon.

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Labor Wars, the Public and Arbitration

A few weeks ago Great Britain was threatened with general railroad strikes and strikes of dock laborers, express employes and others. The movement was sudden and alarming; peace efforts were at first unsuccessful; even the government seemed to have lost its influence; famine and industrial paralysis seemed imminent. Fortunately, after a few sharp collisions and local riots, common sense prevailed. A government commission was created to investigate the grievances of the railroad workers and recommend better means of adjusting differences; both the employers and the employed accepted the mediation of this commission, and peace was restored. There have been reports of unrest among the British miners and other workmen, but it is believed that no serious trouble will occur while the government is sitting and wrestling with the labor strike and lockout problems in the earnest hope of devising solutions.

But the danger to which British industry and transportation was exposed—and exposed at the time of international friction and apprehension over Morocco—called forth very remarkable expressions of public and editorial opinion concerning the need of new policies toward labor wars. Many felt that public sentiment had radically changed on the question of "freedom" in industry, and that society would no longer submit to the hardships, losses and perils of great strikes or lockouts because of abstract rights or abstract principles. In plainer words, many felt and said that British public opinion had gradually, perhaps largely unconsciously, adopted the "radical" Australasian view of labor wars, and of the propriety of compulsory investigation and compulsory arbitration. This view, briefly put, is that the rights of the community, or of the public, are paramount at all times, and that neither labor nor capital can be permitted to tie up industry, inflict loss and suffering on neutral persons, and embarrass the government, because of a dispute over wages, hours, unions, etc. This has been

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called "socialism and paternalism" in England and America, but more and more organs of opinion are beginning to say that there is hard sense and truth in this view. Of course, labor and capital must remain free, but they must not abuse their freedom—they must be "reasonable" and mindful of the general interest. If they are not reasonable, but obstinate, aggressive, reckless, selfish, society may step in and force them to arbitrate their differences. Where "moral coercion" fails, legal compulsion may be resorted to, if the strikes or lockouts are serious enough to demand such heroic measures.

Such comments, such ideas, are novel in England. But they are entertained even in individualistic and liberal quarters. Here is a typical utterance of The London *Economist*, a very influential, independent and careful journal which represents the mercantile classes:

> There is a certain analogy between the railway service, the postal service, the police service and the army. The man who enters employment of this kind cannot be allowed to place himself at the disposal of a private club or organization in such a way that he may be compelled (or feel himself bound in honor) to desert his post at the command of an outside executive. His first duty lies to his service, and he must learn to get his grievances redressed by reasonable methods. It should be a condition of the railway service that no employe should be entitled to strike.

Other leading journals unhesitatingly advocate compulsory arbitration in a much wider sphere, pointing out that the arguments which were sound enough 20 years ago hardly apply to an era of old-age pensions, state insurance, state labor exchanges, land purchase and other social and industrial reforms.

Significantly enough, the same tendencies and changes of opinion are observable in this country. In connection with threatened railroad strikes business bodies and newspapers have emphasized the rights of the public, the duty of reasonableness, the need of peace in industry, and the propriety of insisting on arbitration—even on compulsory

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arbitration as a last resort. The importance of these developments can hardly be overestimated.

Movement Toward Uniform Legislation

At certain intervals some sensational affair sharply directs attention to the evil of our chaotic marriage and divorce laws. The need of a national system may be admitted in this or that direction, but the difficulties in the way of the reformer are almost disheartening where the Constitution needs to be amended. For this reason many earnest men and women are advocating uniform legislation by the states, after a carefully worked out model, pending further development of sentiment in favor of national jurisdiction over matters now within the control of the states. The movement for uniform legislation embraces many subjects and problems. Its advance has been steady, if not rapid. Few are aware of the successes it has already achieved. But the facts as to the movement are full of encouragement.

In a report to the American Bar Association at its recent annual convention a committee on uniform legislation set forth the results so far realized. The summary is as follows:

The negotiable instruments act has been passed in thirty-five states, two territories, the District of Columbia and two possessions.
The warehouse receipts act in twenty-one states and territories and the District of Columbia.
Sales act in eight states and one territory.
Uniform divorce act in three states.
Stock transfer act in five states.
Bills of lading act in six states.
Wills act in four states.
Family desertion act in five states.

The method pursued is this: State representatives or commissioners meet, confer, agree upon essentials and frame a "model" act. Work is then undertaken in each state interested to induce the legislature to pass the model act or an act not materially different. Today in one form or another every state in the Union is represented in the

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movement toward uniform legislation in fields where conflict of laws begets scandal—as in the case of marriages legal in some states and illegal in others, or in that of divorces obtained by collusion or fraud or evasion of laws in states that make divorces easy and cheap—or uncertainty, legal confusion and needless expense. It is felt by many that the movement has not had sufficient publicity or general support. The Governors' Conference, now an established institution, can do a good deal for uniform legislation, while the press and influential associations and conventions are in a position to render even more aid by creating interest and spreading information.

A Scientific Study of War

A conference of economists and publicists was held at Berne, Switzerland, in August to outline an educational campaign against war and wasteful armaments. Distinguished men, including former ministers of finance, participated, and committees were appointed to draw up lists of searching questions and encourage the writing of treatises and analytical studies on questions grouped under these heads—War; Armaments; the Unifying Influences of Trade and Organization.

Every phase and aspect of these subjects is to be scientifically studied in the hope that a science of war and peace may be created. Arguments are thus to be supplied against the militarists, the glorifiers of war as a source of manly virtue and social solidarity, as well as against the practical men, so-called, who deny that war can ever be abolished. What is the truth regarding armaments, preparations for defense, military organizations, pensions, conscription, etc.? What is the truth regarding the benefits of war to commerce and discipline? These are among the questions to be answered.

It is true that science does not destroy all superstition; that popular or even semi-scientific fallacies flourish in

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spite of repeated refutations, and that hatred, passion, narrow nationalism, jealousy and rivalry will not be eliminated from human nature by any number of conclusive demonstrations. But it is also true that in fighting war no weapon or instrument can be neglected. Those who are not impressed by statistics of loss and gain may be impressed by evidence that there is, as the late Prof. William James put it, a moral equivalent of war, and that peace does not necessarily mean "softness" and degeneracy, timidity and love of pleasure and ease. We are not always governed by reason, but even the worst demagogues profess to appeal to reason. It is well to know what the verdict of history, political economy, social science, ethics and philosophy is regarding war as a means of profit and progress.

The Carnegie Peace Foundation has made this scientific study of war and peace possible at last, and the same agency will insure a wide circulation of the literature to be created by the movement.

Lincoln Memorial Plans

A report was some time ago submitted to the Lincoln Memorial Commission, of which President Taft is chairman, by the National Fine Arts commission on the proposed $2,000,000 monument to the memory of the emancipator and martyr of the war over union and freedom. The report not only recommends a site but discusses the question of design or type of monument. With regard to the site, the commission declared in favor of the Potomac Park on the banks of the Potomac River. After considering other proposed sites, the commission said:

> It is impossible to overestimate the importance of giving to a monument of the size and significance of the Lincoln memorial complete and undisputed domination over a large area, together with a certain dignified isolation from competing structures, or even from minor features unrelated to it. Upon no other possible site in the city of Washington can this end be secured so completely as upon the Potomac Park site.

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A memorial upon this location would have the further advantage that it need not be so high as to bring it into competition with the Washington Monument in order to make it visible from great distances without danger of obstruction by buildings erected on private property. A monumental structure standing in a broad plain surrounded by an amphitheater of hills is as widely seen and is as impressive as one upon a hilltop. From the hills of the District and of Virginia the constantly recurring views of a great Lincoln memorial, seen in association with the Washington Monument and the dome of the Capitol, would be impressive in the highest degree.

To avoid competition with the Capitol and the Washington Obelisk, the commission suggests that the Lincoln memorial should not include a dome nor be characterized by great height. "Strong horizontal lines" are favored instead.

There are some members of the Memorial commission who are not fully satisfied with the report, but in the press few dissenting voices have been raised. It is pointed out that as regards the site the recommendation coincides with that made by the late John Hay ten years ago. Mr. Hay then wrote:

Lincoln of all Americans next to Washington deserves this place of honor. He was of the immortals. You must not approach too close to the immortals. His monument should stand alone, remote from the common habitations of man, apart from the business and turmoil of the city; isolated, distinguished and serene. Of all the sites this one near the Potomac is most suited to the purpose.

The Memorial commission will naturally entertain other suggestions and investigate alternative proposals, but it is the general opinion that in the end it will approve and follow the report of the National Fine Arts commission.

Canadian "Reciprocity" Elections

On September 21 the voters of Canada gave their verdict in the case of the Liberal party and its reciprocity agreement with the United States. As readers know, the verdict was not only adverse, but emphatically, decisively adverse. The voters of Canada defeated the Laurier government, turned seven ministers out of office, and gave the conserva-

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tives a majority in the House of Commons of about fifty, although the anti-reciprocity leaders had not ventured to hope for more than a majority of fifteen or twenty.

The result was a bitter disappointment to the friends of reciprocity on both sides of the border, but it did not come as a startling surprise. The anti-reciprocity factors and influences were numerous and potent.

To begin with, the manufacturers, bankers and allied interests fiercely fought reciprocity because it meant lower duties on certain classes of manufactured commodities. The workmen in the manufacturing industries were told that in the event of a victory for reciprocity factories would curtail production and dismiss many "hands." The trades unions had indorsed reciprocity, but threats of idleness and unemployment are always dangerous in a campaign.

Unquestionably the argument that reciprocity meant ultimate annexation of Canada by the United States, disruption of the British empire, disloyalty to the mother country, loss of Canadian nationality, individuality and moral independence, impressed many thousands of voters. Public opinion in Great Britain was generally hostile to the agreement, except among the stanch free traders, and the Canadian conservatives received much moral and material support from the sympathizers across the sea. Unreal and fallacious as the annexation cry was, it was not wholly insincere. At any rate, certain loose, superficial utterances of our own politicians were quoted with effect in Canada to prove that Americans expected and contemplated political union as one of the consequences of freer and closer commercial relations.

In the French-Canadian constituencies the Laurier government was bitterly opposed by the anti-imperialist "Nationalists," led by Henri Bourassa. To these Laurier was "too British," rather than not British enough; they objected to his policy of naval construction and naval co-operation

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with England in case of war. Incidentally, they opposed reciprocity while denying that the issue was of any real importance.

It may be added that the Liberal party had alienated some supporters in the West by its "lack of vigor" in dealing with Japanese and Indian immigration. Perhaps, too, after fifteen years of power, many desired a change without clearly formulating reasons for the change. But, whatever weight may be assigned to the other factors, the result unmistakably indicated deep hostility to the reciprocity proposal. And this in spite of a steadily growing trade with the United States, of much community of interest and many moral and social ties. However, even without formal reciprocity Canadian-American trade is bound to increase steadily under the operation of natural laws. Mutually beneficial commerce makes its way regardless of politics and prejudice.

World Problem of High Food Prices

It is now more apparent than it was a year ago that the question of raising prices of foodstuffs, or of the increasing cost of living, is a world problem. In France serious riots and disorders have occurred on account of high prices. In Vienna and in other Austrian cities even more serious riots have taken place through the same cause. Temporary measures have been adopted in France to relieve the situation, and investigations have been ordered. Meantime the discussion has proceeded and certain conclusions are gaining acceptance, at least in this country.

In the first place, while the population increased over 21 per cent in the decade covered by the last census, the farm area, or the area of cultivated land generally, has increased only a little over 4 per cent. True, productivity has increased, but not nearly enough to take care of the additional millions of consumers. There is need of more

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farmers, to begin with. More men and women ought to engage in agricultural pursuits and shun the overcrowded urban professions and occupations.

In the second place, better farming, more scientific and intensive cultivation, is necessary. The yield per acre can and should be increased, and the soil should be conserved, not bled and exploited recklessly. This means that the universities, the colleges, the special schools must teach agriculture better than they do now. The state, the railroads, the country bankers and merchants are now taking interest in the "better farming" movement. A national association has indeed been organized by men of affairs to preach this gospel to the farmers, for prosperity after all comes out of the soil, and good crops bring trade and business to all manufacturing industries.

In the third place, the immigrants who, like the Italians and Greeks, are good agricultural laborers, should be encouraged to settle on the land or in rural communities instead of in the slums of congested cities, and to use their skill instead of wasting it and depending on casual jobs and petty trading. Some Italian farm colonies have been remarkably successful in western states, and with aid and sympathy many more could be started. These immigrants need capital, information and organized guidance.

In the fourth place, retail trade and distribution should be better organized. There are too many retailers, too many deliveries by wagon, too much ordering by telephone, too little system and co-operation. Consumers might co-operate; the individual market basket should reappear; central markets should be established—as in Des Moines, Dubuque and elsewhere—for the accommodation of the poorer elements, and middlemen, as far as possible, should be dispensed with. The farmers, the producers, should co-operate in marketing their products and reaching the consuming public. In the past our farmers have been too "individualistic" to think of co-operation, but today the wisdom of co-operation

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is being brought home to them. Meetings have been held and funds subscribed to establish co-operative depots and stores in several cities, and it is significant that farmers' alliances have taken the lead in the movement.

The increased production of gold, heavy taxation, militarism, over-protection, monopoly, may be among the causes of the increased cost of living. It is plain, however, that these causes will not be removed in a year or decade. The simpler remedies specified have the advantage of immediate applicability and unquestioned advantage.

Iron and Steel Standards for Labor and Citizenship

The Federal Bureau of Labor has published a startling report of a careful inquiry into the labor conditions in our iron and steel industry, one of the greatest beneficiaries of the protective system. The report will cause many conscientious stockholders to demand reform and progress of the directors and managers. Protection is advocated in the interest of American standards of living, of American citizenship, of American prosperity and development. Yet among the facts brought forth by the federal bureau after an investigation of 344 plants are these:

One worker in three connected with actual production works seven days each week, Sunday not differing from other days.

Approximately one-fourth of the seven-day week employes covered by the inquiry work 84 hours or over per week, which means a 12-hour day.

These hardships are further accentuated by the fact that every week or fortnight, when the day shift men are transferred to the night shift, or vice versa, many remain on duty, without relief or rest, either 18 or 24 consecutive hours.

There appears to be no "metallurgical" necessity for

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these evils. Commercial reasons or "bigger profits" account for most of them.

Taking the employes in all branches of the iron and steel industry, nearly 60 per cent are foreign born, and two-thirds of these foreigners are of the Slavic races.

Not far from half of the workmen are totally without skill, and the wages are adjusted on the basis of unskilled labor. The tendency to render skill needless, to adopt automatic machinery, continues, and the number of the unskilled may be expected constantly to grow in the industry.

As to the wages earned, the following paragraph summarizes the facts:

Of the total of 90,599 employes, 8,495, or 9.36 per cent, earned less than fourteen cents per hour, 10,883, or 12.01 per cent, earned fourteen and under sixteen cents, and 25,535, or 28.18 per cent, earned sixteen and under eighteen cents. Thus 44,913, or 49.57 per cent of all the employes, received less than eighteen cents per hour.

These figures may be considered in connection with our problems of immigration, protection, trade unionism and assimilation. American housing, American living, Americanism in social, religion, and political relations are hardly possible under the conditions described.

NOTES

NORTH TO HELP SOUTH AMERICA

Just before he fell ill Pope Pius X despatched Father Gennochi, long one of the most active of the learned Commission on the translation and revision of the Bible, to Rio de Janeiro, charged to study conditions of the Catholic Church in South America and make a report to him. Father Gennochi had spent seven years among Mohammedans in Arabia and Afghanistan, and three among cannibal tribes in New Guinea before taking up Bible Commission work in Rome.

Pope Pius X had also appealed to the Rev. Dr. Charles P. Grannan, of the Catholic University at Washington, also a member of the same Bible Commission, to enlist if possible the charitable Catholics of the United States to help the Roman College of Latin America, located in Rome and in danger of closing unless larger financial support be assured it. In his appeal to the Rev. Dr. Gran-

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nan, which the Pope makes direct, he states that nothing is to be expected in financial help from Latin America Catholics, and yet he says that in Rome and at this college must be trained the leaders for South America and the West Indies of which the church there stands in so much need.

Cardinal Albuquerque, the one member of the Sacred College in South America as Cardinal Gibbons is the one in North America, is Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, and to him, in his letter commending Father Gennochi to South American prelates, Pope Pius X appreciates the poverty of the church in what he calls the "neglected continent," deplores the poverty of the Holy See itself in being unable to provide missionaries for the many unoccupied fields in Brazil, Bolivia, Argentina and Peru particularly, and urges Catholic leaders of South America in general to foster in all cities Catholic weekly newspapers after the manner of Catholic prelates in the United States The Pope praises the press as a religious educator when rightly edited, and appeals to the clergy to undertake through it larger things for the church.

The Rev Dr. Grannan is professor of sacred Scripture at the Catholic University, and his fame as Bible student in this country and abroad led to his appointment as the American member of the present Catholic Bible Commission. The Roman College of Latin America is similar in aims to the American College in Rome, and the Irish, German and others, located near to the Holy See and in the Eternal City, to which are sent young men of exceptional promise to be educated for the priesthood. It is from the ranks of these students that many of the foremost prelates of the church in the respective countries spring. The financial condition of the Latin American College at present is stated by the Pope to be desperate, with an increasing number of students from South America. Hence the appeal to North America.—*Church News Association.*

FOR SAILORMEN AND SAILORBOYS

The American Seamen's Friend Society is the second oldest philanthropic society in the United States. Its management has always been in the hands of prominent New Yorkers. It has one well-defined purpose and no other, to uplift seamen all over the world. It knows no sectarianism, and it has never drifted away from the objects for which it was organized in 1828. Its work means safety at sea, perhaps, as the sailorman, away from family and friends, is apt to develop a "don't-care-what-becomes-of-me" feeling. The English and other foreign sailors have made its house a home since it was opened in 1908, but the German sailormen have only discovered the Institute within the last year, and they also are now using it as a haven when ashore.

While the Institute of the American Seamen's Friend Society is devoted primarily to work among sailormen, its work among sailorboys receives attention. The society's representatives seek the boys on board ships when they arrive in the port of New York. They point out that the dangers of homesickness will be minimized if they visit the Institute, as everything possible is done to make them feel that there is something akin to parental care in its

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atmosphere. Games are provided, social entertainments at intervals help to relieve the monotony, and there is a fine swimming pool. Many letters are on file showing the boys' appreciation. There is urgent need for separate rooms for the boys at the Institute, as this branch is growing steadily.

While they are at sea, the boys have the use of a library which the American Seamen's Friend Society, so far as its limited funds will permit, endeavors to place on all deep-water ships that anchor in the port of New York. Several books of a juvenile nature are in the libraries, which contain about forty-five books. All the books have a healthy moral tone. The boys, of course, demand stories that are full of action and spirit. At the present time the library contains among other books especially suited to boys, such works as "The Story of New England Whalers," "The Adventures of Billy Topsail," "Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man," and that sea classic, "Tom Cringle's Log" which W. Clark Russell, in one of his books, says will live forever.

THE FEDERAL CONVENTION*

Concentrated here the united wisdom shines,
Of learned judges, and of sound divines;
Patriots, whose virtues searching time has tried,
Heroes, who fought, where brother heroes died;
Lawyers, who speak, as Tully spoke before,
Sages, deep read in philosophic lore;
Merchants, whose plans are to no realms confin'd,
Farmers, the noblest title 'mongst mankind:
Yeomen and tradesmen, pillars of the state;
On whose decision hangs Columbia's fate.

*Author unknown. Published in September, 1787.

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Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

(Courtesy of Harper and Brothers)

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Richard Harding Davis

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O. Henry
(Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.)

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Mary N. Murfree
(Charles Egbert Craddock).

(Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.)

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III. The Short Story*

By Benjamin A. Heydrick, A. M.

THE short story is a species of writing that has many sub-species. There is the story of adventure, such as the tales in Irving's *The Alhambra;* the story of ingenuity, as F. R. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger,* which presents a puzzle; the story of terror, as Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum;* the story of the supernatural, as Hawthorne's *Doctor Rappacini's Daughter.* All these are American short stories, yet they do not picture American life. The particular form of the short story that concerns us is the story of local color. In this the writer places the scene of his story in some definite locality, and aims to describe the surroundings and portray the people, with their local customs, their peculiarities of dress and speech, and their outlook upon life, as faithfully as he can. It is apparent that if this is well done, and the whole country covered, the result would be a complete social history of the American people. As yet the record is incomplete; many large communities, many forms of life have not been described. Yet as the list at the end of this article shows, a large part of our population has been thus surveyed, and pioneers are ever pushing forward into new territory.

As in the study of the novel, it is convenient to divide the country into sections. Taking first the East, which includes the states east of the Ohio River and north of

* See CHAUTAUQUAN for September and October, 1911, for Sections I and II on The Novel.

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Maryland, we find that certain sections of this district have been very fully covered, as a journalist would say. In New England, Mary Wilkins-Freeman, Sarah Orne Jewett and Alice Brown have given us studies that for minute and delicate observation are hardly surpassed.

Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman deals with rural and village life: she tells of shy love-affairs, which the repression of the New England nature keeps at a very moderate temperature; of gossiping old women who make newspapers unnecessary; of spinsters, neat as a pin, keeping up appearances on the scantiest means; of odd characters, such as Nicholas Gunn, the hermit, living solitary on corn meal and water. One of these is old Jonas Carey in the story called *Christmas Jenny*. One winter morning as he is returning from the well with water he slips and falls. He goes again, and again he falls. Returning for a third trip, he falls once more, and sits motionless. His wife calls to know if he is hurt, but he does not reply. She makes her way to his side and takes hold of his arm, saying,

"Jonas, you don't feel as if any of your bones were broke, do you?"

"Go back!" That was all he would say. She returns to the house. Once in a while she raps on the window and beckons to him. But he sits still. Old Jenny comes along and asks what is the matter.

"It's jest one of his tantrums. But I dunno what I am goin' to do. Oh dear me suz, I dunno' what I am goin' to do with him sometimes," she replies. "Sometimes his tantrums last a considerable while."

"I don't see who he thinks he's spitin'."

"I dunno, 'less it's Providence."

"I reckon Providence don't care much where he sits," says Jenny sagely. But the smell of the sausages frying for breagfast finally brings him in.

The Revolt of Mother describes a farmer's wife who has worked hard and without complaining for many years.

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The house was small and mean: the year they were married the husband had promised to build a new one, but had bought more land and built barns instead. Now the daughter is to be married; there is no fit place for the wedding but a new barn is being built. Before it is finished, the husband is called away. When he returns he finds the family living comfortably in the barn, and his wife delivers her ultimatum. As a result, the barn becomes a house. The story is a study of long-repressed feeling breaking out in an unexpected way.

Alice Brown's stories, like those of Mary Wilkins-Freeman, describe rural life from the woman's point of view. The important things are housecleaning and baking and shaking out the braided rugs and putting the mince pies in a cool place, while men are great clumsy things with muddy boots who interfere unreasonably in regard to the number of eggs to be put in a cake. Famous housekeepers are these New England women: the floors are worn with continual scrubbing, the tablecloths are ironed smooth and glossy, the glasses and china gleam brightly. The old Puritan spirit is still strong among them. Pretty Myra Bourne, admiring herself in the glass with her hair down, is caught by her mother.

"You sit down in that chair," says Mrs. Bourne, and the golden hair is clipped as short as a boy's. Social distinctions are carefully observed. Miss Jewett shows us, in *The Dulham Ladies,* two maiden ladies who consider themselves the social leaders of the town on two grounds: they are the daughters of a once eminent minister, and their grandmother was a Greenaple, of Boston.

Such is New England life as pictured in the short story. Note that it is not the life of the cities, nor of the large manufacturing towns, but of the rural and village communities. The people are largely the descendants of the early settlers; their lives are narrow and they know few pleasures; their feelings are intense but repressed; kindness

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is often hidden under a forbidding exterior; eccentricities of character are common. Most of the people are poor, and hard work is the rule.

In New York, in contrast to New England, it is the city that has cast its spell over authors. The metropolis with its surging tides of life, its sharp contrasts, its material so rich and so varied, fairly challenges authors to come and write its stories. Each one has described the angle of life that lay nearest him. Richard Harding Davis shows us the world of the club man; his hero is Van Bibber, irreproachable in dress and manners, with his bachelor apartment and his man-servant; Van Bibber who for five years has not been south of Washington Square; who is at home behind the scenes of theaters, who goes to the races and sits in a private box and lunches on paté sandwiches and champagne; Van Bibber who is sought for as a guest at country houses, who assists an elopement and overpowers a burglar with equal ease.

Descending from this rarefied atmosphere we find ourselves on solid earth with O. Henry. His field is not the Four Hundred but the Four Million. His people live in boarding houses or in flats; they work in department stores, in factories, in restaurants; for their pleasures they go to Coney Island. It is the life of the average man in the city.

"John Hopkins was like a thousand others. He worked at $20 per week in a nine-story red brick building at either Insurance, Buckle's Hoisting Engines, Chiropody, Loans, Pulleys, Boas Renovated, Waltz Guaranteed in Five Lessons or Artifical Limbs. It is not for us to wring Mr. Hopkins' avocation from these outward signs that be.

"Mrs. Hopkins was like a thousand others. The auriferous tooth, the sedentary disposition, the Sunday afternoon wanderlust, the draught upon the delicatessen store for home-made comforts, the furor for department store marked-down sales, . . . the mucilagineous hours during which she remained glued to the window-sill, the vigilant avoidance

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of the installment man, the tireless patronage of the acoustics of the dumb-waiter shaft—all the attributes of the Gotham flat dweller were hers.

"John Hopkins sat in his glove-fitting, straight-front flat. He sat upon a hornblende couch, and gazed with satiated eyes at Art Brought Home to the People in the shape of 'The Storm' tacked against the wall. Mrs. Hopkins discoursed droningly of the dinner smells from the flat across the hall."—*The Four Million.*

Or he shows us Dulcie, who worked in the department store. "She sold Hamburg edging or stuffed peppers or automobiles or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned, Dulcie received six dollars per week." This she spent as follows: "For her room, Dulcie paid two dollars per week. On week-days her breakfast cost ten cents: she made coffee and cooked an egg over the gas light while she was dressing. On Sunday morning she feasted royally on veal chops and pineapple fritters at 'Billy's' restaurant at a cost of twenty-five cents —and tipped the waitress ten cents. . . She had her lunch in the department store restaurant at a cost of sixty cents for the week: dinners were $1.05. The evening paper—show me a New Yorker going without his daily paper!—came to six cents; and two Sunday papers, one for the personal column and the other to read—were ten cents. The total amounts to $4.76. Now, one has to buy clothes, and—I give it up."

This society has its own conventions, quite different from those which prevail in the Van Bibber set. A young man, new to the ways, asks the pretty girl at the glove counter if he may call.

"Oh gee, no," she replies. "If you could see our flat once! There's five of us in three rooms. I'd just like to see ma's face if I were to bring a gentleman friend there!" So they arrange a meeting on the street corner.

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Of the other writers who have chosen New York city as their field, several have been attracted to the foreign colonies. Thus James Oppenheim shows us the East Side Jew, depicting with sympathy the tragedy of the second generation, the young folks who speak English and dress in American fashions, and look down upon their parents with their Yiddish speech and old-country ways. He shows, too, the crowded litttle halls where the Socialists meet, with men of many races working together earnestly for the social revolution which is to lighten their burdens. Pleasanter reading are the stories of Myra Kelly, showing the humors of a school-room on the East Side, with glimpses, too, of the homes of the parents, where little children work in defiance of law, and where "little mothers" care for babies while the women are at work.

It is difficult to generalize about these stories of New York, so varied are the sides of life that they present. The general impression one gathers is that of a large foreign population that is very imperfectly assimilated, of new problems which arise in the clash between American customs and those of the old world; of a struggle for existence that is often bitterly keen, yet whose very bitterness serves to bring out heroic devotion and self-sacrifice.

Pennsylvania has received its share of attention at the hands of the short-story writer. Thomas A. Janvier has cleverly satirized the exclusive, ancestor-worshipping aristocracy of Philadelphia; Margaret Deland has described the life of a quiet village, and Helen R. Martin has humorously pictured the "Pennsylvania Dutch," as some of the German settlers in Southeastern Pennsylvania are called. These people are quaint in dress and quainter in speech, retaining many German idioms. Thus to untie is to "tie loose;" an awkward person is a "doppel," and dried apples are called "snitz." These people go to no theaters, never have their pictures taken, "because the Word says, 'Make no

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graven images,' "; they are thrifty, hard-working—the women work in the fields beside the men—, honest and deeply religious.

The South has no lack of literary interpreters. The list of stories dealing with this section, long as it is, would be much longer if it included stories of an earlier period. The civilization of the South before the war, with its aristocracy of old families, its wealth, its princely hospitality, its troops of retainers, corresponds in our history to the Middle Ages in European history: the period of gallant knights and fair ladies and tournaments and chivalry. In such books as Thomas Nelson Page's *In Ole Virginia* it lives again, with the charm that belongs to that which has gone beyond recall. But the new South has not lost its picturesqueness. The mountaineers of Tennessee and Kentucky are living under conditions as primitive as they were fifty years ago; the contrast between the white and the black races affords endless themes for stories; the high-spirited, courtly men and the lovely women of earlier days live again in their descendants. Each of these classes, the mountain folk, the colored people, and the aristocracy, has found its chroniclers. Miss Murfree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, thus describes the home of a mountaineer:

"The log cabin seemed as rickety as the fence. The little front porch had lost a puncheon here and there in the flooring. . . The windows had fewer panes of glass than rags; and the chimney, built of clay and sticks, leaned portentously away from the house. The open door displayed a rough, uncovered floor, a few old, rush-bottomed chairs, a bedstead with a patchwork calico quilt, the mattress sagging in the center and showing the badly-arranged cords below; strings of bright red peppers hanging from the dark rafters; a group of tow-headed, grave-faced, barefooted children; and occupying almost one side of the room, a broad, deep, old-fashioned fireplace. . . The place was

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characterized by a scrupulous cleanness."—*The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain.*

The people who live in such homes are brave, independent in spirit, unfailing in hospitality. They do not forget a friend, nor forgive a foe. When one is wronged, he commonly takes the law in his own hands. Feuds arise, which may continue until one family or the other is entirely wiped out. Far from railroads or newspapers, these people are without education or knowledge of the world beyond.

Of the aristocracy of the South, the contrast between the past and present is the theme of many stories. It is graphically shown in Joel Chandler Harris's description of a Southern mansion as it was before the war:

"A stately house, on a wooded hill, the huge, white pillars that supported the porch rising high enough to catch the reflection of a rosy sunset; the porch itself and the beautiful lawn in front filled with a happy crowd of lovely women and gallant men, young and old; the wide avenues lined with carriages, and the whole place lit up as it were and alive with the gay commotion of a festival occasion."

Then as it appeared twenty years later:

"The great house was all but dismantled. One corner of the roof had fallen in. The wide windows were mere holes in the wall. The gable of the porch was twisted and rent—so much so that two of the high pillars had toppled over, while another, following the sinking floor, had parted company with the burden it was intended to support. The cornices with their queer ornamentation had disappeared, and more than one of the chimney tops had crumbled, leaving a ragged pile of bricks peeping above the edge of the roof. The lawn and avenues leading to it were rankly overgrown with weeds. The grove of magnificent trees that had been one of the features of the place, had not been spared. Some were lying prone upon the ground, and others had been cut into cord wood, while those that had been left

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Joel Chandler Harris

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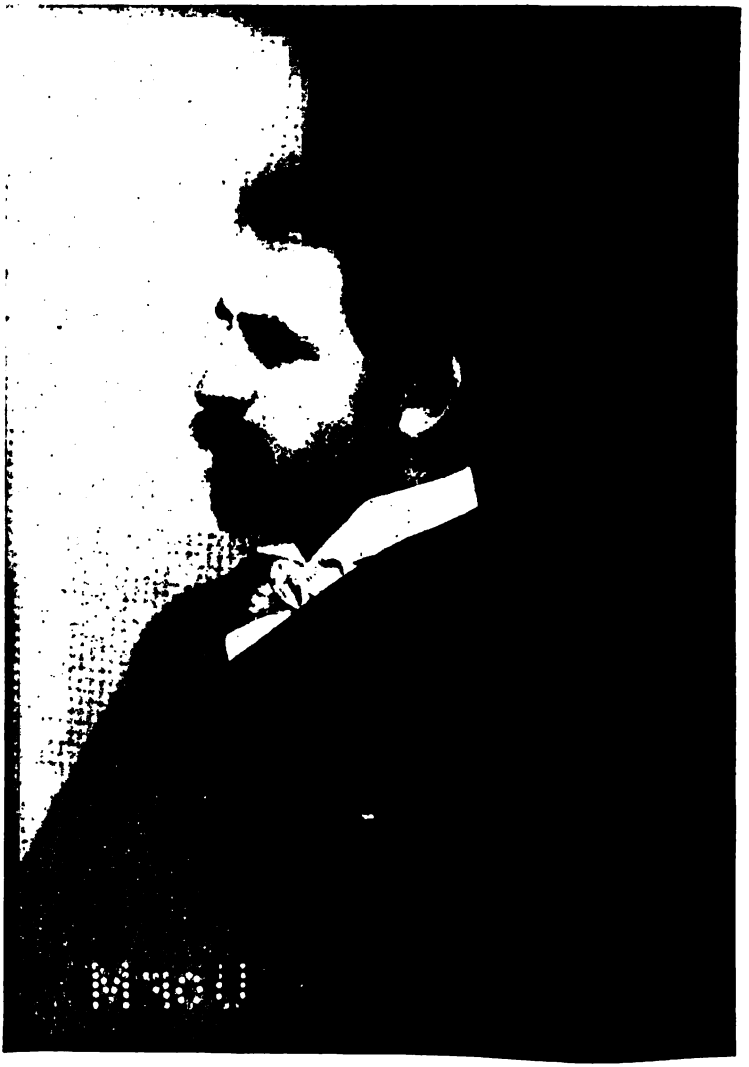

Hamlin Garland
(*Courtesy of Harper and Brothers*)

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Owen Wister

Myra Kelley

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standing had been trimmed and shorn of their beauty.—*Tales of the Home-Folks.*

The two pictures form an allegory. James Lane Allen has given us a pathetic picture of those who, after the war, could not adjust themselves to the new state of things. Colonel Romulus Fields and his servant Peter find the new life rather bewildering. The colonel opens a store, but he knows little of business methods, and prefers to chat with his old friends while customers are waiting. After a time the store is closed. Once he accepts an invitation to an evening party, and goes, carefully dressed by Peter. He finds a new set of people, new dances, new ways which make him feel old-fashioned. So he and Peter withdraw more and more to themselves in the big house with the old-fashioned garden. "To a few deep-seeing eyes the colonel and Peter were ruined landmarks on a fading historic landscape, and their devoted friendship was the last steady burning-down of that pure flame of love which can never again shine out in the future of the two races. Hence a softened charm invested the drowsy quietude of that shadowy paradise in which the old master without a slave and the old slave without a master still kept up a brave pantomime of their obsolete relations."—*Two Gentlemen of Kentucky.*

Not all bore the change as quietly as Colonel Fields. In Miss Woolson's story, *Rodman the Keeper,* we have an ex-officer of the Union army who has been appointed keeper of a national cemetery in the South. The white people keep severely away from him. On one occasion a young woman is obliged to come there, and he asks her to register in the visitors' book.

"I cannot!" she replied. "Shall I set my name down in black and white as a visitor to this cemetery, where lie fourteen thousand of the soldiers who killed my father, my three brothers, my cousins; who brought desolation upon all

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our house and ruin upon all our neighborhood, all our state, and all our country—for the South *is* our country, and not your North. Shall I forget these things? Never!"

But that story was written twenty years ago. In more recent books by southern writers there is no trace of the old bitter feeling.

The southern negro has been described by many writers. Thomas Nelson Page contrasts the old-time servant and the new by showing Mammy Lyddy who comes to take charge of the house for the daughter of her old mistress, and finds a "colored lady" dawdling around.

"What does yo' call yo'self?" said Mammy Lyddy.

"What is my name? I am called Miss Johnson—Miss Selina Johnson."

"Yo' is? Well, 'Miss Johnson,' you git hold of that mattrass and help me meck up dis heah bed so it'll be fit for you' mistis to sleep on it."

The maid drew herself up. "I done made it up onct today. An' I aint got no mistis."

The mammy turned on her. "Um h'm! I thought so! I knows jest yo' kind. Well, de sooner you git out o' dis room de better for you. 'Cause if I lay my han' 'pon you, I wont let let you go till I'se done what yo' mammy ought to a' done to you ev'y day o' yo' life!"—*Bred in the Bone.*

In the same story another "new" negro, a young fellow with some education and fluent of speech, goes about among his fellows obtaining money with which to pay, as he claimed, ten per cent for the best plantations in the state, after which according to his story, the government would give the plantations to the negroes.

In Dunbar's *Folks from Dixie,* one story deals with a colored pastor who comes to a new charge, and finds his people living shiftless lives in homes of squalor. He asks how they make a living.

"Oh well, we does odd jobs, we saws and splits wood

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and totes bundles and some of us raises gyahden, but mos' of us, we fishes. De fish bites, an' we ketches 'em. Sometimes we eats 'em and sometimes we sells 'em; a string o' fish 'll bring a peck o' co'n any time."

"And is that all you do?"

" 'Bout."

Through his efforts, however, one young fellow goes to raising chickens, another becomes a carpenter, a third learns blacksmithing, and so the community is gradually lifted to higher standards.

In the stories of Ruth McEnery Stuart we see the simplicity of the colored folk, their credulity, their fondness for show and display, their affectionate nature, and their lax morals. It is noteworthy that none of these southern writers seem to consider the colored people as a menace—scarcely as a problem.

For the Middle West, the best accounts in the form of the short story are those of Hamlin Garland, William Allen White, Octave Thanet, and Zona Gale. Mr. Garland describes life on a Wisconsin farm with pitiless realism. In one of his stories a city man returns to the scenes of his youth.

"He reached the house, a small white story-and-a-half structure, with a wing, set in the midst of a few locust trees; a small drab-colored barn with a sagging ridge-pole; a barnyard full of mud in which a few cows were standing, fighting the flies and waiting to be milked. . . He could hear a woman's fretful voice and the impatient jerk and jar of kitchen things, indicative of ill temper or worry. The longer he stood absorbing this farm scene, with all its sordidness, dullness, triviality, and its endless drudgeries, the lower his heart sank."

He sits down with the family at supper.

"The supper was spread upon a gay-colored oil-cloth, and consisted of a pan of milk set in the midst, with bowls at each plate. Beside the pan was a dipper and a large plate

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of bread, and at one end of the table a dish of fine honey. A boy of about fourteen leaned upon the table, his bent shoulders making him look like an old man. His hickory shirt was still wet with sweat and discolored here and there with grease or green from the grass. Flies buzzed about, and the heat was oppressive."

After supper, "the younger man, in ill-smelling clothes and great boots that chafed his feet, went out to milk the cows, on whose legs the flies and mosquitoes swarmed, bloated with blood,—to sit by the hot side of a cow and be lashed with her tail as she tried frantically to keep the savage insects from eating her raw."

The city man asks his brother how they came to sell the farm.

"How'd we come to sell it?" said Grant with terrible bitterness, "We had something on it that didn't leave anything to sell. . . There was a mortgage on it that eat it up in just four years by the almanac. . . We wrote to you for money."

"But, good heavens, I never got it."

"Suppose you didn't. You might have known that we were as poor as Job's off ox. Everybody is that earns a living. We fellows on the farm have to earn a living for ourselves and you fellows that don't work. . . Singular we fellows are discontented and mulish, aint it? Singular we think the country's going to hell, we fellows, in a two-dollar suit, wadin' around in the mud or sweatin' around in the hay-field, while you fellows lay around New York and smoke and toady to millionaires."—*Main-Travelled Roads.*

It is a relief to turn from this to another picture of Wisconsin life, as seen in the *Friendship Village* stories. These are wholesome, humorous sketches, written from a woman's point of view. In one of them Calliope tells about evening dress.

"None of the low-neck' fashion plates used to seem real to us. We used to look at 'em pinned up in Lyddy

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Ember's dressmakin' windows, ah-ahing in their low pink an' long blue, an' we'd look 'em over an' think tolerant enough, like about sea-serpents. But neither the one nor the other bit hold real vital, because the plates was so young an' smilin' an' party-seemin,' an' we was old an' busy, like you get, an' considered past the dressin' age. Still it made kind of a nice thing to do on the way home from the grocery, hot forenoons—draw up there on the shady side, where the street kitters some into a curve, an' look at Lyddy's plates, an' choose, like you was goin' to get one" . . .

" 'It's a dog's life, livin' in a little town in some respects,' says Mis' Postmaster Sykes.

" 'Well,' says Mis' Toplady, tolerant, 'I know. I know it is. But I'd rather live in a little town and dog it out than go up to the city and turn wolf, same as some.' "

"An' yet we all felt the same, every one of us. They aint a woman livin' in a little place that don't feel the same, now and again. It's quiet an' it's easy housework, an' you get to know folks well. But oh, none of it what you might say *glitters*. An' they aint no woman whatever—no matter how good a wife an' mother an' Christian an' even housekeeper she is—that don't, way down deep in her heart, feel that hankerin' after some sort o' *glitter*. So it was natural enough that we should draw up at Lyddy's dressmakin' window an' rest ourself."—*Friendship Village Love Stories.*

It is a little world of simple neighborliness, where after supper on summer evenings the people come out on their porches and read the newspaper or pit cherries or get the cucumbers ready for pickling while they chat together—a simple world of kindly hearts and content.

Even better as a picture of Mid-west life is the group of stories by William Allen White called *In Our Town.* They deal with the people of a Kansas town—perhaps we shall not be wrong if we say it is Emporia—as seen from the standpoint of the newspaper office. The introductory

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sketch gives admirably the spirit of the small town in the Middle West.

"Because we live in the country towns where the horses in the fire department work on the streets, is no reason why the city-dwellers should assume that we are natives. We have no dialect worth recording, save that some of us Westerners burr our 'r's' a little or drop an occasional final 'g.' But you will find that all the things advertised in the backs of the magazines are in our houses, and that the young men in our towns walking home at midnight, with their coats on their arms, whistle the same popular airs that lovelorn boys are whistling in New York, Portland, San Francisco or New Orleans that same fine evening. Our girls are those pretty, reliant, well-dressed young women whom you see at the summer resorts from Coronado Beach to Buzzard's Bay. In the fall and winter these girls fill the colleges of the East and the state universities of the West. Those wholesome, frank, good-natured people whom you met last winter at the Grand Cañon . . . are our leading citizens who run the bank or the dry-goods store or the flour mill. At our annual arts and crafts show we have on exhibition loot from the four corners of the earth, and the club woman who has not heard it whispered around in our art circles that Mr. Sargent is painting too many portraits lately, and that a certain long-legged model whose face is familiar in the weekly magazines is no better than she should be—a club woman in our town who does not know of these things is out of caste in clubdom, and women say of her that she is giving too much time to her church. . . . So used is our town to our school teachers resigning to get married that when one resigns for any other cause we make it a point to announce in the paper that it is not for the usual reason, and tell our readers exactly what the young woman is going to do. . . . A family vernacular has grown up in the paper which our people understand. Thus we say: 'Mrs. Merriman is getting ready to

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lend her fern to the Nortons, June 15.' . That doesn't mean anything unless you know that Mrs. Merriman has the prettiest Boston fern in town, and that no bow-window is properly decorated at any wedding without that fern."

Of writers who have described the Far West, the name of Bret Harte first suggests itself. But Harte left California early in the seventies, and never returned; his pictures of California life are of the mining days in the forties and fifties; his people, miners, stage drivers, gamblers and "bad men," are as completely of the past as the *padres* of the Spanish missions. The West of to-day has been described by O. Henry, by Owen Wister, by C. F. Lummis, by Mary Austin. Yet in a few years these pictures will be as little true as Bret Harte's, so rapidly is this section of our country being transformed. As Owen Wister says, "Living men, not very old, have seen the Indian on the war-path, the buffaloes stopping the trains, the cowboy driving his cattle, the herder watching his sheep, the government irrigation dam, and the automobile."

Speaking of Wyoming in particular, he says: "The soldier of the frontier, the frontier post—gone; the cattle range—gone; the sheep episode just come, yet going already, or at any rate mixed, diluted with the farm, the truck garden, the poultry yard, the wife, the telephone, the summer boarder, and the Victor playing the latest 'Broadway' records in valleys where the august wilderness reigned silent —yesterday."—*Members of the Family.*

O. Henry gives this picture of Texas:

"In Texas you may travel a thousand miles in a straight line. If your course is a crooked one, it is likely that both the distance and your rate of speed may be vastly increased. Clouds there sail serenely against the wind. The whip-poor-will delivers its disconsolate cry with the notes exactly reversed from those of his Northern brother. Given a drought, and a subsequent lively rain, and lo! from a glazed and stony soil will spring in a single night blos-

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somed lilies, miraculously fair. Tom Green County was once the standard of measurement. I have forgotten how many New Jerseys and Rhode Islands it was that could have been stowed away and lost in its chapparal. But the legislative axe has slashed Tom Green into a handful of counties hardly larger than European kingdoms. The legislature convenes at Austin, near the center of the state; and while the Representative from the Rio Grande country is gathering his palm-leaf fan and his linen duster to set out for the capitol, the Pan-handle Solon winds his muffler above his well-buttoned overcoat and kicks the snow from his well-greased boots ready for the same journey. All this merely to hint that the big ex-republic of the Southwest forms a sizable star on the flag, and to prepare for the corollary that things sometimes happen there uncut to pattern and unfettered by metes and bounds."—*Roads of Destiny.*

O. Henry's stories are chiefly of Texas ranch life, with cowboys, Mexicans and cattle-queens to lend picturesqueness. Of New Mexico, C. F. Lummis has written stirring stories of horse-hunts, of taming broncos, and hunting cattle-thieves. Arizona deserts are the scene of the stories of Mary Austin.

From all these one gathers the general impression that "East is East, and West is West," with the difference still strongly marked. The early settlers of the West, first the gold-hunters, then the pioneers, were the more enterprising, the more daring, and physically the more vigorous men of the communities whence they came. This difference was intensified by the new conditions of life in the West: the occupations were different, the climate was different, the civilization was cruder and more fluid. All these influences continued for two generations have made the Westerner what he is—quite as good an American as his cousin in the East, but not the same kind of American.

And where shall we find the typical American? New

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England is not typical, nor is the South; the Middle Atlantic states have received such overwhelming waves of immigration within recent years that they can hardly be said to have a strongly-marked national character. It is in the Middle West, if we may trust the testimony of the short story and of the novel as well, that we find the typical American.

And finally, what does this fiction as a whole tell us of the American spirit? Amid all the diversity of theme and treatment, a certain tone characterizes these stories. It is not the tone of Russian fiction, with its deep note, half-melancholy, half-revolutionary; it is not the tone of France, with its light, half-mocking cynicism; it is not the depressing note of fatalism that is sounded in recent English fiction. Ours is a literature of optimism; it reflects for the most part a life in the sunshine; it is cheerful, kindly, clean in life and speech, and with the salt of humor sprinkled everywhere.

SHORT STORIES DEALING WITH RECENT AMERICAN LIFE.

LOCAL STUDIES

THE EAST

New England—A New England Nun; A Humble Romance, Mary Wilkins-Freeman; Meadow-Grass, The Country Road, Alice Brown; A White Heron, The Queen's Twin, S. O. Jewett; Pratt Portraits, Anna Fuller; The Village Watch-Tower, K. D. Wiggin; The Old Home House, J. C. Lincoln.

New York City—The Four Million, The Voice of the City, O. Henry; Van Bibber and Others, R. H. Davis; Doctor Rast, James Oppenheim; Toomey and Others, Robt. Shackleton; Vignettes of Manhattan, Brander Matthews; The Imported Bridegroom, A. Cahan; Little Citizens, Little Aliens, Myra Kelly; The Soul of the Street, Norman Duncan.

Pennsylvania—Old Chester Tales, Doctor Lavender's People, Margaret Deland; Betrothal of Elypholate, H. R. Martin; The Passing of Thomas, T. A. Janvier.

THE SOUTH

Tennessee—In the Tennessee Mountains, Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain, M. N. Murfree.

Alabama—Alabama Sketches, S. M. Peck.

Arkansas—Otto the Knight, Knitters in the Sun, Octave Thanet.

Georgia—Free Joe, Tales of the Home Folks, J. C. Harris; Northern Georgia Sketches, W. N. Harben.

Virginia—Bred in the Bone, T. N. Page.

Kentucky—Flute and Violin, J. L. Allen.

Louisiana—Holly and Pizen, Aunt Amity's Silver Wedding, R. McE. Stuart.

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Florida—Rodman the Keeper, C. F. Woolson.
Not Localized—Folks from Dixie, Strength of Gideon, P. L. Dunbar.

THE MIDDLE WEST

Ohio—Folks Back Home, Eugene Wood.
Michigan—Blazed Trail Stories, S. E. White.
Iowa—Stories of a Western Town, The Missionary Sheriff, Octave Thanet.
Wisconsin—Main-Travelled Roads, Hamlin Garland; Friendship Village, Zona Gale.
Kansas—In Our Town, W. A. White.

THE FAR WEST

Wyoming—Red Men and White, Members of the Family, Owen Wister.
Arizona—Lost Borders, Mary Austin.
Texas—Heart of the West, Roads of Destiny, O. Henry.
New Mexico—The King of the Broncos, C. F. Lummis.
California—The Cat and the Cherub, C. B. Fernald.
Alaska—Love of Life, Son of the Wolf, Jack London.
Philippine Islands—Caybigan, James Hopper.

STORIES DEALING WITH OCCUPATIONS

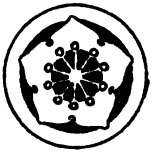
Railroading—The Nerve of Foley, F. H. Spearman; Stories of the Railway, Scribner's Series.
Firemen—The Smoke-Eaters, H. J. O'Higgins.
Physicians—Henderson, R. E. Young.
Fishermen—The Crested Seas, Out of Gloucester, J. B. Connolly.
Domestic Service—The Successors of Mary the First, E. S. Phelps-Ward.
The Stage—Merely Players, V. Tracy; The Actors' Boarding House, Helen Green.
Wall Street—Wall Street Stories, E. Lefevre.
Politics—Stratagems and Spoils, W. A. White.
Crime—Powers That Prey, Josiah Flynt.

COLLEGE STORIES

Harvard Stories, W. K. Post; Yale Yarns, J. S. Wood; Princeton Stories, J. L. Williams; Vassar Stories, G. M. Gallegher; Smith College Stories, J. D. Daskam; The Golden Season, Myra Kelly.

STORIES OF SCHOOL DAYS

Emmy Lou, G. M. Martin; Ten to Seventeen, J. D. Daskam; Chronicles of Rebecca, K. D. Wiggin.



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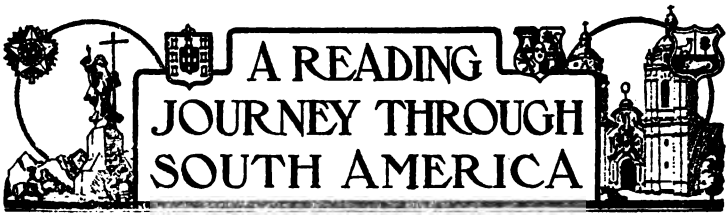

III. Brazil*

By Harry Weston VanDyke†

THE first of the important seaports of Brazil that are accessible by steamer from New York is Belém, the capital of the State of Pará. It ranks only as the fifth in size, but to the tourist it is of surpassing interest because it is situated on the Pará river, the southern or commercial mouth of the Amazon, that mightiest and most majestic of all the rivers in the world.

Imagine!—a river more than 3,300 miles in length, with its source in the Peruvian Andes, 16,000 feet above the level of the sea—a river which, with its vast tributaries, many of them themselves from a thousand to two thousand miles in length, drains a territory of 2,300,000 square miles, more than two-thirds as large as the United States, and so rich in indigenous resources, and so fertile, that many years ago, when it was wholly a wilderness, the great scientist Baron von Humboldt said of it that "it is here that one day, sooner or later, will concentrate the civilization of the globe" —a river that is a mile and a half wide at Tabatinga, the last Brazilian port to the west, and gradually broadens on its way to the sea until it attains a width of 150 miles

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A Reading Journey Through South America began in the September, 1911, issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN with an article on "Discovery and Conquest," and was followed in October by one entitled "Colonial Period and War of Independence."

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at its northern mouth alone, and discharges into the Atlantic a volume of water more than four times as great as the outpour of the Mississippi—a river that is navigable, that is now actually being navigated by *ocean liners,* for 2,000 miles, clear across Brazil to Iquitos in the frontier of Peru.

Yet, although as early as 1541, Francisco Orellana, one of Pizarro's little band of conquerors, who had crossed the Andes in quest of the fabulous country of El Dorado, and, after traversing the whole course of the river through Brazil with a few companions in a canoe, had made his way back to Spain and told amazing stories of the wealth of the region he had discovered, and although a century later the astronomer La Condamine, and still later von Humboldt, Castlenau and others had successively published alluring accounts of their explorations in the same region, it was not until 1867 that the river was opened to free navigation.

It is gratifying to reflect that, probably more than to any other outside influence, it was due to the publication of the report of an expedition undertaken in 1851 by William Lewis Herndon, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, and to the explorations of Louis Agassiz, a Harvard professor, that the interest was aroused which at last brought this about. Lieutenant Herndon, like Orellana, started from Lima, and, braving the passes of the Andes, entered the Amazon from one of its western affluents and made the journey in a canoe, with only a Peruvian guide and a few Indian rowers, all the way to its mouth. Professor Agassiz, whose explorations were begun fifteen years later, started from Belém and travelled in a steamboat, such as it was, accompanied by his wife and a corps of other scientists, and was given every assistance possible by the late Emperor Dom Pedro, who took a lively interest in the expedition. But even then in Brazil, the Professor says in his book (*Agassiz's "Journey in Brazil"*), "so little was known of the Amazon that we could obtain only very meager, and usually rather discouraging, information concerning our projected journey. In Rio, if you say you are going to ascend their great river, your

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Brazilian friends look at you with compassionate wonder. You are threatened with sickness, with intolerable heat, with mosquitoes, *jacares* (alligators), and wild Indians."

Lieutenant Herndon, however, had already made known to the scientific world that the climate is healthy; that, notwithstanding the mosquitoes, and humid and hot as it is during certain hours of the day, the nights are always cool, and that "the direct rays of the sun are tempered by an almost constant east wind, laden with moisture from the ocean, so that no one ever suffers from the heat"; and, when he got back to Rio de Janeiro, Professor Agassiz assured the Brazilians that this was so. Arthur Dias indignantly protests (in his *Brazil of Today,* Raposo's translation) that "it is not true, as they say, that the climate of this region prevents the existence and the extending of the population." "It is a legend, a fiction," he adds.

Here in this Amazon country, Lieutenant Herndon reported, "we see a fecundity of soil and a rapidity of vegetation that is marvellous and to which even Egypt, the ancient granary of Europe, affords no parallel. . . . Here trees, evidently young, shoot up to such a height that no fowling piece will reach the game seated on their topmost branches. This is the country of rice, of sarsaparilla, of cocoa, of Tonka beans, of mandioca, black pepper, arrow root, ginger, balsam, tapioca, gum copal, nutmeg, animal and vegetable wax, indigo and Brazil nuts, of India rubber, of dyes of the gayest colors, drugs of rare virtue, variegated cabinet woods of the finest grain and susceptible of the highest polish. Here dwell the wild cow, the fish ox, the sloth, the ant eater, the beautiful black tiger, the mysterious electric eel, the boa constrictor, the anaconda, the deadly coral snake, the voracious alligator, monkeys in endless variety, birds of the most brilliant plumage and insects of the strangest form and gayest colors."

More than forty years of progress and improvement have passed since Dom Pedro decreed that the river should be open to international trade, yet all these wonders may

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still be seen there—the vast expanses of water, the shore lines varied by lofty bluffs and low plains of sand, rugged rocks and dense masses of foliage, the surface dotted by islands, large and small—the magnificent forests still crowding to the banks and teeming with all the exuberant life and brilliant hues of the tropics—giant *sumaumeras,* their crests towering high above all other trees, their huge, white-barked trunks and limbs standing out in striking relief from the masses of green; tall cocoanut palms, tufted at the top with fan-shaped leaves cut into ribbons, and creamy blossoms; slender, graceful *assai* palms, tall and clean-stemmed like the cocoanuts, but with fluffy, feathery crowns; wine palms from which the flowers hang in long crimson tassels, studded with berries of bright green; *jupati* palms with plume-like leaves forty to fifty feet long that start near the base of the trunk and curve upward on all sides in the form of a vase; fan palms and a legion of others.

And there are rubber trees, which resemble in this region our northern ash; stately *castanhas,* the trees on which the Brazil nuts grow, and *cacaos,* that look like our cherry trees, only they give us our chocolate and cocoa beans instead, and have blossoms of a saffron tint; mahoganies, rosewoods and satinwoods and great sheaves of whispering bamboo; myriads of ferns and exquisitely tinted orchids, acacias, scarlet passion flowers, begonias, yellow and blue; flowers innumerable in the wildest profusion—not little ones like our violets hiding modestly among the mosses and grass, but big blossoms growing luxuriantly on bushes and on the parasite vines that twine about the trunks of the trees and hang in festoons from their branches, until the whole forest seems ablaze with their vivid lights; and there are still the monkeys and beautiful butterflies and humming birds, and the parrots, macaws, herons, egrets, toucans and countless other gorgeously feathered birds, and the Indian villages, too, in the midst of their orange and banana groves or huddled near the beaches where the turtles go.

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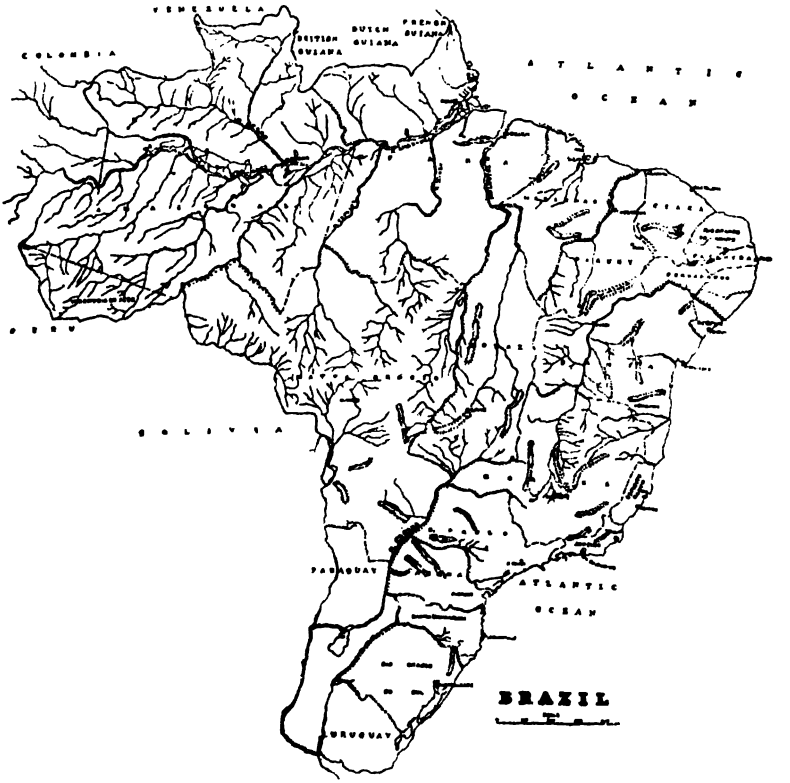

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Only now all these may be seen from the decks of ocean liners, or, if one starts from Belém, from river steamers as safe and comfortably equipped and setting as good a table as most of those in our northern waters. Now the alligators and snakes and tigers have been driven far from the beaten tracks—not too far, though, for the sportsman who loves the excitement of hunting big game—now the negro slaves have been freed and the Indians, even the still numerous and once warlike Mundrucus, are no longer hostile; now in many places lands have been drained and clearings made in the forests, and waste marshes and giant trees have made way for pastures and thrifty looking plantations, where grain, coffee, sugar, tobacco and cotton and pineapples and many other things are cultivated; now the rubber and cacao and nut gatherers penetrate far into the woods; now small, isolated communities have grown to be large ones that send their produce directly from their own docks to the markets of the world.

There is Manaos, for instance, the capital of the State of Amazonas. Manaos is situated at the mouth of the Rio Negro, which empties into the Amazon a thousand miles from the coast. When Lieutenant Herndon was there in 1851, it was a wretched little town containing but 470 houses, most of them one story in height, and had a population of about 4,000—whites, Indians, mixed breeds and negro slaves all combined. Today it is a modern, rapidly growing city, with a population already numbering 50,000, perhaps more, including many foreigners. There is an imposing stone State House, a white marble Palace of Justice and a splendid monument commemorating the opening of the Amazon to international trade. It has broad, shaded, well-paved streets, lined with handsome buildings; it has electric lights, trolley lines, a telephone system, water and harbor works, an ice plant, banks, hotels, newspapers, up-to-date shops, warehouses and public markets, a good library and excellent educational institutions, and is rated among

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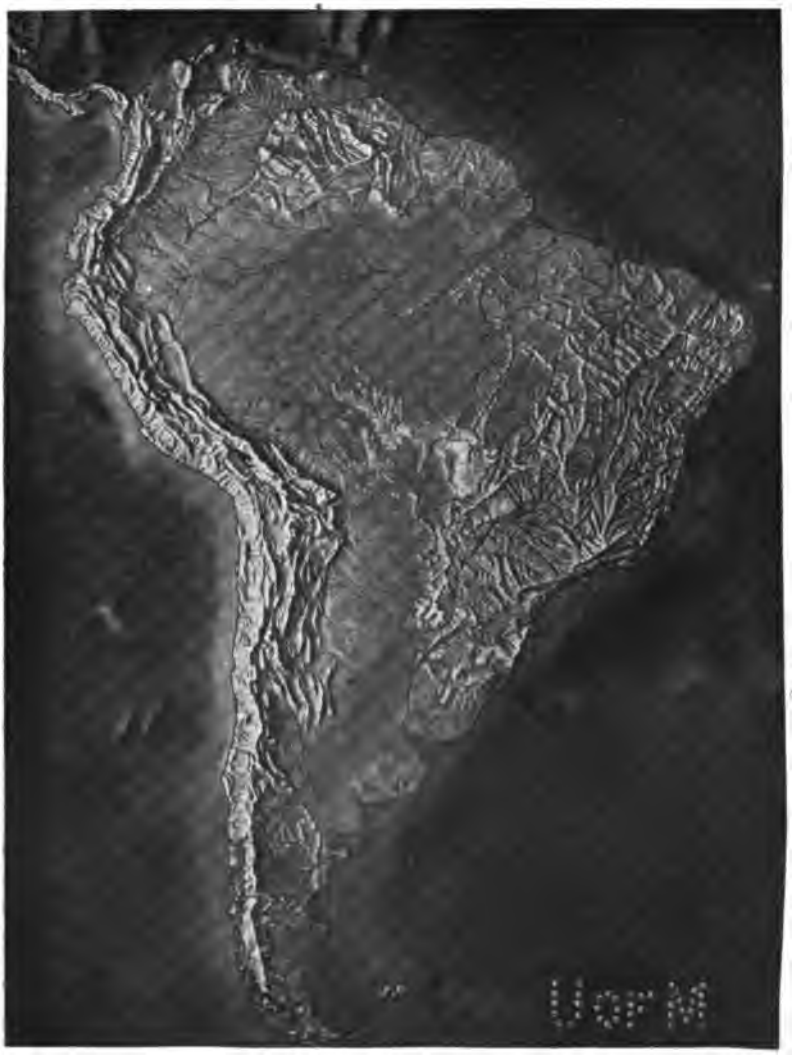

Relief Map of South America
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Scene in Botanical Gardens, Pará, showing assaby palms and Victoria regia.

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Botanical Gardens at Pará

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The city of Bahia

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the greater ports of South America because of its extensive shipments of rubber and other products of the country roundabout.

A visit to the beautiful public gardens, where an orchestra plays in the evenings, and to the Amazonas Theater is well worth while. It is said to have cost $2,000,000 in gold, that theater—which is not at all surprising to any one who has seen it, for it is truly superb, a structure of stone with marble supporting columns, that stands on a great causeway of masonry occupying a commanding site on the *Avenida Eduardo Ribeiro,* the principal thoroughfare and fashionable promenade, and has a lofty, brightly colored dome that can be seen from the harbor, and a magnificent foyer adorned with paintings by a famous Italian artist.

Obydos, too, perched on the bluffs beside an old fortress near the mouth of the Trombetas, and Santarem, at the mouth of the Tapajos, about midway between Manaos and the coast, are other progressive cities that offer opportunities for agreeable breaks in the long journey. As it was in the Tapajos that gold was first found in the region, Santarem is one of the oldest if now one of the most up-to-date of the towns. It is possessed, besides, of a peculiar interest for North Americans because after our civil war it became the home of quite a number of our "unreconstructed" Confederates.

But Belém, or Pará as it is more generally called by foreigners (one may take his choice, since the full corporate name is *Santa Maria de Nazareth de Belém do Grao Pará*) is by far the largest and most interesting of them all, for not only has the wealth that has poured into it in recent years transformed it into a big city of 200,000 inhabitants, boasting like Manaos all the modern public utilities and conveniences, but it is old and rich in relics associated with its romantic history, much care has been taken in the adding of the new to beautify it, its climate is much more delightful

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than the others (the mean annual temperature is only 82 degrees) and it is all charmingly clean and picturesque. "Who comes to Pará," runs a local proverb, "is glad to stay; who drinks *assai* goes never away"—though *assai* need have no terrors for that reason; it is nothing more seductive than a most refreshing beverage made from the fruit of the *assai* palm.

Almost at the very threshold of the city, on the approach from the sea, one encounters some of the wonders in which the region abounds—first the *"pororoca,"* which is the name originally given by the Indians to the huge waves that are created by the conflict of the descending waters of the river with the inrushing current of the Atlantic and follow each other in series of three or four, with thunderous intonations. For nearly an hour in the progress through the great estuary the conflict can be observed; then the river seems to prevail, its surface grows more placid, the color changes from the dark hue of the ocean to light green, and, on beyond, to the tawny yellow of the Amazon, yet they say the ebb and flow of the tide is perceptible as far up as Obydos, 700 miles away and, when it ebbs, that tawny yellow can be seen many miles out at sea. Then, scattered about, here, there and everywhere on the twenty-mile-wide bosom of the Pará, as though in the titanic struggle some larger body had been broken into bits, are hundreds of wooded islands, moist and radiant in the sunlight, their varied greens in delightful contrast with the silvery sheen on the waters and the bright turquoise of the sky.

The city, seen from a distance, with its background of forests and rows of white-walled, red-roofed houses, separated into clusters by the parks and tree-lined avenues sloping down to the shores of its own spacious bay, has the gay, holiday appearance of a summer resort. Only a closer view dispels the illusion, for its harbor is filled with vessels of every size and description, from the little *monatria,* or

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native canoe, to the great liners of the Brazilian Lloyd; its compact business section in the vicinity of the quay, the Custom House and market and the warehouses of the steamship companies present a commercial aspect substantial and busy enough to command the respect even of a Chicagoan or New Yorker. More than three-fifths of the rubber supply of the world comes from Brazil and two of these three-fifths pass through this very port, to say nothing of the cacao, nuts, oils, tobacco, woods and other things shipped there, or of the importations.

One of the features of a stay in Belém, by the way—that is, for any one interested in seeing how the first crude form of an article so familiar in its finished forms is produced, is a trip to one of the nearby rubber estates. It has not yet been necessary in this section, if anywhere in Brazil, to resort to cultivation to any great extent, and so the huts of the *seringueiros* (gatherers) are located right in the woods, where the rubber trees grow promiscuously among the others, and each *seringueiro* is allotted as many as he can attend to. The sap, which resembles milk in color and consistency, is collected in cups placed under incisions in the bark, then brought into camp in bucketfuls and reduced by a primitive process of evaporation to the slabs or cakes forming the raw article of commerce. Rubber trees, however, and most of the others, too, may be seen in Belém itself. There the people have been generous enough to preserve a large tract of the primeval forest, which has been cleared of underbrush and converted into a park known as the *Bosque Municipal*. There is a wonderful botanical garden besides and a museum where the rarest specimens of the vegetation and animals and the birds and reptiles of the country are assembled.

Even in the business section there are charming public squares. The one nearest the quay, named for the Bishop Frei Caetano Brandao, whose statue is in the center, is particularly interesting because facing it is a fine old XVIIth

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century cathedral of the Portuguese type, massive and grave, an old marine arsenal now used as a hospital, and an ancient fortification, called the *Castello,* which has been maintained because of its historical associations. Then there is the *Praca da Independencia,* where the Governor's Palace is, and a quaint old blue-walled City Hall, built in colonial times for the Portuguese minister, the Marquis de Pombal, who dreamed of the permanent transfer of the seat of the Lusitanian empire to the banks of the Amazon. In the heart of the city, on its most elevated ground, is the celebrated *Largo da Polvora,* now commonly called the *Praca da Republica* after a superb monument it contains, of marble surmounted by figures in bronze, symbolic of the republic proclaimed when the Emperor Dom Pedro was dethroned in the bloodless revolution of 1889. It is from this point that the four principal avenues extend through the city in the cardinal directions.

"The *Largo da Polvora,*" Arthur Dias pays it the compliment of saying, "shames our *Avenida da Liberdade* in Lisbon; if they could place there the *Triumpho Arch,* it would rival the *Champs Elysées.*" Yet it is not because it is so beautiful that it is most fascinating so much as because it is the great social and amusement center, where the best of the residences, hotels and clubs and the fashionable *cafés* and concert halls are located. In the midst of the gardens, which are separated by luxuriantly shaded streets, is the *Theatro da Paz,* regarded as one of the best in Latin America, and the *Apollo Circus* and *Paz Carroussel.* The *café* under the handsome Paz Hotel is nearly always well patronized, inside during the heat of the afternoon, or at the tables on the sidewalk in front. In the evenings when the cool breeze sets in from the ocean, the whole scene becomes animated. The brilliantly lighted avenues and driveways in the park are thronged with the carriages and motor cars of the "four hundred," the sidewalks with crowds of pleasure-seekers, cosmopolitan and well dressed. Then the

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cafés all have out their little zinc tables, jammed with customers of both sexes (for these *cafés* are not mere drinking places, most of them, but a sort of peculiar combination of *café*, candy store and ice cream saloon), dozens of orchestras are playing, the places of amusement are in full blast, and music and gayety reign supreme.

I wish it were practicable in the space assigned for this article to say enough to give the reader even some slight idea of the many other interesting places that one has an opportunity to visit in the course of the long trip from Belém to Rio de Janeiro, down the 2,000 miles of coast. I should like to make it possible for one who has never been there to form some conception of the interior, of the diamond and gold and silver mines, of the extent of the plantations already in existence, and of the enormous potential mineral and agricultural wealth. I should like to indicate some of the characteristics of the various ports, if only of Maranhao, "the city of little palaces," and of Pernambuco, with its canals and lagoons and strange harbor behind a natural breakwater formed by a reef from which the commercial district, *Recife*, derives its name—this city that inspired a great Brazilian poet to exclaim: "Hail! beautiful land, Oh! Pernambuco, Venice transported to America, floating on the seas!"—and picturesque, terraced, crescent shaped Sao Salvador da Bahia, too. These are the great sugar, cotton and tobacco ports, older than any European settlement in North America, yet among the most thriving and populous in Brazil.

From the Guianas to its southernmost boundaries, in fact, Brazil is one grand series of prismatic forests, majestic rivers and cascades, immense rolling plains and mountains—a panorama that is matchless anywhere in the world—but, if I were asked to point out some one feature that was pre-eminent among them all, I should not hesitate to select the bay of Rio de Janeiro. The bay of Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople all those

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wonderful aspects by the mention of which in this connection writers have sought to impress those who have not seen the Rio bay with its grandeur and beauty, can but suffer by the comparison. It is so incomparably sublime, the Rev. James C. Fletcher, the author of one of the most noted of the descriptions, enthusiastically declares—though no pen or brush could do it justice—that "the first entrance must mark an era in the life of any one." "I have seen," he says, "the rude and ignorant Russian sailor, the immoral and unreflecting Australian adventurer, as well as the refined and cultivated European gentleman, stand silent on the deck, lost in admiration of the gigantic avenue of mountains and palm-covered isles, which, like the granite pillars of the Temple of Luxor, form a fitting colonnade to the portal of the finest bay in the world."

Entering the outer bay, we see to the left the huge, fantastic figure of Gavia looming up from the shore, rock-capped and bald, and, a little beyond, the more symmetrical crests of the Three Brothers. Just distinguishable, off behind where the city lies, the needle-like summit of Corcovado appears. On the right the mound-shaped islands called the Father and Mother protrude from the water like tops of mountains partially submerged, and, in the distance, the pinnacles of the Organ group mount higher than all. In the center, on a point jutting out from the mainland, the famous Sugarloaf, an isolated peak fifteen hundred feet high, stands like a sentinel guarding the narrow entrance to the harbor. As we draw nearer, the coloring of the mountainsides and shores, only a confusion of vague tints before, grows more and more vivid as the foliage begins to take form, and we see that on the hills above the rocks at the extremities of the peninsulas that extend from either side to form the gateway, are white-walled forts. These are known as *Sao Joao* and *Santa Cruz,* and, passing through, we are confronted by still another called *Lage,* midway between but a little beyond. It is steel-clad like a man of war, this one,

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and frowns down from an island of big rocks, dominating the passage. Once by this, we are in the harbor itself.

Just within are shapely arms of the bay, Botafogo on the Rio side and Jurujuba on the other, that sweep around in wide, graceful curves to two other and much larger peninsulas, opposite like Sao Joao and Santa Cruz, and on one of them, the one to the left, is the old or commercial district of the national capital, on the other the pretty little City of Nictheroy, the capital of the State of Rio de Janeiro. Above, the water broadens to a vast expanse, a sort of inland sea, and, enclosing it like a wall, and on beyond as far as the eye can reach, stretch the serried peaks of the coast range. Everywhere, bathed in the intense golden sunlight, are the same gradations of green, the same riot of brilliantly colored flowers, that we saw on the Amazon—only here the water is not muddy but deep blue, as though trying to reflect the turquoise of the sky, and the beaches are lined with almost snow-white sand. Then, as we steam slowly across to the anchorage, which lies over between the Villegagnon and Cobra islands near the quay, we have the first view of the city, dense in the center where it covers the peninsula, and stretching along the shore and here and there back between the foothills, for miles and miles to the north and south. The roofs of the houses are tiled in reds and browns; the walls are cream or rose tinted or else dazzling white. "It looks like a fragment of fairyland," says William E. Curtis, (in his *"Capitals of Spanish America"*)—"a cluster of alabaster castles decorated with vines."

Perhaps I ought to give warning that some of the writers on Brazil, after going into raptures over the scene in the bay, express themselves very differently respecting the experience on entering the city. That same Mr. Curtis, for instance, goes on to say that "the streets are narrow, damp, dirty, reeking with repulsive odors and filled with vermin-covered beggars and wolfish looking dogs." But he was writing of experiences encountered many years ago, before

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the reforms and improvements were undertaken, which, when completed, will have cost some sixty millions of dollars. It is still true, no doubt, that in the commercial district some few of the ugly old sections remain, where there are narrow, tortuous streets and dingy warehouses, ship-chandleries, saloons and stores that cater to the stevedore class of trade, such as there are in all great shipping centers as old and as busy as Rio, and of course there are the districts in which the lowest classes foregather.

But since he and Dr. Fletcher wrote their books, the old passenger landing place called the Pharoux quay has been transformed into a handsome square adorned with gardens and a big bronze fountain; hills have been levelled to permit extensions and relieve the congestion; literally thousands of marshy, mosquito-breeding places have been filled in and reclaimed; a fine drainage canal has been constructed, an adequate sewerage system installed, and a system of docks is nearing completion that will rival the celebrated docks of Santos and Buenos Aires; some of the streets have been broadened and more have been repaved, and the sanitary conditions and healthfulness generally have been tremendously improved. Yellow fever is a thing of the past.

Besides all this, many magnificent new government buildings have been erected, notably the Congressional Palace on Tiradentes Square. The estimated cost of this building alone was $15,000,000 and it is proudly claimed to be one of the finest in South America; also the Palace of the Supreme Court, of rose tinted stone and marble, with bronze ornamentations, and the Post Office and Mint, National Printing Office and National Library, all of great architectural beauty, and the City Hall and Municipal Theater, this last an ornate, high-domed marble and stone structure of Moorish design that cost $3,000,000 to build. And, to facilitate traffic, a superb hundred foot wide avenue, the *Avenida Central,* has been constructed clear across the business section of the city for a mile or more, opening a vista from

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General view of the city of Rio de Janeiro

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Avenida da Beiramar, Botafogo, Rio de Janeiro

General view of Praça da Gloria, Rio de Janeiro

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Water Parkway of Rio de Janeiro

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Municipal Theater, Rio de Janeiro

Hotel dos Estrangeiros, Rio de Janeiro

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Avenue of Royal Palms, Rio Botanical Gardens

Avenida Central, Rio de Janeiro

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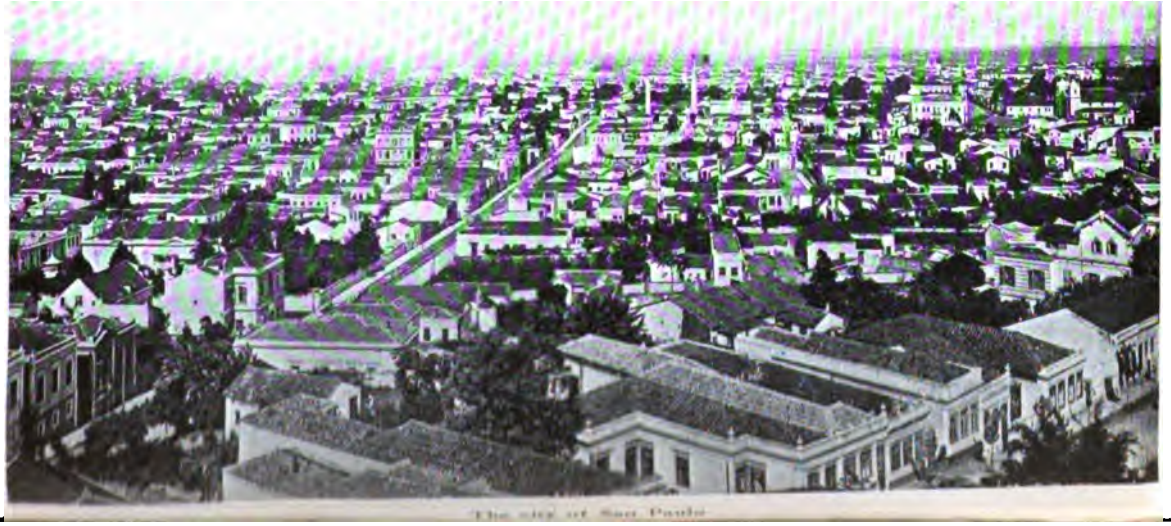

The city of San Paulo

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Coffee Plantation

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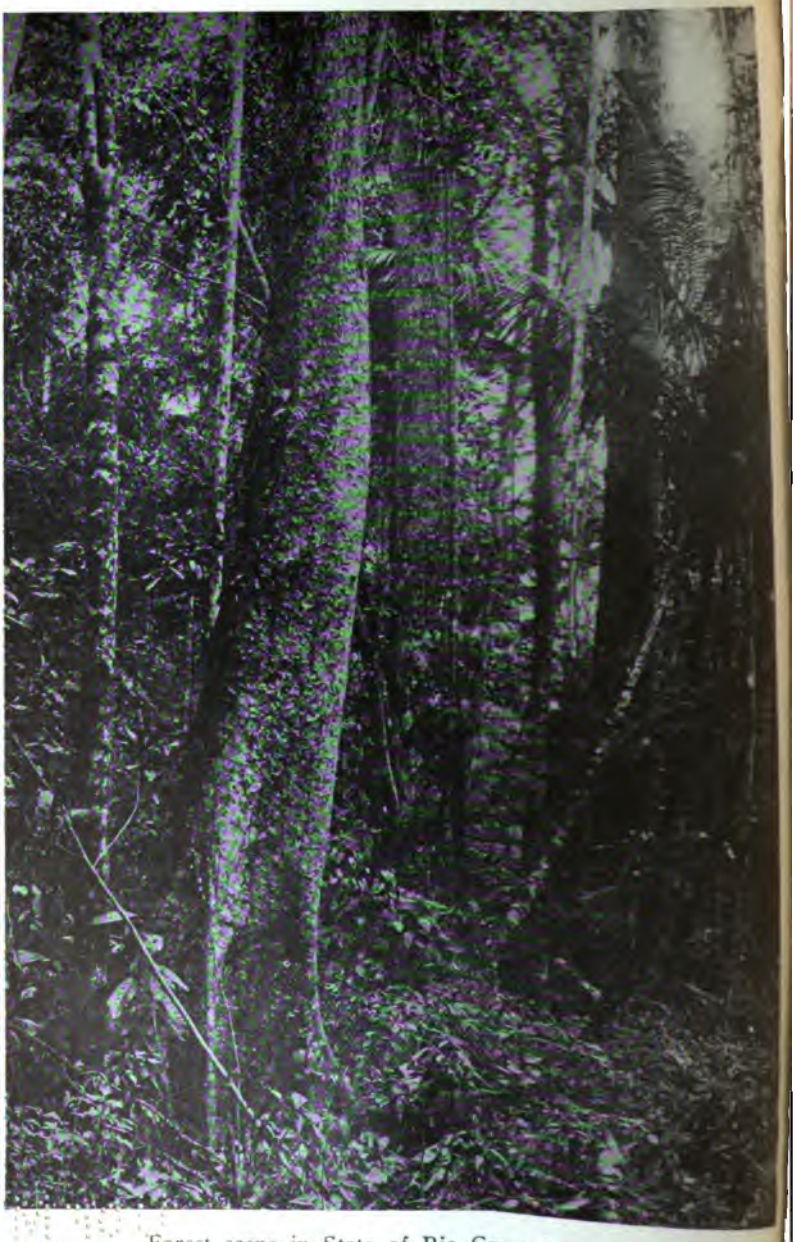

Forest scene in State of Rio Grande do Sul

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bay to bay. To do this more than six hundred houses had to be purchased and torn down; they have been replaced by others of a pleasing general uniformity and elegance of appearance, of which any city in Europe or America might well be proud. The *Jornal do Commercio* building, for example, looks more like one of our swell metropolitan hotels or apartment house, than a business establishment. The sidewalks are paved with mosaics.

And, beginning at the southern end and following the contour of the shore past the attractive residence districts of Gloria and Flamengo, they have constructed an esplanade a mile long, called the *Avenida Beira Mar*, and, farther on, around the exquisite inlet of Botafogo, where some of the handsomest of the residences are, have converted the semicircular beach into a still lovelier avenue, adorned with alternate rows of trees and arc lights like the other, and flower beds and formal lawns. Unless it is the more comprehensive one from the top of Corcovado, there is no more enchanting view in Rio than that of this whole ensemble from the *Morro da Viuva* at the northern end of the semicircle, especially looking straight across at the hills on the opposite side, where the rose tinted buildings of the Military School nestle in the green depths of a rocky cleft, with the Sugarloaf towering behind.

And then, up near the business section again, there is the *Passeio Publico*, with its park and lakes and broad waterside terrace overlooking the whole southern part of the harbor and the naval barracks and fortifications on historic Villegagnon, quite close at this point. This is regarded by many as the most charming of the parks, but there are lots of these beautiful spots. One of them, the Botanical Garden, which is larger and more complete than the one in Belém, is known the world over from the thousands of pictures that have been published of its avenue of magnificent royal palms. No one ever visits Rio without going

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there; and now that a good cogwheel railroad has been built from one of the trolley lines up to the summit of Corcovado, the whole mountainside has become a wildwood park. With reference to the view, I cannot resist quoting from Arthur Ruhl (*"The Other Americans"*) because he describes it so delightfully.

"The Corcovado is a rock jutting over the trees," he says, "so sheer that you look down on Rio and the blue harbor as from a balloon—down two thousand feet of velvet green descents to the terra cotta roofs and sun-washed walls and the wheel-spoke streets like lines on a map. Not one of our smoke hives, but a city of villas and palms and showering vines and flowers, meandering about over the foothills, immersed in the blazing sun. The cool, laughing sea envelopes it—blue, and bluer yet in the sun; and, all about in it, islands—agate in turquoise—jut out as though the Gods had tossed a handful in the water. It is, as I heard an American say of the backward look toward Rio as the train climbs to Petropolis, as though one had been taken up into the mountains to see the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." Petropolis, though, is not simply another viewpoint, but one of the loveliest of the suburban mountain cities, where the late Emperor lived, surrounded by the ambassadors and ministers of the foreign countries and the nobility and aristocracy of the old régime. It is still the home of the diplomatic corps, and the most fashionable of the suburbs.

Do not imagine for a moment, however, that the pleasures of a visit to Rio are limited to such things. Like all cities of its respectable age and size—for it has almost, if not quite, reached the million mark now—it has its antiquities and places of historical interest, its museums, art galleries, libraries, statues and churches (the paintings and decorations in the beautiful Candelaria Church are the richest in South America), and its theaters and amusement resorts of every description; and, down town in that same

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commercial part that Mr. Curtis scored so heavily, is the noisy, vivacious old *Rua do Ouvidor*, of all things Rio de Janeiran the one that possesses the most individuality, the place where everybody who is anybody is to be seen. It is only about twenty feet wide—just think of it, the "Broadway" of a great city like Rio!—so narrow and crowded that vehicles are not allowed to go through at certain hours of the day, but most of the old sombre Portuguese-style buildings have been replaced by modern ones, and what it lacks in width is compensated for by the attractiveness of the stores and *cafés*. These *cafés*, principally devoted to the service of the *demi tasse*, are everywhere in Brazil, but here particularly they are the rendezvous for the official, military, professional and more prosperous commercial classes, who drop in at all hours to talk things over to the music of the orchestra—everything from religion and politics to the idlest society gossip—only they sip coffee, for the most part, instead of high balls and beer.

From Rio one may go to Sao Paulo, the second largest, and, with the exception of Rio, most important city in Brazil, by railroad—and almost as comfortably too as one may travel from New York to Chicago. Sao Paulo is the capital of the State of that name, the great land of coffee, the land in fact that produces more than half of all the coffee consumed in the world. Brazil as a whole produces more than three-fourths. The city is located in the mountains about forty miles back from the coast and is also connected by railroad with Santos, its seaport, where the best docks in the country are now. These cities, though founded in colonial times, are not, however, quite as interestingly characteristic as Rio, Bahia, Pernambuco and Belém for they are far enough south to be in the temperate zone and have, therefore, attracted a very much larger foreign element, particularly German, Italian and Spanish. There are not so many negroes and mixed breeds among the laboring classes and their institutions and business methods

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and social life more nearly resemble our own; but, as a consequence, they certainly have not been behind the rest of Brazil in development. As in Rio, enormous sums have recently been spent for sanitation and public buildings and improvements; Sao Paulo has been transformed into one of the handsomest and most healthful cities on the continent. I do not mean to imply that Santos is not just as healthful, but only that the capital is handsomer and larger.

Lack of space prevents my saying more of them or more than mentioning the next big port to the south, Porto Alegre, the capital of the great cattle-raising and manufacturing State of Rio Grande do Sul, or even Bello Horizonte, the remarkable capital of the State of Minas Geraes, which can also be reached by railroad from Rio. This city is unique in that it did not have its beginning in the usual way and get itself chosen as the capital; it was built only a few years ago on a previously unoccupied site for *the very purpose,* at a cost, for the buildings and improvements owned by the government alone, of more than $30,000,000. But Brazil, which is larger in area than the United States, has a population of about 22,000,000, and, before closing, I think I ought to say a few words about the Brazilians themselves. I shall quote, however, what I recently heard a North American who has studied them say, because what little opportunity I have had to study their characteristics has not been such as to enable me to form an opinion of much value.

"Although democratic ideas have a powerful hold on the people," he said, "the monarchy was so recently destroyed that in their minds an aristocracy of blood still prevails; but this aristocracy now is really one of land, of money. It represents the culture, the education and the society of Brazil; it does not contain all the brains, or all the ambition. Brazilians could teach us much in the way of culture. Their innate love of the artistic, their appre-

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ciation of beauty, their subjection to an imagination that does not always imply superstition, their more placid philosophy of life, which is free from the unwholesomeness of worry—all could be added to our nervous energy without harm."

He said of the municipal organizations and government that they are "recognized as highly commendable; Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo are models scarcely equaled by any in the United States;" and, respecting the masses generally, in which the percentage of illiteracy is still high, the opinion he expressed is that they are lazy but ambitious—that "quick-witted, cordial, kindly, hospitable in town and country, the Brazilian possesses a charm that softens much of the annoyance felt at the indolence, lack of system and irreligion of the country. His virtues will be preserved and his vices thrust into the background when he comes under the sway of a proper education.

For comprehensive information respecting travel routes, steamer and railroad service, hotels, money, gratuities, climate, clothing, customs and port regulations, the reader is referred to the following sources:

"Practical Guide to Latin America. Preparation, Cost, Routes, Sight-seeing," by Albert Hale. $1.00 net.

The travellers' notes in "The South Americans" by the same author. $2.50 net.

"Travel Conditions in South America," by Prof. Wm. R. Shepherd, published at pages 1004-1038 of the Pan American Bulletin for May, 1908.

The reader's inquiries also will be cheerfully answered by the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.

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the Amazon, by James Orton, and Brazil and the Brazilians, by Fletcher and Kidder are out of print but may be found in libraries.

Pronouncing Vocabulary

Words whose pronounciation is easy or can be found easily or which have been given in previous issues of this Reading Journey are not listed below.

Amazonas	Ah-mah-zoh'-nahs
Apollo Circus	Ah-poh'-loh
assai	ahs-sah'-ee
Avenida Beira Mar	Ah-vay-nee'-dah Bay-ee'-rah Mahr
Avenida Central	Ah-vay-nee'-dah Sayn-trahl'
Avenida Eduardo Ribeiro	Ah-ray-nee'-dah Ay-doo-ahr-doh Ree-bay-ee'-roh
Avenida da Liberdade	Ah-vay-nee'-dah dah Lee-bayr-dah'-day
Bele'm	Bay-laym'
Bello Horizonte	Bay'-yoh Oh-ree-zohn'-tay
Bosque Municipal	Bohs'-kay Moo-nee-cee-pahl'
Botafogo	Boh-tah-foh'-goh
cacaos	kah-kah'-ohs
Candelaria	Kahn-day-lah-ree'-ah
castanhas	kahs-tahn'-ahs
Castello	Kahs-tay'-yoh
Castlenau	Kahs-tlay'-now
Corcovado	Kohr-koh-vah'-doh
Dias	Dee'-ahs
Dom Pedro	Dohm Pay'-dro
Flamengo	Flah-mayn'-goh
Frei Caetano Brandao	Fray'-ee Kah-ee-tah'-noh Brahn-dah'-oh
Gavia	Gah-vee'-ah
Iquitos	Ee-kee'-tohs
jacares	zhah-kah'-rays
Jornal do Commercio	Zhornal' doh Koh-mayr'-see-oh
jupati	zhoo-pah'-tee
Jurujuba	Zhoo-roo-zhoo'-bah
La Condamine	Lah Kohn-dah-mee'-nay
Lage	Lah'-gay
Largo da Polvora	Lahr'-goh dah Pohl-voh'-rah
Manaos	Mah-nah'-ohs
Maranhao	Mah-rahn'-hao
Minas Geraes	Mee'-nahs Gay-rah'-ays
miritis	mee-ree'-tees
Montaria	Mohn-tah-ree'-ah
Morro da Viuva	Mohr-roh dah Vee-oo'-vah
Mundrucus	Moon-droo-koos
Nictheroy	Neek-thay-roh'-ee
Obydos	Oh-bah'-ee-dohs
Orellana, Francisco	Oh-ray-yah'-nah, Frahn-sees'-koh
Para'	Pah-rah'
Passeio Publico	Puhs-say'-ee-oh Poob-leek'-oh
Paz Carroussel	Pahs Cahr-rohns'-sayl
Pernambuco	Payr-nahm-boo'-koh
Pharoux	Fah-rohks'
Pizarro	Pee-zah'-roh

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Pombal	Pohm-bahl'
Porto Alegre	Pohr'-toh Ah-lay'-gray
pororoca	poh-roh-roh'-kah
Praca da Independencia	Prah'-kah dah Een-day-payn-dayn'-see-ah
Praca da Republica	Prah'-kah dah Ray-poo'-blee-kah
Recife	Ray-cee'-fay
Rio Grande do Sul	Ree'-oh Grahn'-day doh Soohl
Rio Negro	Ree'-oh Nay'-gro
Rua do Ouvidor	Roo-al doh Ohn-vee-dohr'
Santa Cruz	Sahn'-tah Kroos
Santa Maria de Nazareth de Belem do Grao Para	Sahn'-tah Mah-ree'-ah Nah-zah-rayth' day Bay-layhm' doh Grah'-oh Pah-rah'
Santarem	Sahn-tah-raym
Sao Joao	Sah'-ohn Zho-ah'-oh
Sao Paulo	Sah'-ohn Pah'-oo-loh
Sao Salvador da Bahia	Sah'-ohn Sahl-vah-dohr' dah Bah-ee'-ah
seringueiros	say-reen-gee-ay'-ee-rohs
sumaumeras	soo-mow-may'-rahs
Tabatinga	Tah-bah-teen'-gah
Tapajos	Tah-pah'-zhohs
Theatro da Paz	Tay-ah'-troh dah Pahs
Tiradentes	Tee-rah-dayn'-tays
Triumpho	Tree-oom-foh
Trombetas	Trohm-bay'-tahs
Villegagnon	Vee-yay-gah-gnohn'

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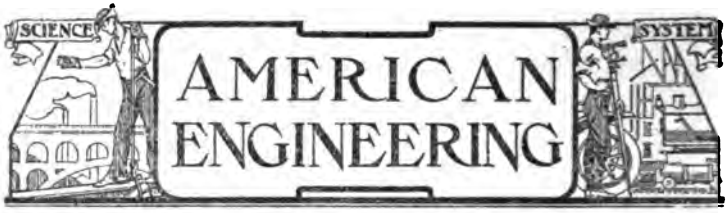

III. Heating Houses and Public Buildings*

By Carl S. Dow

"IT'S just like summer all over the house." With this expression a man accustomed to the uncertain heat from stoves and furnaces described a house heated by steam. The remark was made to the writer several years ago, when a steam or hot-water system was a curiosity; today no such exclamations are forthcoming, for the comfort-loving American demands that his home be kept warm and at a uniform temperature, not only for comfort but for the better health of the family.

The proper heating of buildings, especially large public buildings, such as schools, churches, office buildings, is an engineering job. Even if a plumber or steam fitter does the work, it is the engineer's experiments and science that are back of it, and if the building is large, an experienced heating engineer only is intrusted with the laying out of the system.

So well has the American heating engineer looked after the comfort of the family, the office man, and the workman, that his heating apparatus and systems have become the standard all over the world. He has removed many popular fallacies so that preference for any one system over others is usually based on sound reasoning and a knowledge of conditions.

*The series on American Engineering began in the September, 1911, CHAUTAUQUAN, with an article on "Engineers and Engineering," which was followed in October by a discussion of "The Steam Engine."

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The florist also has enlisted the aid of the heating engineer. With a system of hot water or steam pipes overhead for top heat and under the beds for bottom heat he is able to regulate his conservatory temperature to a degree. He can so handle bulbs, flowers and vegetables that they will be in the desired state at any given date.

The problem of heating often carries with it the question of ventilation. In the same way solving the heating problem usually takes care of the ventilation, for when the heat is supplied by means of air, the same air, if pure, furnishes the necessary oxygen. Although the heating system is usually considered in connection with the ventilation, the necessity for a supply of pure air and what constitutes good ventilation will not be discussed in this article. Heating will be considered by itself with mere reference to the matter of ventilation.

The heating system for a house is ordinarily a furnace, a hot-water system, or steam. The familiar furnace is not after all so familiar as regards its action. Some people have the erroneous idea that the hot gases warm the air by mingling with it, others imagine the hot gases come through the registers. As a matter of fact, the hot gases resulting from the combustion merely heat up the cast-iron heating drums so that the air from out of doors will become warmed while passing over them. The gases neither come in contact with the air nor enter the rooms. It is impossible for gas to be drawn into the rooms with the heated air unless some part of the furnace or cast-iron heating surface should crack, or some joint open because of warping of the plates. Even then the gas would pass off up the chimney if the damper is not shut tight, for the draft to the chimney is far stronger than the air current going to the registers.

The well-known fact that the furnace supplies a large quantity of air thus providing for ventilation as well as warming, is, next to its cheapness the principal reason for

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its use. It has a serious disadvantage—some rooms are almost impossible to heat when the wind is strong from certain directions. In very cold weather few furnace-heated houses are really comfortable.

Hot water is without doubt the most popular system for houses and deservedly so, while steam usually gives better satisfaction for large buildings. With either of these two systems, which are similar in many respects, heat is conveyed to radiators to replace the heat lost from the building by radiation and to warm the air which enters through cracks and crevices around doors and windows. The heating is direct, that is, the heat passes directly to the surrounding air and is not conveyed by an air current as is the case with a furnace system.

Hot water and steam are heating systems simply; they have nothing to do with ventilation. They do not bring any air into the apartment. Therefore the family having steam or hot water must watch constantly the state of the air, opening the windows frequently. People have been known to say that they liked hot-water better than steam because the water gave a moist heat, while steam dried the air. Of course this is not so, for between the air in the room and the water is a metal partition through which neither steam nor water can pass. As a matter of fact, both steam and water dry the air by heating it without supplying any moisture. This unfortunate feature causes the furniture and finish to shrink and books and leather goods to dry out and crumble. Opening windows to let in fresh air does not supply enough moisture; about the only remedy is to place on the radiators tanks or jars filled with water.

Other reasons for the popularity of hot water are the low cost of operation compared with the furnace and the large amount of heat stored in the water in the system. This latter feature makes hot water preferable to steam, for with a steam system, the fire is likely to get low over night, causing the steam to turn to water and disappear

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from the radiators which become cold long before morning. With hot water the temperature of the water is proportional to the briskness of the fire—the water is always warm if not hot—therefore with a well-designed and intelligently-operated hot-water system the temperature of the lower part of the house will not drop more than six to eight degrees over night, better results than are possible with either steam or a furnace.

It is the system of piping which conducts the steam from the boiler to the radiators and takes the condensed steam (water) back to the boiler. In the hot-water system the piping has a similar function; it conducts the hot water to the radiators and returns to the heater the same water after it has cooled.

Whatever the kind of system, it should be laid out to give perfect circulation of either steam or hot water, but the circulation is of greater importance with hot water. To obtain good circulation the mains and branch pipes are given an inclination upward from the heater and the piping is arranged with equal resistance in all branches. Hot water will always take the path of least resistance and if it must make more turns, go through more valves, or through longer pipes to reach a certain radiator than it does to reach others, it will not go to that radiator so readily.

Naturally there are several systems of piping. Hot water requires a two-pipe system, that is, one pipe line conducts the hot water to the radiators, while a separate line returns the cooler water. Sometimes steam is on a two-pipe system. The steam main leads from the boiler, and branch pipes are carried along near the basement ceiling. These branch supply pipes are connected to the radiators by vertical pipes called "risers." From the exit end of the radiators, vertical pipes called "returns" conduct the condensation to the basement where the returns enter the return mains, placed near the basement floor, usually below the water line in the boiler.

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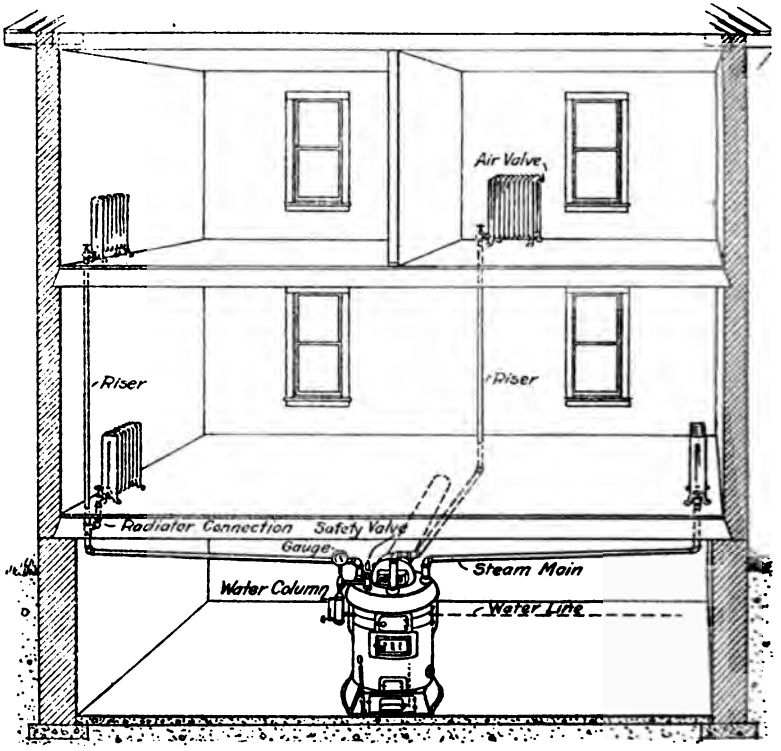

One-Pipe Steam System Without Return Mains

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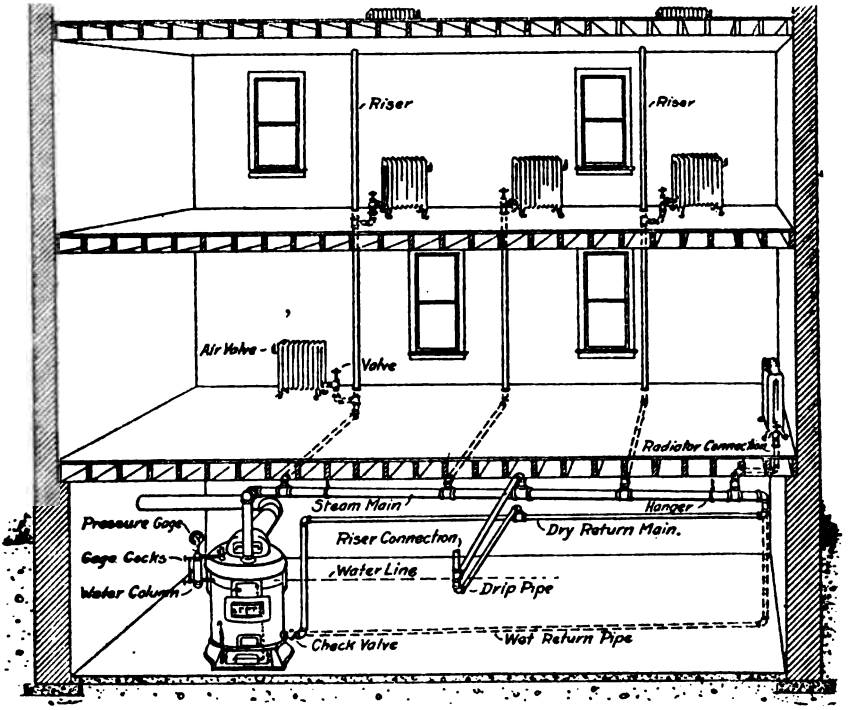

One-Pipe Steam System With Return Mains

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With the two-pipe steam system, each radiator has two valves which are opened or closed at the same time. With the two-pipe hot-water system, one valve for each radiator is sufficient to stop the flow of water and this valve is placed on the entrance end.

Steam systems operate well on one-pipe systems, both steam and water (condensation) flowing in the same pipe, but in opposite directions. It is readily seen that steam and water will do this without mixing, for steam is a gas or vapor, while water is a liquid, but the one-pipe system will not do for hot water.

One objection to the single-pipe system is that steam and water flowing in opposite directions in the same pipe require piping of large size to prevent interference. To remove the objection, both steam and water may be made to flow in the same direction by carrying a single riser to the attic, then running drops to the basement. The radiators are supplied from these drops which also carry the condensation to the basement.

Both steam and hot-water systems require air valves, although they are not of the same design for both systems. Whenever the fire in the boiler is low, the steam leaves the radiator and air enters through the air valve. When the steam is formed again it rises to a radiator filled with air. The air valve lets the air out, but closes automatically when the air has escaped so that the steam will not be lost. These automatic air valves act on the principle that when they are cold the valve is open and air can go in or out—when heated by the entering steam the valve expands and closes.

For a hot-water system, the air valve is extremely simple, but usually not automatic. It must be opened by hand, but this is not much of a task for ordinarily two or three times in a winter is all that is necessary. When the fire is first started, the air valves should be opened until all air has left the radiator. It is usually kept open until water

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escapes. Air set free when water is heated slowly accumulates in the tops of radiators, especially if water is added to the system. Many a hot-water system would give better results if the air valves were opened whenever a radiator fails to heat properly.

One feature always required in a hot-water system is never necessary with steam. This is the expansion tank. Steam is on a closed system, that is, there is no outlet, it is not open to the air, it is under pressure. The steam exerts gaseous pressure only, that is, it is very elastic and if the heat increases slightly the steam simply has greater pressure. With hot water, the medium (water) increases its volume when heated, and as water is practically incompressible, it would break things in a closed system. For this reason hot water systems are open to the atmosphere. The water is likely to vary from about 50 degrees to 190 degrees and with this range the volume changes considerably. To take care of this change, an expansion tank is placed a few feet above the highest radiator. The connection to the system enters through the bottom and an open vent pipe is placed at the top. No valve should ever be located so that the tank could be shut off from the rest of the system.

Steam systems ordinarily lack the flexibility of hot water. Steam at atmospheric pressure has a temperature of 212 degrees; at five pounds the temperature is but slightly greater. Therefore the radiator is either cold or at 212 to 220 degrees. There is no intermediate temperature as in the case of hot water which usually varies from 110 to 180 degrees.

It is apparent that if the steam radiator is big enough for a cold day in winter and the temperature of steam is always the same, it will give off far too much heat on a mild day. That's why one has to jump up and shut the steam off so frequently. It's too hot—then too cool because there's no way of reducing the pressure or tempera-

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ture and the valve must be shut tight or wide open. Besides, the fire has to be hot enough to make steam even if the weather is not cold. To overcome this defect, a fractional or graduated valve is placed in the supply to the radiator so that a part of the radiator will receive steam; that is, by manipulating the valve, the amount of steam admitted can be varied, which changes the hot area of the radiator.

The hand-operated fractional valve, also called the "modulation" valve is used in the supply pipe, while a trap in the return automatically discharges the condensation to the return line, but prevents steam from passing. Such a system can be operated with but one pound of steam pressure because the sealing of the radiator returns by the trap insures a difference in pressure between inlet and discharge sufficient to cause positive flow.

The size of the furnace or radiator is usually dependent upon the estimated heat loss from the building, which is determined after this manner: Engineers have found out from experiments how much heat is lost through a square foot of glass (window), also how much through all kinds of walls, doors, etc. Knowing the area of walls and window the heat loss per degree difference in temperature for any room is easily found. Assuming zero outside and 70 degrees inside, the maximum heat lost will be 70 times as much, and this maximum must be provided for. All sorts of factors are available so that the figures obtained as above can be corrected for various exposures, and for leakage.

The next step is to calculate how much radiation surface must be placed in the room to replace the heat lost. This calculation is independent of the first because the method of heating has nothing to do with the heat lost from the building. Engineers' experiments also record the amount of heat that a square foot of radiator will give off under most conditions of temperature. The room temperature may be assumed as 70 degrees, and with steam the

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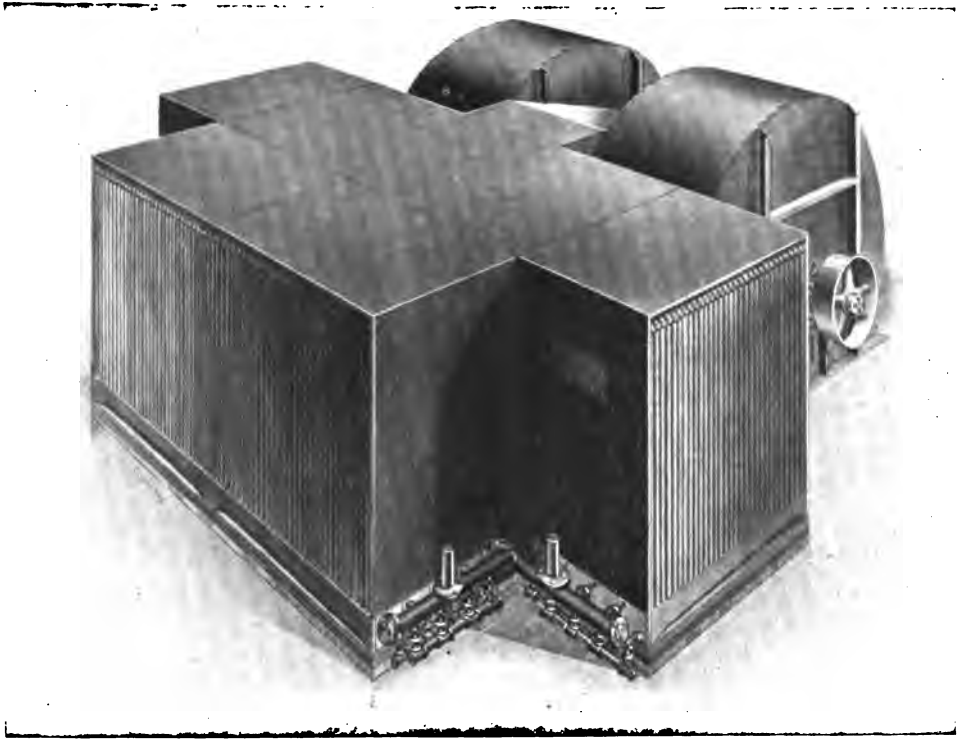

Heating and Ventilating Apparatus for Fan System.
American Blower Co. Fans blowing air through four groups of heater coils.

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School House Showing Heating System. "Sirocco" fan drawing air through tempering coils and blowing it through heaters to ducts leading to school rooms.

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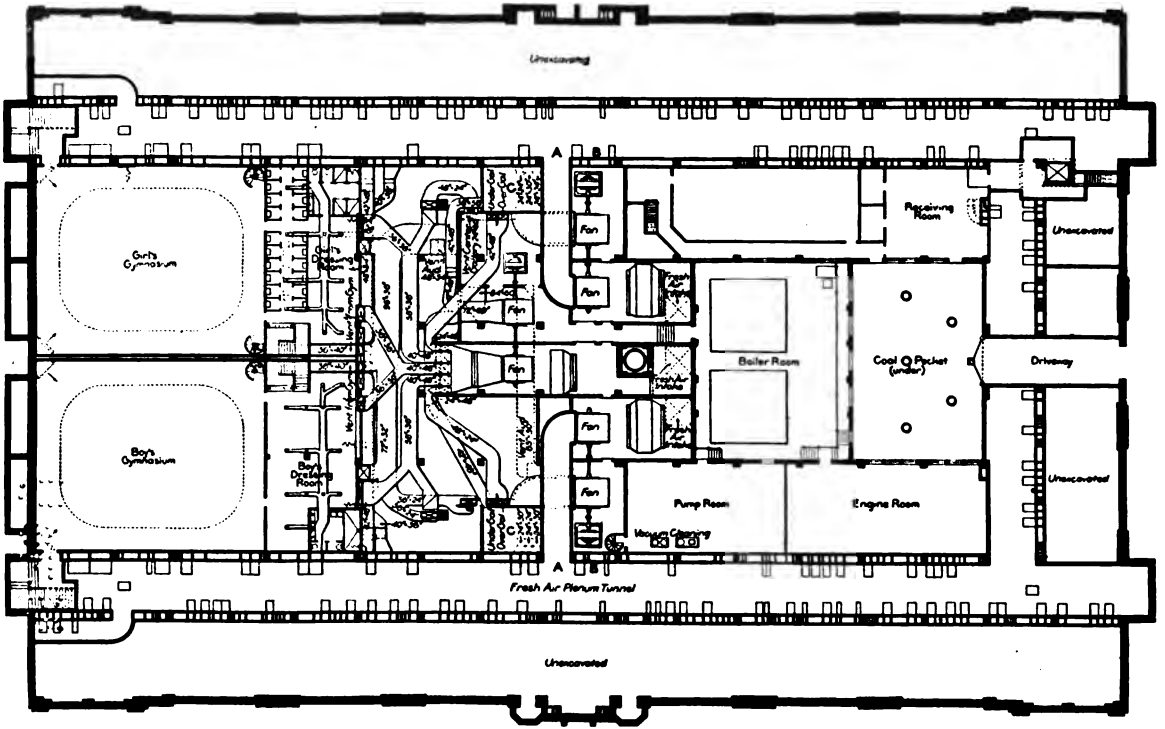

Basement Plan of Large Modern School Showing Location of Fans, Fresh Air Plenum Tunnel, Distributing Ducts, etc.

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Radiator in Boston Safe Deposit Building
Webster Modulation Valve on Supply End (upper right-hand end)
and Water Seal Motor on return (lower left-hand end.)

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radiator at 220 degrees; a square foot will then give off about 225 heat units per hour. But with a hot-water radiator, the temperature of the water varies. In cold weather the water enters at about 180 degrees and leaves at about 160 degrees, the average temperature being 170 degrees. As the room temperature is 70 degrees, the difference is 100 degrees, and a square foot of radiator will give off about 150 heat units.

These figures show that a hot-water radiator is not as intense, the ratio being 150 to 225, or, to give the same effect the hot-water radiator should be 50 per cent larger than for steam.

When you see radiators in a room, you immediately take it for granted that the house is heated by steam or by hot water, and so it is, by direct steam or hot water—because the radiation is placed in the apartment to be heated and the heat passes direct to the air. But suppose you see a register in the floor or in the wall near the floor, you make up your mind as quickly that the house is heated by a furnace. But this assumption may or may not be correct. Perhaps it is heated by steam or by hot water—by the indirect method.

To increase the amount of air entering the rooms, the radiation (pipes or radiators) may be placed in the basement and air so admitted that it will be warmed in passing up through the radiator. The effect is similar to furnace heat, but differs from this kind in that a larger volume of air is heated to a lower temperature, giving greater comfort because the air is not so dry. This indirect system takes more coal than direct heating, for the radiation is not so effectively placed.

Another method for accomplishing the same result is the direct-indirect heating. The radiator is located in the room as in direct heating, but at the base of each radiator there is an opening in the outside wall so that air from out of doors enters and passes through the radiator. The open-

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ing can be closed when not in use, or when it is desired to simply heat the air already in the room.

Fan systems, sometimes called blower systems, are better adapted to large buildings than to small ones, chiefly because of cost of operation and attention required, and also because they provide fresh air so desirable where large numbers of people congregate. The great advantage of the fan system is its positiveness. Unlike the systems depending upon natural or gravity methods, the fan system is not affected by wind, and it will supply a definite amount of air under all conditions, provided the fan is operated at the proper speed. It simplifies the piping by concentrating the heating surface in one place.

A fan system which draws the air out of a building is called an "exhaust system." The heat carried away by expelling the warm air is replaced by means of heating coils located under the windows or where inward leakage will probably be the greatest. This system, except in combination, is not much used because the partial vacuum formed by the fan causes air to leak in from all sorts of places, some of which may be decidedly objectionable. This method frequently gives place to a scheme which readily governs both quantity and quality of the air since all of it enters at one place.

With the so-called "plenum" or forced-blast method, the air is forced into the building instead of being drawn out. The entire building is filled with air which is under a slight pressure—so slight that it is not noticeable—yet enough to cause all leakage to be outward, which prevents in-leakage of foul air. But the system is a heating system and all the entering air is properly warmed by compelling it to pass through a steam heater.

Air from out of doors enters the plenum chamber from which it is drawn through a bank of steam pipes, called the "tempering coil." The fan then forces it between and among the pipes of the main heater which is placed near

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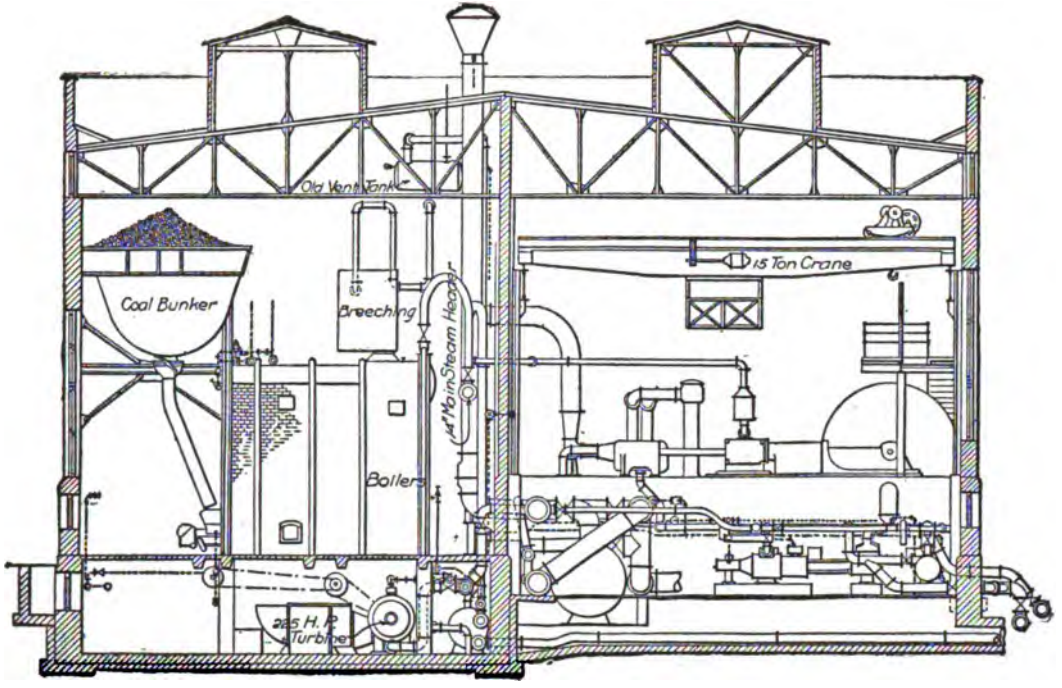

Section of Engine and Boiler Rooms of the power plant of N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co., at West Albany, showing location of boilers, engines, coal bunkers, condensers, piping, etc. (See October CHAUTAUQUAN)

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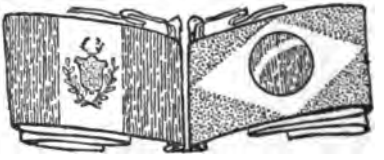
the fan outlet. The air, forced by the fan, then flows through ducts to the rooms above, entering through registers as in the furnace system. The apparatus is provided with suitable dampers so that hot air, or a mixture of tempered air and hot air, or tempered air alone may be directed to the rooms.

The fan or blower is a sheet metal casing of scroll shape, within which a steel-plate fan wheel revolves at high speed, taking air in at the sides and giving it rapid motion by means of the revolving blades or vanes. Delivered at the tips of the blades, the air leaves the fan, under slight pressure, by a tangential outlet in the casing. For heating work, the fan is usually operated by a small steam engine, the set being called a "steam fan."

Public buildings and large factories are usually heated and ventilated by the fan system. Auditoriums of schools, churches, theaters, etc., are generally provided with a combination system in which the plenum method supplies the heated air while an exhaust fan removes the vitiated air. Corridors and small offices and dressing rooms are usually heated by direct steam. The combinations of plenum and exhaust methods with direct heat are sufficient to provide a comfortable temperature and fresh air for all kinds of buildings.

(End of C. L. S. C. required reading for December, pages 309-384)



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The New Roof*

A Song for Federal Mechanics

BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON**

(1787)

Come muster, my lads, your mechanical tools,
Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules;
Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,
And plenty of pins of American pine:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

Come, up with *the plates,* lay them firm on the wall,
Like the people at large, they're the ground-work of all;
Examine them well, and see that they're sound,
Let no rotten part in our building be found:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be
A government firm, and our citizens free.

Now hand up the *girders,* lay each in his place,
Between them the *joists,* must divide all the space;
Like assemblymen *these* should lie level along,
Like *girders,* our senate prove loyal and strong:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be
A government firm over citizens free.

The rafters now frame; your *king-posts* and *braces,*
And drive your pins home, to keep all in their places;
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
And your pins be all made of American pine:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm over citizens free.

Our *king-posts* are *judges;* how upright they stand,
Supporting the *braces;* the laws of the land:
The laws of the land, which divide right from wrong,
And strengthen the weak, by weak'ning the strong:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Laws equal and just, for a people that's free.

Up! up! with the *rafters;* each frame is a *state*:
How nobly they rise! their span, too, how great!
From the north to the south, o'er the whole they extend,
And rest on the walls, whilst the walls they defend:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be
Combined in strength, yet as citizens free.

*The constitution, adopted by the Federal Convention in 1787.
**One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

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Now enter the *purlins*, and drive your pins through;
And see that your joints are drawn home and all true.
The *purlins* will bind all the rafters together:
The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
United as states, but as citizens free.

Come, raise up the *turret;* our glory and pride;
In the center it stands, o'er the whole to *preside*:
The sons of Columbia shall view with delight
Its pillars, and arches, and towering height:
Our roof is now rais'd, and our song still shall be,
A federal head o'er a people that's free.

Huzza! my brave boys, our work is complete;
The world shall admire Columbia's fair seat;
Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,
And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof:
Whilst we drain the deep bowl, our toast still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

Some of the Latest Ideas in Housing

By Mabell Shippie Clarke Smith

"Brotherhood" and "efficiency" are stirring slogans of today. Both inspire toward the achieving of the practical, for modern brotherhood is "not a theory but a condition," and modern efficiency is struggling up to that ideal state which is also the most practical state. Nor are the two disconnected. More people are efficient now than ever before because they have gone to work more intelligently to become efficient; and more people than ever before are using their efficiency for the good of their brother men.

Hence it is that any new scientific knowledge and any engineering advance which the last quarter century has added to civilized man's advantage and comfort have been applied to the advantage and comfort not of any one class but of the less fortunate as well as of those of greater opportunity.

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Little children in the public schools know more of the whys and wherefores of hygiene and sanitation than their grandparents knew in middle life; the parsimonious landlord has been forced by public opinion and the Board of Health to make plumbing a commonplace; and the Standard Oil does not batten on its lamp trade alone.

It is not only the rich, then, who have been benefited by the improvements which housing experts have been developing. The subjects to which these experts have given their chief attention have been:

1. Arrangement of groups of buildings;
2. Arrangement of single buildings to secure at least a definite minimum of light, air, and space per inhabitant;
3. Methods of construction;
4. Details of finish and furnishing.

Under the first two of these heads falls the work that has had the most direct and the most searching benefit for men of small estate. Overcrowding in cities has stimulated the ingenuity of philanthropist and economist and utilitarian, who have called in scientific aid to better existing conditions and to offer substitutes which shall act as preventives. Town planning is a field of international study; model villages, such as Forest Hills on Long Island and Biltmore in North Carolina, invite people of moderate means just as Tuxedo summons those of a different status; large industrial concerns build pretty towns for their operatives; "addition" promoters, who once would have fitted every possible house on to the square surface of the plot-to-be-developed like the parts of a picture puzzle, now summon the landscape gardener and the sanitary engineer to the council board. Loan associations help the would-be house owner to build, insurance companies are studying the possibilities of the German method of building-loans, architects are vaunting the cheapness of concrete, while good roads commissions and railroads, both electric and steam, are cooperating to make suburban transportation service swift, frequent, and cheap. Supporting all this is the publicity

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work of newspapers and magazines of charitable societies and real estate men who all advocate a practical application of the "back to Nature" theory.

It is easily seen, however, that only a small part of the congestion of large cities can be relieved by the actual removal of the people from the congested districts. Most of the work must be done in the cities themselves and here town planning is developed on a scale necessarily restricted by the great value of the property involved. Usually the improvement consists only in the conversion of one or two vacant lots into a playground or an inadequate park;—at most in the remodelling of a limited area by the widening of its streets, the injecting of a fire engine or police station, and the building (by private enterprise) of a model tenement. America has not yet adopted the drastic methods of Liverpool which cleans out a sink of iniquity with true British thoroughness and builds tenements under municipal control. We Americans are so afraid of the city governments of our own choosing!

The solving of city housing problems, then, is dependent on the proper utilization of building opportunities when they occur. At such times the poor may be exploited by unscrupulous owners and contractors who make their profit as great as possible by furnishing the minimum and no more required by the building department and the health department and the fire department. Still, even these tenements* are in most ways improvements over what they replaced. In the size of their rooms they are behind their predecessors which have fallen from the estate of private dwelling-houses, but in the matter of sanitary arrangements, running water, light rooms and fire escapes they at least meet the

*In New York City every building that is arranged for more than two families to cook in is a tenement house according to law; in the real estate man's parlance, anything under $25 a month rent is a 'tenement,' between $25 and $50 a 'flat' and over $50 an 'apartment.'

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requirements of the Tenement House Act of April 12, 1901, which prescribes that no structure built after that date shall occupy more than 90 per cent of a corner lot or over 70 per cent of an inside lot; that all tenements above six stories shall be fire proof; and which details the construction of the house, the position of sleeping rooms and the amount of air space per individual. Dickens's "American Notes" complains of the pigs in the streets of New York; it is gratifying to know that nowadays "it is forbidden to keep swine on the premises."

The erection of the so-called "model" tenements has not gone on vigorously in the last five years, at least in New York City, where the most shining examples first appeared. The reason is that these tenements do not appeal to the class of people for whom they are intended. A house like those built by the Phipps estate or like some of those of the City and Suburban Homes Company, although fireproof, and provided with the answer to all reasonable demands from a garbage incinerator, individual drying closets and a kindergarten in the basement, greenery in the courtyard, coin-eating gas meters in the apartments and a pergola on the roof, proved to be too clean, too well guarded at night, too repressive of the social spirit that foregathers on the staircase and exchanges civilities between window and sidewalk to make a congenial abode for the exuberant Irish or Italian. They prefer less for their money and an easier atmosphere. They find themselves especially happy in an old dwelling-house, more or less revamped, where the rooms are larger than in the model tenement. Italians especially like to take boarders. A social worker tells of a little Italian girl whose teacher gave her a picture "to hang on the wall." "We no gotta a wall," she insisted in the face of all definitions, and then explained that her father hired one room for his family, but that, being thrifty, he had let the four corners to four other families while he and his occupied the middle, and in very truth did not have a wall.

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The "model" tenements, however, have found a clientèle and one worth attention in people who have smaller families than the regular tenement dwellers, and in women—stenographers, artists, nurses, writers, social workers—who are glad of the good equipment and good guardianship of such carefully appointed buildings. A large house especially for such self-supporting women has been built within a few months on the upper East Side of Manhattan and looks a wonder of comfort.

Another class of people is aimed at in the new "anti-tuberculosis tenements" which pay especial attention to light and ventilation and are provided with sleeping-balconies, whose popularity among rich and poor alike is increasing with the increase of knowledge of what fun they are and of how to keep the flies away in the morning. Roofs are not entirely given over to the drying of clothes nowadays but are arranged with seats and shelters and shrubbery for out of door living. In many of the new tenements which make no especial pretensions to being "model" a model feature is found in the "open stair" arrangement by which the floors are served by staircases open to the light and air of the court. This method is death to germs, a foe to crime, and a boon to the space-saving builder.

Town planning, the remodelling of parts of cities, and the building of multiple dwellings—none of these could be achieved with material success if there were not back of them the spiritual impulse of co-operation. Some of it comes from a desire for service—some of it from a belief in its profitableness, that great incentive to popularity. Whatever the cause, the result is at work welding science and art, service and gain for the common good.

The third aspect of housing development, methods of construction, has followed on the lines of advance of buildings for all uses. Reinforced concrete and steel construction is the approved method of the moment, since it costs the least,

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lasts the longest, wears the best, and permits any sort of exterior and interior finish. Further, it is suitable for everything, from the new Woolworth Building which is to be the tallest in the world, in the pride of its 57 stories dwarfing its neighbor, the New York Post Office, to the modest suburban garage. Skyscrapers, apartment houses, private dwellings, all are possible in this modernization of the processes of the days of the Roman Empire and of the Pyramids. It lends itself openly to the cottage of craftsman and mission inclinations, whose furniture aims at the straight line of efficiency rather than the curve of beauty, and it stands unobtrusively back of the sculptured marble that makes the millionaire's new house a delight to the eye. Clean is this sort of building, too, with the cleanliness that accompanies a medium that is easy to keep clean and that offers no temptation to moth and rust.

All these housing improvements—in arrangement and in construction—are improvements vital in importance to the community and to the individual, to the poor even more than to the rich. The improvements which depend upon our constantly increasing knowledge of such matters as details of sanitation and the possibilities of electricity and the advancing usefulness of compressed air are applied chiefly to increase the comfort or convenience or luxury of the rich. The modern large town mansion, the elaborate apartment house and the apartment hotel are all museums of ingenious devices for making living easy. The comfort to be gained from co-operation in multiple dwellings has been seized upon with an almost nervous desire, indicative of the age, to get rid of drudgery and to devote whatever of strength is in us to the furtherance of what seem to be higher demands. The apartment house does away with any family interest in the grubby details of ashes and garbage and cleaning sidewalks, and the apartment hotel further reduces housekeeping responsibilities to the minimum effort —the mere choosing of food and raiment. That these mul-

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tiple dwellings are now, in New York City, offering increased luxury to their tenants is indicated by the fact that the plans for "tenements" filed with the Building Department in 1905 called for an average outlay of $53,000 each, while those of 1910 averaged $170,000 each.

The large private houses of today are equipped with many conveniences that used to be found only in hotels. They have elevators, a telephone system, a refrigerating plant, and heating, ventilating, lighting, plumbing, and vacuum cleaning systems as perfect as those carried out on a larger scale. Apartments, on the other hand, are expected to offer all that a private house offers with lessening of responsibility thrown in. The thoroughly appointed apartments of today supply steam heat, hot and cold filtered water, vacuum cleaning service, telephone service, double elevator service, refrigeration, automatic burglar and fire alarms and automatic fire extinguishers. They provide storage rooms, wall safes, wine vaults, laundry arrangements which include individual drying chambers, lighting devices such as a pilot for the oven and emergency plugs at three or four places in any room in addition to the regular fixtures and to lights which snap into being when a closet door opens and go out again when it is shut. They house the automatically opening garbage can in a cupboard accessible to the outer air, and they take it away and incinerate its contents. They bale the day's accumulation of papers and dispose of them. They give a porter and hall service, military in its conduct, which takes immaculate care of all the public parts of the house, and a repair service which keeps on hand duplicates of everything breakable in the whole building with men competent to restore their integrity in the shortest possible time.

The entire construction of the up-to-date apartment house has been developed with scrupulous attention to every detail that can make for the comfort or the pleasure of its occupants. The engines, for instance, are sunk to a point where their vibration cannot be felt, the courts which furn-

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ish light and air to the inner rooms often are decorated with tiny gardens or fountains or a cluster of shrubbery. Not only refrigerators and bathrooms but pantries and sometimes whole kitchens are tiled. Heat may be by the direct or the indirect method, but there are no unsightly radiators to disturb the harmony of any room for they are concealed behind ornamental grilles. The use of gas is chiefly confined to the kitchen range and illumination is by electricity and is made through the medium of many attractive fixtures. The most recent device is an ornamental metal bowl suspended from the ceiling which acts as a reflector for the mazda bulbs which it holds. This arrangement gives a diffused light charming for general illumination. Electricity, by the way, has been harnessed for many uses beside lighting—it moves the elevators and pumps the water and does the ironing and runs the vacuum cleaner and rings the door-bell and works the telephone and whizzes the hair-dryer. It is the champion time saver.

Women used to say that when their sex entered the architectural profession houses would be built with enough closets. The shadow of their intrusion must lower threateningly, for men architects certainly provide an abundance of closet room nowadays. There are coat closets fitted below with poles that accommodate scores of hangers and above with shelves that are ample for all manner of boxes; there are closets whose mirrored doors fold like a triptych, making a dressing glass that reaches to the floor, wide cupboards for shoes and blouses, tall, thin closets for princesse frocks, and dust-proof glass cubes for hats. There are linen closets, and preserve closets, medicine closets and cedar closets. There are pantries where pastry is rolled out on plate glass shelves, and there are closets for billard cues and closed cases for books.

In the matter of bathrooms individual houses have an advantage over multiple dwellings because they can, if they want to, devote more space to the amusing side of lustra-

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tion. The apartment provides sundry bathrooms and they have all the necessary faucets through which it is desirable that water should respond when you push the button; but the bathrooms of the private houses riot in tubs of all sizes, in showers that may resemble April or September, in steam appliances, and even, perhaps, in a swimming pool. They are a conglomerate of ancient Rome and modern Russia translated to suit the fancies of America.

It is in the matter of detail and of decoration not in the matter of necessity that the millionaire's house differs chiefly from the modest cottage. Both millionaire and clerk may read by an electric light,—but the millionaire's is shaded by Favril glass; they both may have washing machines—but the poor man's is portable and sometimes it is human. The floor of Mr. Morgan's library is made complete in its beauty by a superb block of porphyry. Beautiful hangings, exquisite sculpture, handsome paintings, furniture of dignified design are possessions of many people whose lives are enriched by their loveliness. But the real advances in housing lie not in the accumulation of luxuries but in the substitution of comfort for discomfort, of healthful conditions for unhealthful; and these in varying degree are common to all.

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The following extract from the Federalist, so often referred to by Dr. Smith in "The Spirit of American Government," is taken from 'Publius's' letter, number 85, "Conclusion." The old leather-covered volume from which it was copied bears at the foot of the title page the imprint

New York
PRINTED AND SOLD BY GEORGE F. HOPKINS
At Washington's Head
1802

CONCLUSION

According to the formal division of the subject of these papers, announced in my first number, there would appear still to remain for discussion two points—"the analogy of the proposed government to your own state constitution," and "the additional security which its adoption will afford to republican government, to liberty, and to property." But these heads have been so fully anticipated and so completely exhausted in the progress of the work that it would now scarcely be possible to do anything more than repeat in a more dilated form what has been already said; which the advanced stage of the question and the time already spent upon it conspire to forbid.

It is remarkable that the resemblance of the plan of the convention to the act which organizes the government of this state holds, not less with regard to many of the supposed defects than to the real excellencies of the former. Among the pretended defects are the re-eligibility of the executive; the want of a council; the omission of a formal bill of rights; the omission of provision respecting the liberty of the press. These, and several others, which have been noted in the course of our inquiries, are as much chargeable on the existing constitution of this state as on the one proposed for the Union: and a man must have slender pretensions to consistency who can rail at the latter for imperfections which he finds no difficulty for excusing in the former. Nor indeed can there be a better proof of the insincerity and affectation of some of the zealous adversaries of the plan of the convention, who profess to be devoted admirers of the government of this state than the fury with which they have attacked that plan, for

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matters in regard to which our own constitution is equally, or perhaps more vulnerable.

The additional securities to republican government, to liberty, and to property to be derived from the adoption of the plan, consist chiefly in the restraints which the preservation of the union will impose upon local factions and insurrections, and upon the ambition of powerful individuals in single states, who might acquire credit and influence enough from leaders and favorites, to become the despots of the people; in the diminution of the opportunities to foreign intrigue which the dissolution of the confederacy would invite and faciliate: in the prevention of extensive military establishments which could not fail to grow out of wars between the states in a disunited situation; in the express guarantee of a republican form of government to each; in the absolute and universal exclusion of titles of nobility; and in the precautions against the repetition of those practices on the part of the state governments which have undermined the foundations of property and credit, have planted mutual distrust in the breasts of all classes of citizens, and have occasioned an almost universal prostration of morals.

Thus have I, fellow citizens, executed the task I had assigned to myself; with what success your conduct must determine. I trust, at least, you will admit that I have not failed in the assurance I gave you respecting the spirit with which my endeavour should be conducted. I have addressed myself purely to your judgments, and have studiously avoided those asperities which are too apt to disgrace political disputants of all parties, and which have been not a little provoked by the language and conduct of the opponents of the constitution. The charge of a conspiracy against the liberties of the people, which has been indiscriminately brought against the advocates of the plan, has something in it too wanton and too malignant not to excite the indignation of every man who feels in his own bosom a refutation of the calumny. The perpetual charges which have been rung upon the wealthy, the well-born, and the great, are such as to inspire the disgust of all sensible men. And the unwarrantable concealments and misrepresentations which have been in various ways practiced to keep the truth from the public eye are of a nature to demand the reprobation of all honest men. It is possible that these circumstances may have occasionally betrayed me into intemperance of expression which I did not intend: It is certain that I have frequently felt a struggle between sensibility and moderation; and if the former has in some instances prevailed, it must be my excuse that it has been neither often nor much.

Let us now pause, and ask ourselves whether, in the course of these papers, the proposed constitution has not been satisfactorily vindicated from the aspersion thrown upon it: and whether it has not been shown to be worthy of the public approbation and necessary to the public safety and prosperity. Every man is bound to answer these questions to himself according to the best of his conscience and understanding and to act agreeably to the genuine and sober dictates of his judgment. This is a duty from which nothing can give him a dispensation. . . Let him beware of an obstinate adherence to party: Let him reflect that

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the object upon which he is to decide is not a particular interest of the community but the very existence of the nation: And let him remember that a majority of America has already given its sanction to the plan which he is to approve or reject.

I shall not dissemble that I feel an entire confidence in the arguments which recommend the proposed system to your adoption; and that I am unable to discern any real force in those by which it has been assailed. I am persuaded that it is the best which our political situation, habits, and opinions will admit, and superior to any the revolution has produced. [The writer meets the demands of those who say "Why adopt a constitution admitted by its friends to be imperfect? Why not amend it?" by answering 1) that its friends do not admit that the plan is radically defective; 2) that it is imprudent to prolong the present precarious state of national affairs; 3) that it will be easy to secure subsequent amendments to the constitution.]

The zeal for attempts to amend, prior to the establishment of the constitution must abate in every man who is ready to accede to the truth of the following observations of a writer equally solid and ingenious [Hume]: "To balance a large state or society (says he) whether monarchical or republican, on general laws, is a work of so great difficulty that no human genius, however comprehensive, is able by the mere dint of reason and reflection to effect it. The judgments of many must unite in the work: EXPERIENCE must guide their labour: TIME must bring it to perfection: And the FEELING of inconveniences must correct the mistakes which they *inevitably* fall into, in their first trials and experiments. These judicious reflections contain a lesson of moderation to all the sincere lovers of the union, and ought to put them upon their guard against hazarding anarchy, civil war, a perpetual alienation of the states from each other, and perhaps the military despotism of a victorious demagogue, in the pursuit of what they are not likely to obtain but from TIME and EXPERIENCE. It may be in me a defect of political fortitude, but I acknowledge that I cannot entertain an equal tranquility with those who affect to treat the dangers of a longer continuance in our present situation as imaginary. A NATION without a NATIONAL GOVERNMENT is an awful spectacle. The establishment of a constitution in time of profound peace by the voluntary consent of a whole people is a PRODIGY to the completion of which I look forward with trembling anxiety. In so arduous an enterprise I can reconcile it to no rules of prudence to let go the hold we now have upon seven out of the thirteen states; and after having passed over so considerable a part of the ground, to recommence the course. I dread the more the consequence of new attempts, because I know that POWERFUL INDIVIDUALS in this and in other states are enemies to a general national government in every possible shape.

PUBLIUS.

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The Vesper Hour*

Under the Direction of Chancellor John H. Vincent

Probably few thoughtful men and women look back upon their childhood without a feeling that their early religious life might have been enriched and their attitude toward the things of the Spirit made more natural if during their impressionable years, the mature theological views of their elders had not been unduly imposed upon their childish thinking. Those who have at heart the guidance of children—parents, teachers and the many others upon whom such responsibilities rest—will welcome a recent book by Dean George Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, entitled "The Training of Children in Religion" ($1.50 net). Step by step the author shows the natural approach to the child's mind by which the great fundamental truths may find acceptable entrance, and he points out the nature of the replies which may help to meet the child's often puzzling inquiries. This inviting book is rich in suggestions for the student of child life. A few selections from it are given here to the readers of the Vesper Hour by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Company.

The book opens with the author's reminder to us that morals as they effect our outward conduct may be the result of our own convictions or quite possibly our goodness may be produced almost entirely by the environment in which we live. Even those of us who are grown men and women realize how susceptible we are to the ideals of those around us. How much more the child whose experience is so limited:

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SOMETIMES when a child thus nurtured grows into youth and comes at last into his inevitable independence, and his own true will appears, his parents are much surprised. Thus and thus he did when he could not help himself, but now he is revealed. The father and mother cannot understand how their son who was such a quiet and gentle lad at home, and whose marks for conduct were so good in the private school can behave at college as if he had a devil. They are rather inclined to lay the blame upon the devil. But the probable reason for the difference is in the fact that the boy had only a dependent goodness. The obedience which he showed was of their imposing, not of his own choosing. They controlled him, but they did not educate him. They did not bring him up so that he freely and naturally and gladly preferred the good.

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*The Vesper Hour continues throughout the year the ministries of the Chautauqua Sunday Vesper Service.

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WHAT is needed is a constant motive. The lad who can be trusted in the midst of temptation is not only accustomed to be good, but desires to be good. That is his own, honest, independent wish. That is his ideal. His tastes, his interest, and his will are all that way. In the curriculum of the home or of the school, in the learning of the lessons of life, he has graduated out of the class in which the text book is the Commandments into the class in which the text book is the Beatitudes. . . This essential motive, this interior and sincere choice is not effected by prohibition, or protection or admonition, or by any instruction in ethics. The principles of ethics appeal to the understanding, and give support to prudence, but they are of slight avail against the misleadings of emotion. The only force which can persistently withstand a wrong emotion is a right emotion. In the Puritan Revolution, Cromwell perceived that the royal troops were upborne by the emotion of chivalry: it gave impetus to their charge and strength to their arms. He saw that he must oppose to them a force of men also upborne by emotion, who to the might of their muscles should add a great enthusiasm of their souls. So he recruited the Ironsides, who were not only fighting men but praying men, and who were intent not only on a battle but on a cause which consecrated all their valor. He brought into the field a new emotion.

The distinction between ethics and religion is one that even persons of mature experience often confuse. When they are confronted with the question, Why is not the man who disclaims any religious interest, but whose life is ethically correct, just as worthy of imitation as another, equally honorable, whose religion seems the vital part of his whole nature? they are sometimes bewildered in their attempts to explain even to themselves the seeming incongruity! On the subject of a child's training in ethics our author's position is very clear.

THE defect of ethics as a force in the development of conduct is its lack of this quality of emotion. . . . This is best supplied by religion. I am dealing here not with honesty or purity, not with the speaking of the truth or with the keeping of one's life unspotted from the world, so much as with the interior purpose, ideal, motive, emotion which shall work itself out into all these forms of conduct. The proposition with which I begin is that the conditions of human nature are such as to make it necessary for us to train our children in religion. The result of right religion is that one of his own will desires to be good. His monitor is within. He may be removed from the domestic restrictions of his youth, and placed in circumstances which give him freedom to choose both his companions and his manner of life. That will make no difference. He is his own master, and wherever he goes he carries his own standards and ideals. Or rather, he serves a Divine Master in whose presence he lives continually, no matter

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where he goes. He waits for no external obligation. He can be fully trusted.

IT IS essential to religion that one shall be aware that the visible world is not the whole of the universe. In Andersen's story of "The Ugly Duckling" the little ducks, as they come out of the shell, blinking at the light, cry, "What a big world it is!" But the mother duck says, "Oh, children, the world is ever so much bigger than you can see; it extends beyond the parson's garden." Yes, the world extends beyond the gardens of all the parsons, out into space, illimitable and inconceivable. A distinctive difference between the religious person and the irreligious person is that the religious person is aware of their vast environment, and in it perceives God, the Maker and Maintainer of all being.

When we begin to appreciate the nature of the child's understanding, it is intensely interesting to see, as Dean Hodges presents it, how the successive stages of youthful development seem to be illustrated in the progress of the human race itself. The teachings of history, and the study of psychology make it ever more and more clear to us how the human race has been educated through its gradual development from simple and concrete ideas to those which arise from widening experience. We are reminded of the child's persistent habit of questioning, his insistence upon definite answers to the most profound questions, the affront to his self-respect when he is put off with foolish or indirect replies, his religious instinct which craves a personality behind the universe, the stimulus to his imagination when he first learns that the power which moves the stars is just as capable of ministering to his own childish needs.

THE first clear thought of God which is possible for a child presents him as the supreme hero and king, a man magnified and perfected and glorified. The details will differ greatly according to the child's surroundings, according to the materials which are provided by the daily life, but the human quality is essential. In the Garden of Eden, God comes down and walks among the trees in the cool of day, the shadows fall upon Him, and the leaves rustle beneath his feet. Missing Adam, who has hid himself, He calls aloud, "Adam! Adam! Where art thou?" This is very different from the vision of Elijah to whom God comes not in the whirlwind nor in the fire but in a still small voice. It is very different from the pronouncement of the New Testament, "No man hath seen God at any time." But these revelations come later. The

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initial conception of God for the child, as for the race, perceives God as a man. He is resident in heaven.

A GREAT confusion arises in the minds of children when we endeavor to proceed with them from the first idea of God as like us to the second idea of God as present in all the world. . . In the old time, pantheism went along with polytheism. The rare spirits of the race, philosophers and poets, did indeed perceive a soul of the universe, pervading all things as the soul pervades the body, but people in general thought that the world was full of gods, . . . Let us say, then, that God is in all life as the sun is in all the earth. There is the sun, shining in the sky, separate from the earth; but all the heat of the earth, and all the light of the earth, and all the growth of living things upon the earth,—plants, animals and people,—are derived from the sun. . . . . Our whole life is pervaded by the sun. Thus the answer to the question, "Where is the sun?" is the statement that the sun is in the sky and at the same time in all the earth. And this omnipresence of the sun is a parable of the omnipresence of God.

As the child comes to feel the omnipresence of God, the next step of course is the relation of the child himself to this wonderful Being. His understanding of this, as we find it so clearly set forth by our author, is in the beginning of the Bible. The marvellous world about us is described in many of the books which a child reads with delight but the answer to his final question Who made it all? comes from the Bible itself and he learns that the world was made not as a carpenter builds a house by putting materials one upon another, but by those two mysterious things called matter and life.

WHEN we ask, Where did matter come from? and, Where did life come from? We can only answer that God brought them into being we know not how. The world began with matter and life, and these two, when they are combined, result in what we call growth. In the tree, by the processes of growth, the matter and life which are in the seed grow into stem and leaves, and trunk and branches, and thus into a great tree. . . . Matter and life and growth are still mysteries which nobody understands, and they are at the heart of all existence. We put the seed in the ground, but God makes it grow.

EVEN we ourselves come into being by means of matter and life and growth. Every one of us was once a very tiny particle of matter, less than the smallest seed. In this particle was life. Then it grew in the body of our mother, kept safe there from all harm and nourished as the seed is nourished in the earth. Little by little it grew and came into shape, with body and head and arms and legs, formed day by day under the care

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of God. By and by, the tiny living particle became a baby and was ready to leave the body of the mother and begin to live in the world. When that happened we were born. That was our birthday. This is how all little children come into the world, according to this wonderful and mysterious working of God. . . Big and little, old and young, we are all children in the great family of God. . . He feels concerning us as a father feels concerning his children.

The difficulty of responding to a child's eager questioning naturally presses home to the parent his own problem. How can his wider experience be put in terms of the child's limited outlook, and yet answer truthfully. Fortunately we can often make comparisons between methods familiar to the child and others which he recognizes but cannot appreciate. He can manage his own toy express train but the intricacies of the railroad which runs through his own town can be shown to him sufficiently to see that he must wait for wider knowledge. Nevertheless, although his Heavenly Father's administration of the Universe, its light and heat, its tempests and earthquakes, fires and floods, its uncountable distances, may be made very vivid to the child's imagination, yet when death or suffering or other great mysteries of life for the first time bewilder his childish mind, we are obliged frankly to admit our ignorance. It is then most important, our author assures us, that we make clear to him that our confession is not the result of our lack of learning, nor of a wilful desire to evade his questions, but it is a frank admission of the fact that life is great and mysterious far beyond the knowledge of the wisest of men. The author puts it very happily when he says that the world of the known must be thought of as in the midst of the unknown just as a settler's clearing is in the midst of a forest, and the child must be assured that the forest belongs to our human geography just as truly as does the settler's cabin.

Again, the child may be led along through his interest in these great questionings to discover how God has been showing himself to His children. We recall the illustra-

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tion of the sun with its suggestions of omniscience. We look through a clouded glass upon the sun but it is only an imperfect view of it, yet now and then through a spot in the glass we may see the radiant orb itself. Even so our sight is but partial for the immensity, the might and power of the sun are beyond our grasp. So it is with noble men and women about us. We see in them fine qualities, devoted lives which stand out before their fellows. These are like the clear spaces in the cloudy glass—they give us glimpses of the real sun and though it is a limited glimpse, we feel instinctively that those glimpses are the real thing. Then we may lead up to the greatest of all lives and show how the clearness of the life of Jesus Christ let in upon humanity the light of the omnipotent Father in such measure that we may feel our likeness to it.

Dean Hodges' use of illustrative material gives this book much of its charm. The opening chapters upon the relation of children to their Heavenly Father are followed by delightful discussions of the every day problems which have to be considered where there are children in a household. "The Silent Instruction of Example" contains touches of humor which make its pointed truths quite irresistible. "The Practice of Prayer" places many an old habit in a new light. "A Treasury of Devotion" is full of helpful suggestions. "The Bible and the Children" reminds us of conditions whose result was "a whole generation of children, who are now in their turn fathers and mothers who were not made acquainted with the Bible in any thorough way" and now their children are at college and "reading and studying the Scriptures in unprecedented numbers." The conclusion of the whole matter is of course "The Good Child" brought up in the way that he should go and by his very goodness "a golden contribution to all good causes." In this age of social growth every child who fits into the social fabric unselfishly is worth to his race all that his parents and teachers have sacrificed to achieve this result.

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AUTUMN'S MIRTH

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
For, watch the rain among the leaves;
With silver fingers dimly seen
It makes each leaf a tambourine,
And swings and leaps with elfin mirth
To kiss the brow of mother earth;
Or, laughing 'mid the trembling grass,
It nods a greeting as you pass.
Oh! hear the rain amid the leaves,
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

1912, TAKE NOTICE

The address of 1912's treasurer, Miss Julia H. Douglas, is, until further notice, 55 Hasell Street, Charleston, South Carolina. Miss Douglas will be glad to receive additions to the class fund.

1903'S ARE WORKING

Miss Evelyn Dewey, who heads 1903's committee to secure funds for its tablet in the Hall of Philosophy is still receiving contributions at her address, 146 East 36th Street, New York City.

UNDERGRADUATE NEWS

Any bits of news that will interest the whole of each class of the undergraduate body (as, for example, the change

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Banquet Room and Exterior of C. L. S. C. Alumni Hall, Chautauqua, N. Y., built by Alumni and kept up by undergraduates.

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Forest Home, Marion, Alabama.

Library, Cawker City, Kansas.

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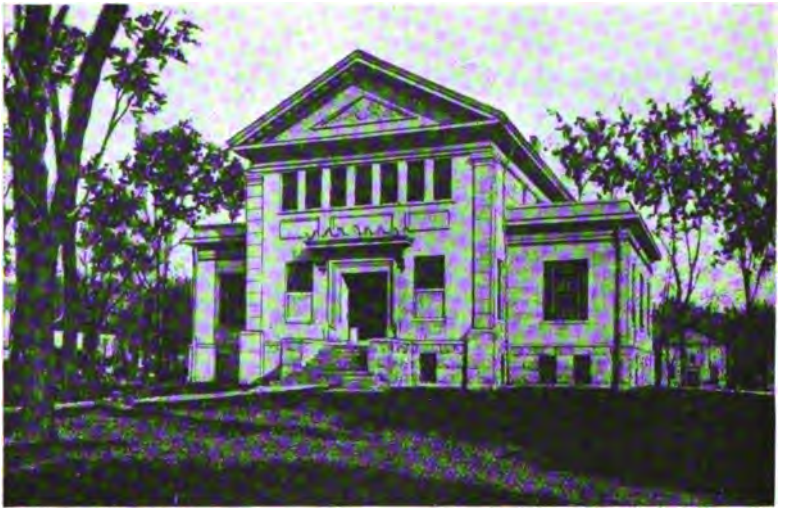

Library, Litchfield, Illinois.

Library, Syracuse University.

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Miss Kimball

Mr. Lockwood

Miss Drake

Mr. Campbell

Mrs. Smith

Mr. Hamilton

Some of the C. L. S. C. speakers at the Chautauqua, N. Y. Assembly of 1911.

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of address noted in another paragraph, of 1912's treasurer to whom class contributions may be sent, or the continued sale for ten cents each at the Chautauqua Book Store of the 1914 Dickens Motto Card) will be announced as promptly as possible in the Round Table. Send in your items.

MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAMS

A leaflet of special programs for the C. L. S. C. Memorial Days and for the birthdays of some famous people is on sale at the Extension Office for five cents. It is useful for every Circle Secretary.

ALUMNI HALL

When the C. L. S. C. reader who has never been to Chautauqua, New York, treats himself to the pleasure of a visit to the summer Assembly, he oftens goes with some little wonder as to where and how class spirit is brought about and maintained. He learns quickly, for he soon finds himself at a class meeting and discovers that each class has its own gathering place in Alumni Hall in a large room which it shares with three or four other classes. He finds that his class corner has its own decorations—of picture or bust or banner—and that the three-or-four-fold group takes pride in the maintenance of the Hall which is its class home. The building, outside and inside views of which appear in this Round Table, was built for its present purpose by the classes of many years ago, but the classes of today like to feel that they have a share in it, and so the undergraduate classes pay each a modest sum which is applied to the care of the building. The names of the treasurers of the undergraduate classes are to be found in the C. L. S. C. Class Directory at the back of the October CHAUTAUQUAN and they will be glad to acknowledge contributions from all who want to give themselves the satisfaction of feeling that they have a share in this build-

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ing where class spirit centers and class functions shine and class comradeship grows stronger and more lasting.

SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR MARK TWAIN'S BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

1. *Biographical Sketch.*
2. *Explanation.* "How Mr. Clemens Selected His Pseudonym," illustrated by reading from "Life on the Mississippi" beginning "An hour before sunset Mr. Bixby took the wheel."
3. *Reading.* "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras."
4. *Recitation.* "New England Weather" (from answer to a toast at a New England dinner.)
5. *Paper.* "Human Nature in Mark Twain's Work," illustrated by account of Tom Sawyer whitewashing the fence, etc., etc.
6. *Reading* from "Joan of Arc."
7. *Tributes.*
8. *Readings* a) from "Pudd'n'head Wilson;" b) from "Huckleberry Finn."

C. L. S. C. MOTTES

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—Febrary 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY, May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR DECEMBER

FIRST WEEK—NOVEMBER 26—DECEMBER 3

"Brazil" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "Reading Journey through South America," III).

"American Local Types as Shown in the Short-Story" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "As We See Ourselves," III).

"Heating Houses and Public Buildings" (THE CHAUTAUQUAN, "American Engineering," III).

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SECOND WEEK—DECEMBER 3—10

"Democracy before and after the Revolution;" "The Amendment Feature of the Constitution" (Smith's "The Spirit of American Government," Chapters I, II, III, IV).

THIRD WEEK—DECEMBER 10—17

"The Federal Judiciary" (Smith, Chapter V).

FOURTH WEEK—DECEMBER 17—24

"The Checks and Balances of the Constitution" (Smith, Chapter VI).

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

FIRST WEEK—NOVEMBER 26-DECEMBER 3.

1. *Map Talk.* "Brazil."
2. *Roll Call.* "Brazilian Products." (Spruce's "Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and the Andes;" Van Dyke in this Magazine.)
3. *Original Story.* "A Day in Rio" (see Hale's "Practical Guide to Latin America," p. 78 for the "sights" of the city; Akers's "History of South America;" Curtis's "Capitals of Spanish America;" Dawson's "South American Republics;" Ruhl's "The Other Americans.")
4. *Summary* of general conclusions drawn from the material offered in the instalment of "As We See Ourselves" in this number.
5. *Report* of a committee appointed to find out what methods of heating are employed in the chief buildings of our town—as churches, town hall, library, etc.
6. *Reading.* Some one of the short stories mentioned by Mr. Heydrick in this magazine.

SECOND WEEK—DECEMBER 3-10.

1. *Talk.* "The Magna Charta" (any English history which covers King John's reign.)
2. *Book Review.* Ilbert's "Parliament."
3. *Reading.* "The Declaration of Independence."
4. *Summary* of the "Articles of Confederation" (see Appendix to Bryce's "American Commonwealth.")
5. *Five-Minute Biographies* of the Framers of the Constitution.
6. *Reading* of Article V of the Constitution.
7. *Comparison* of American with French and Swiss methods of amendment (Bryce's Vol. I, chapter 32.)
8. *Reading.* Selection from "The Federalist" in the Library Shelf.

THIRD WEEK—DECEMBER 10-17.

1. *Summary* of chapter III, volume I of Bryce's "American Commonwealth."
2. *Reading* of Article III of the Constitution.
3. *Biographies* of (a) Alexander Hamilton; (b) Patrick Henry.
4. *Debate.* "Should the Supreme Court decide abstract cases?" (De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America;" Bryce, volume I, chapter 24.)
5. *Paper.* "Recent Use of the Injunction" (for references see Smith, note at foot of page 117.)
6. *Reading.* "The Supreme Court Justices" by Elbert F. Baldwin in the *Outlook* for January 28, 1911.

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FOURTH WEEK—DECEMBER 17-24.

1. *Blackboard List of* Checks and Balances.
2. *Reading* of Article I and Article II of the Constitution.
3. *Paper.* "The Veto Power" (Mason's "The Veto Power;" Reinsch's "American Legislatures and Legislative Methods;" Bryce, vol. I, chapter 6.)
4. *Biography.* "Calhoun."
5. *Book Review.* McMaster's "Acquisition of Political, Social, and Industrial Rights of Man in America."
6. *Reading.* Webster's speech in opposition to Calhoun.

TRAVEL CLUB

Travel Clubs should be provided with Hale's "Practical Guide to Latin America," with a large map of South America, and with individual outline maps of South America and of each country in South America which each member may fill in as the study progresses. Photographs, picture postcards, or pictures in books of all buildings and places mentioned should be exhibited.

A general bibliography of the Reading Journey Through South America will be found in the September Magazine. If any clubs or libraries can provide but two books for supplementary reading they should be Dawson's "The South American Republics" and Hale's "The South Americans." Of great contemporary interest is the "Bulletin" published by the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C. This is a handsomely illustrated monthly magazine whose subscription price is $1.00 a year. Every Travel Club will find a subscription worth while.

FIRST WEEK

1. *Map Talk.* "Brazil," using the relief map of South America and the outline map of Brazil in this Magazine.
2. *Roll Call.*. "Brazilian Products" (Van Dyke: Spruce's "Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and the Andes;" Jules Verne's "The Giant Raft" and its sequel, "The Cryptogram," which have much information interwoven with the story; Akers's "A History of South America").
3. *Two-Minute Biographies.* "Explorers of Brazil."
4. *Book Review* of Agassiz's "Journey in Brazil."
5. *Geographical Talk.* "Waterways of Brazil" (Akers's "A History South America;" Dawson's "South American Republics," Part 1; Hale's "The South Americans.")
6. *Reading.*. Selections concerning Brazilian writers from the article on Latin-American Literature in the Warner Library.

SECOND WEEK

1. *Roll Call.* "Chief towns of Brazil" (Hale's "Guide.")
2. *Geographical Talk.* "Waterways of Brazil" (Akers's "History of South America.")
3. *Paper.* "Rubber—from the Tree to the Overshoe" (Clark's "Continent of Opportunity;" Pepper's "Panama to Patagonia;" "Rubber-producing Plants of Brazil" in *Scientific American*, July 13, 1907; "Rubber as a World Product," M. M. Ivins in *Review of Reviews*, July, 1907; "Production and Manipulation of Rubber," Simmonds in *Nature*, January 30,

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1908: "Pará Rubber:" L. C. B., *Nature*, July 1, 1909.)

4. *Summary.* "Adventures of Lieutenant Herndon and Lieutenant Gibbon" (See "Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon," vol. 1, by Herndon and vol. 11, by Gibbon.)
5. *Original Story.* "From Belém to Rio" (Hale's "Guide.")

THIRD WEEK

1. *A Letter Home,* describing a day in Rio (see Hale's "Guide" for an enumeration of the "sights;" Ruhl's "The Other Americans;" Bingham's "Across South America.")
2. *Talk by an Artist.* "How I should set my palette to paint the harbor of Rio." (VanDyke; Clark.)
3. *Reading.* "Rio" in Curtis's "Capitals of Spanish America."
4. *Biography.* "Pedro II" (Dawson's "South American Republics," Part I; Akers's "A History of South America;" Clark.)
5. *Discussion.* "When is revolution justifiable?" (All illustrations to be from South American history.)

FOURTH WEEK

1. *Roll Call.* "Great Names of Brazilian History."
2. *Analysis.* "Brazilian Characteristics" (Akers; Bingham's "Across South America;" Hale's "The South Americans.")
3. *Talk.* "The Peoples of Brazil" (Akers; Clark; Dawson, Part I; Hale's "The South Americans.")
4. *Description.* "Sao Paulo—State and City."
5. *Reading* of chapter on coffee in Clark's "Continent of Opportunity."

REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON OCTOBER READINGS

AS WE SEE OURSELVES. CHAPTER III, THE SHORT STORY.

1. What are some of the sub-species of the short story? 2. Examples. 3. With what sort of short stories is this article concerned? 4. What well known writers have "covered" what sections? 5. What is brought out in the extracts from Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman? 6. What are the characteristics of Miss Brown's stories? 7. Of Miss Jewett's? 8. What in general, is the life described in these New England tales? 9. What difference is there between the stories of Davis and of O. Henry? 10. What have Oppenheim and Myra Kelly written about? 11. What impression is left by New York stories? 12. What pictures of Pennsylvania have been drawn and by whom? 13. What opportunities are offered to the short story writer by Southern life, past and present? 14. Of what people does Charles Egbert Craddock write? 15. What contrast is shown in the selection from Joel Chandler Harris? 16. What devotion in that from James Lane Allen? 17. Who is the chief character in "Rodman the Keeper?" 18. What contrast does Thomas Nelson Page draw in "Bred in the Bone?" 19. What is the gist of Dunbar's "Folks from Dixie?" 20. How does Ruth McEnery Stuart depict the colored people? 21. What contrasting pictures of Wisconsin are drawn by Hamlin Garland and Zona Gale? 22. Of what state does William Allen White

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write? 23. What writers have used the Far West as a background and of what places has each one written? 24. Speak of the "typical American." 25. Of the American spirit.

AMERICAN ENGINEERING, CHAPTER III.—HEATING HOUSES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS

1. Whose work is the proper heating of buildings? 2. What people are benefited by the modern methods? 3. Why is ventilation involved? 4. What is the method of the furnace? 5. Why its popularity? 6. What is the best method for houses? For large buildings? 7. In what respects are the hot water and steam systems alike? 8. What unfortunate feature exists in both methods? 9. Give other reasons for the popularity of hot water. 10. What part does the piping play? 11. Explain the two-pipe system. 12. Where is the one-pipe system possible? 13. What is the purpose of the air-valve? 14. Describe the expansion tank. 15. Discuss the "flexibility" of steam and hot water systems. 16. On what should the size of the furnace or radiator depend? 17. Why should the hot-water radiator be larger than the steam radiator? 18. Explain the indirect method of heating. 19. The direct-indirect method. 20. What is the fan or blower system? 21. The exhaust system? 22. The forced-blast method?

READING JOURNEY THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA., CHAPTER III.—BRAZIL

1. What and where is Belém? 2. Give statements proving the immensity of the Amazon. 3. Who were some of the early writers about the river? 4. When was it opened to free navigation? 5. How were Herndon's and Agassiz's explorations undertaken? 6. What is said of the climate? 7. Of the variety in the vegetable and the animal kingdoms? 8. Describe Manaos. 9. What are some other progressive towns? 10. What are some of the attractions of Belém? 11. What are some of the interesting places along the coast between Belém and Rio de Janeiro? 12. What are some the characteristics of Brazilian scenery? 13. Describe the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. 14. The improvements in the city. 15. The surroundings. 16. The sights of the city. 17. Speak of other cities. 18. What does the "North American" say of the Brazilians?

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON READINGS FOR DECEMBER

1. What was O. Henry's real name? 2. What was Myra Kelly's married name?

1. What was the Comte d' Eu's connection with Brazil? 2. Who was Fonseca?

1. What method of heating is employed in the largest church in your town?

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON READING FOR NOVEMBER.

1. In 1519 Charles V was elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. He had become King of Spain under the title of Charles I in 1516. 2. During the Napoleonic wars.

1. He was mathematical-instrument maker to the University. 2. The safety-lamp, usually attributed to Sir Humphry Davy.

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NEWS FROM CIRCLES AND READERS

"The spirit of brotherhood is the moving spirit of the day, without doubt," began Pendragon as the delegates established themselves about the Round Table. "I realize it," said an anxious looking little woman, "and sometimes I feel that all my studying is selfish, that it helps just me alone." A chorus of objection and remonstrance rose from everybody. "I see I'm in the minority," continued the introspective member, "but I'd like some definite assurance to the contrary." "For one thing," suggested her next neighbor, "everything that we do to improve ourselves makes us better citizens," "And for another," offered the man who sat opposite and who did not wear "that worried look," "for another, I happen to know that you share your pleasures with at least two people who are lacking in go-aheadativeness and who would not do the work if you did not lead them." "And for another," chimed in somebody else, "the actual number of social and neighborhood benefits accomplished by C. L. S. C. circles and individual readers is now so long that it would be no small task to list them."

"I hope you are properly convinced," said Pendragon, "but if you would like to hear of the community activities of one circle I'll read you this report which was made by a delegate at the Chautauqua, New York, Assembly last summer." "Go on;" "Do;" cried a chorus, and the nervous little woman smiled more cheerfully.

"The C. L. S. C. Circle at Selma, Alabama, now has enrolled twenty-five active members and five associates. The Circle was organized about fifteen years ago by Mrs. J——, at the suggestion of Miss C—— who had spent a summer at Chautauqua and caught the true Chautauqua spirit. We have read the full course from year to year with the exception of one or perhaps two years. These years we eliminated some of the required books but kept up the Magazine work supplemented by work bearing on some special subject. For the coming year we are to have the magazine work and the Reading Journey in Spain from THE CHAUTAUQUAN of August, 1909. We always follow the work outlined in the Suggestive Programs. We have a program committee of three ladies and our president. Leaders

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are appointed in October to take charge of the class for one month and carry out the program which has been outlined by the committee. Our meetings are opened by topics of current events sometimes, at other times by quotations from some author selected at previous meetings. At our business meetings, which are usually short, we often have a parliamentary drill led by one of our number who has studied in the Parliamentary Law class of the Chautauqua Summer Schools. The books most enjoyed the past year were 'Social Ideals in English Letters' and 'Studies in Dickens.' Occasionally we have books reviewed by individual members and reported in class. Individual work is often assigned to members on topics from the Suggestive Programs in the Magazines. Our meetings are held in the homes of our members every Thursday afternoon. Last winter we induced Monsieur Papot to come and give us three lectures which were much enjoyed by our citizens. For two seasons we have had Miss Hamilton with us and in connection with her last reading which was given in the home of one of our members, a reception was held so that our people could come into closer touch with her."

"That is all interesting as describing the methods of a group of level-headed women who know how to run things," commented Pendragon. "Now we come to the part that bears more closely on our present discussion." He turned again to the report.

"A Chautauqua Circle in a small town in Alabama may well be called a daughter of the Selma Chautauqua, as it was through correspondence with our president that the club decided to take up the C. L. S. C. work. Our Circle sent them fifty books. Beside this work we have contributed seventeen dollars for a Scholarship fund in connection with the Women's Federated Clubs. Three or four years ago we joined the great host of women who are enrolled in the Federated Clubs. We send a director to the Annual State Meetings.

"On the outskirts of our town near a factory we have a school under our supervision which we helped to build and equip. The city and country schools were too far away for the small children to attend. We furnished thirty books for this school. During the last year a fruit dealer of the town died very suddenly on the streets one day leaving a large and helpless family of children, the oldest of whom, a boy of ten years old, the Chautauqua Circle sent to an industrial school in Birmingham, believing that, properly educated, he will develop into a useful citizen."

A hearty round of applause greeted the reading. "That's just what happened at the Council when this was read at Chautauqua," said Pendragon.

"On a smaller scale we teachers of the Lincoln Normal

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School of Marion, Alabama, have an active circle life, too, said one of them. "Here is a picture of the cottage where we live. We call it 'Forest Home,' and we spend many happy evenings over our Chautauqua books after our regular work is done. We think THE CHAUTAUQUAN is a splendid magazine."

"I have brought a picture of our library at Cawker City," said a Kansan. "It is not an imposing building, you see, but it is eminently useful, which is far better, isn't it?" Everybody agreed that it was, and then an Illinoisan handed about a photograph of the library of his town, Litchfield, for which he claimed good looks as well as usefulness. "No harm in having both if you can," said Pendragon, and the Man Across the Table agreed with him, glancing over at the Anxious One who looked extremely pretty when her cheeks were flushed. "Then here is where I put in my exhibit," laughed the New Yorker, "for in our city we think the Library of Syracuse University is a real beauty; now don't you?"

Everybody did.

"By the way," said the delegate from Erie, Pennsylvania, "just by way of testimony to the general appeal of the C. L. S. C.—there is something interesting in C. L. S. C. reading for all ages. My business is in a busy factory among all kinds of men and boys and I take it as my self-appointed mission to carry the Chautauqua spirit to all I can reach. If the Chautauqua Movement could reach the army of industrial workers what a lot of wasted time could be turned to account." "I can add a bit of testimony, too," said the member from Cawker City. "I have a little girl seven years old who likes 'The Friendly Stars' and learns the names of the stars quickly." "Perhaps we Kansans are especially fond of astronomy," said a member from Blue Rapids, "for I think we derived the most pleasure in the four years' reading from a small telescope used in connection with the study of the stars." "How lucky you

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were to have one," somebody exclaimed, and the Kansan continued earnestly, "The work has been of benefit in various ways, perhaps most in giving me the realization that I was to some degree getting in touch with subjects that were claiming the attention of the thinking world." "The benefit is undeniable," said one of the group from Litchfield. "Since joining the Circle I have become stronger in every way. I can express myself in public better; I have better ideas on different subjects and more confidence in myself. I feel as though I could be more helpful to others and I also want to keep up some sort of study." "A part of that testimony will appeal to the Anxious One," said Pendragon. "About being more helpful to others? I think I am converted," she returned, smiling.

"I am from Litchfield, too," said another speaker, "and I must tell you that our Woman's Club is using the Magazine articles as a basis of study." "Good news always spreads," commented Pendragon. "It goes from circle to club." "And from circle to circle," added a delegate from Syracuse, New York. "I am a member of the White Circle. My daughter visited the White Circle and became enthusiastic and started a circle called the 'Progressive' in Brockton, Massachusetts." "A circle worthy of its name," declared Pendragon. "There's 'something doing' all the time in that Brockton Circle."

USE THE DICTIONARY

When you sit down to read put the dictionary on a convenient table at your elbow so that you may have no excuse for not using it. When you encounter an unknown word look it up at no later moment than that in which you finish the paragraph in which it stands. Then read the paragraph over to make sure that you understand it in all its new meaning. Be strict with yourself—for it is wonderfully easy to slight the dictionary.

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REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT."

Preface: What is the purpose of this book?

Chapter I.—1. Of what is the constitution of the present day the outcome? 2. What parties contended in the early struggle for government? 3. What was the government of England immediately after the conquest? 4. Discuss the Great Charter. 5. What was the early history of the exercise of the taxing power? 6. In what interests did the House of Commons limit the King's power? 7. Legislation required the concurrence of what three factors? 8. Explain why the system of checks and balances must not be confused with democracy. 9. Show that the House of Commons was not a popular body in the eighteenth century.

Chapter II.—1. What was the attitude of the American colonists toward the British government? 2. To what view of government did the Declaration of Independence give expression? 3. What people were Loyalists during the Revolution? 4. What instances are given of the democratic character of the Revolution? 5. Show how the changes in the state constitutions eliminated the system of checks and balances. 6. What were the characteristics of the Articles of Confederation? 7. Name some of the early confederations. 8. What undemocratic customs remained after the Revolution?

Chapter III.—1. Account for the conservative reaction after the Revolution. 2. What is the common but mistaken idea of the Constitution? 3. What was the attitude toward the people of the members of the Federal Convention? 4. How was the purpose for which the Federal Convention was called in contradiction to its aim when in action?

Chapter IV.—1. What is the chief distinction between a democratic and a monarchical or aristocratic constitution? 2. How did the framers of the Constitution aim to secure stability? 3. What was Patrick Henry's view of the democracy of the Constitution? 4. Under what circumstances have the fifteen amendments to the Constitution been passed? 5. What are the arguments, as stated by Professor Burgess, for and against artificial majorities? 6. What is the best proof of the undemocratic nature of the makers of the Constitution? 7. What was the attitude of the states and the people in general towards its acceptance? 8. What has been the relation of the amendments to the main features of the Constitution? 9. What reform amendments have been proposed and what reception has been given to them? 10. What actual experiences show the difficulty of securing the majorities necessary to carry an amendment? 11. What check is brought to bear upon the power of Congress to interpret the Constitution? 12. What is the history of amendment under the Articles of Confederation? 13. How are amendments made to the constitutions of other countries? 14. Of what importance in a democratic constitution is the recognition of the right of the majority to amend?

Chapter V.—1. Why is the power of the judiciary "the most vital part of our government"? 2. How did it come about in England that judges were made responsible to Parliament instead of to the King? 3. How is our federal judiciary more independent than the English? 4. What was the aim of the

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American provision for the life tenure of a non-elective judiciary and how was it carried out? 5. What was the difference of attitude toward the judiciary in the charter colonies and in the royal provinces? 6. Summarize Hamilton's argument for an independent judiciary. 7. What was the purpose of the Hamilton articles? 8. Why was not Hamilton's outline supported? 9. What likenesses to Hamilton's plan exist in the Constitution as adopted? 10. What was Hamilton's real desire? 11. Discuss the veto power of King and judiciary in England before and after the Revolution of 1688. 12. Why were the powers of the judiciary enlarged in America after the Revolution? 13. What was the status of the judiciary in the states in 1787? 14. What was the temper toward the judiciary of members of the Constitutional Convention? 15. How did the ratifying conventions feels toward this feature? 16. Quote Marshall. 17. How did the framers of the Constitution expect to make the veto power of the judiciary a permanent feature of our political system? 18. Quote Patrick Henry. 19. What suggestiveness lies in the early membership of the Supreme Bench and how was the "aristocracy of the robe" confirmed? 20. Compare the power of our Supreme Court with that of the courts of other countries. 21. In what respect is the Supreme Court a "political paradox"? 22. Compare the American popular connection with legislation of today with the English of the eighteenth century. 23. Why is the Federal Supreme Court the most powerful tribunal in the world? 24. Apply "the King can do no wrong" to the Supreme Court. 25. Show that the courts have powers not conceded to them by the Constitution. 26. Enlarge upon Cooley's definition of "judicial" power, showing it to be "legislative." 27. What is the attitude of the Supreme Court toward political power? 28. What party criticisms have been made upon the Supreme Court? 29. Make some classification of the cases that have been before the Supreme Court? 30. What recent evidence is there of shaken confidence in the Supreme Court? 31. Discuss government by injunction. 32. Speak of the Supreme Court and treaties. 33. What is the effect upon business relations of the annulment of a law? 34. What efforts have been made to ward off a judicial veto and how have they sometimes failed?

Chapter VI.—1. Where does the American system stand in the evolution of governments? 2. What are the three stages of political evolution? 3. What are the three general types of government? 4. Why is it that our system of checks has not developed into great complexity? 5. Relate the theory of checks and balances to the *laissez faire* doctrine. 6. Discuss anarchy. 7. What was the purpose of indirect election? 8. Compare the original intention with the present practice of the electoral college. 9. Why was the House of Representatives made the "lower" house? 10. Discuss treaty-making. 11. Discuss the veto power of the President; 12. Impeachment; 13. The executive power of the President. 14. What is the result upon the House of Representatives of the inconsistent carrying out of the system of checks and balances? 15. Speak of public expenditure; 16. Publicity. 17. Distinguish between national and federal government. 18. Speak of the Constitutional Convention's discussion of the relations between the general and the state governments and the result of their failure to make clear the relation-

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ship. 19. How do Hamilton's measures as Secretary of the Treasury confirm our knowledge of his attitude toward the general government? 20. What was the aim of the Federalist party? 21. What was the expectation of the Alien and Sedition laws? 22. What was the main purpose of the Constitution? 23. How was state authority checked? 24. What was the history of the "doctrine of nullification"? 25. Quote Calhoun. 26. Explain how the popular misunderstanding of the real meaning of the Constitution came about.

Chapter VII.—1. What has been the result of subordinating the democratic element? 2. What are the evils attendant upon the present election and seating of the House of Representatives? 3. How might the situation be remedied? 4. Explain the committee system. 5. What is the Speaker's power over legislation? 6. What is "log-rolling"?

Chapter VIII.—1. What is a political party? 2. Why did eighteenth century conservatives object to it? 3. What was the real basis of governmental power in England at that time? 4. Quote Madison on "faction." 5. Why did Washington put both Hamilton and Jefferson in his Cabinet? 6. What was accomplished by the English Reform Bill of 1832? 7. Of what character is party influence today? 8. What is the essential difference between the political party in England and in America? 9. How does the American party system account for the American lack of interest in public affairs? 10. To whom does it appeal? 11. How has it come about that "majority rule" is thought to be responsible for our political evils? 12. Discuss the "party machine"; 13. Party platforms. 14. For what three-fold purpose does the political party exist? 15. Explain how "Calhoun's contention" is not borne out by the facts? 16. Show that party government is impossible under the provisions of the Constitution.

Chapter IX.—1. Discuss the enlargement of the powers of the state judiciaries; 2. The independence of the governor; 3. Changes in state legislatures; 4. Increased difficulty of amending state constitutions. 5. To what may the above changes be attributed? 6. Mention the provisions for the election of the government and of the legislature in the states which adopted new constitutions during the Revolution. 7. What changes resulted from the democratic reaction? 8. What motives conflicted in the remolding of the state constitutions? 9. Compare the executive and judicial branches of the general government with the administrative decentralization of the state governments. 10. What is the position of the commission? 11. Speak of irresponsibility arising out of a diffusion of power.

Chapter X.—1. What was the municipal governing power in colonial times? 2. After the Revolution? 3. What changes were made under the influence of the Constitution? 4. Explain why municipal government is our greatest failure and Great Britain's greatest success. 5. What is the relation of the municipal government to the state government? 6. What is the history of the municipal charter? 7. What has resulted from the city's lack of initiative? 8. Speak of the city as the administrative agent of the state. 9. Give examples of state interference in local matters. 10. What efforts have been made to check state control of local affairs? 11. How have legislatures circumvented the prohibition of

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special legislation? 12. Illustrate. 13. What was the purpose of the "home-rule" provision in various state constitutions? 14. What has been the attitude of the courts toward them? 15. Illustrate by the case of Washington. 16. Discuss limitations of the taxing and borrowing power. 17. How has municipal ownership of public utilities been retarded? 18. Discuss state control of cities and democracy. 19. What has been the result of the removal of property qualifications for voting at state elections? 20. Discuss democracy and municipal ownership. 21. Illustrate by the practical working of municipal ownership. 22. Why has the progress of municipal democracy been slow? 23. How has the alliance between conservatism and corruption been brought about? 24. Show how the power of the majority is limited in favor of the minority in municipal government.

Chapter XI.—1. What was the eighteenth century idea of individual liberty? 2. What change in the relation of the individual to the government was brought about by the Revolution? 3. Illustrate by the post-Revolution changes in the state constitutions from the negative to the positive view of liberty. 4. What important difference is there between the eighteenth century conception of liberty and that expressed in our constitutional literature? 5. How does our political system realize the Hamilton conception of liberty? 6. What was the opinion of the framers of the Constitution with regard to liberty? 7. What opposition is there between the form and the significance of the Constitution? 8. Illustrate. 9. What is the doctrine of vested rights? 10. How has the legal profession virtually been made a ruling class? 11. Compare our conception of democracy with that of other countries. 12. What has been our confusion of thinking?

Chapter XII.—1. What were the economic conditions when the old doctrine of American liberty originated? 2. In what does true liberty consist? 3. What was the result of the introduction of the factory system? 4. Discuss the *laissez faire* policy. 5. What arguments have been used in favor of protection? 6. Speak of protection and the working man. 7. How was governmental power in the Constitution limited for the benefit of the property-holder? 8. Discuss contracts and the attitude of the Supreme Court toward them.

Chapter XIII.—1. What has been the general influence of modern democracy upon the interpretation of the Constitution? 2. What change has taken place in the electoral college? 3. What change has been brought about by the adoption of manhood suffrage? 4. What serious defect is there in the method of choosing the President? 5. Show that the Senate and the Supreme Court are obstacles to popular legislation. 6. What is the modern test of success applied to organs of government? 7. What are the three defects of the Senate? 8. Discuss equality of state representation in the Senate. 9. With regard to the Supreme Court what lesson may be learned from England? 10. Speak of the possibilities lying in a call by the legislatures of two-thirds of the states for a new Constitutional Convention. 11. What are some of the attempts to secure responsibility? 12. What is the aim of the direct primary? 13. Of the recall? 14. The initiative and referendum? 15. Review the progress of political development. 16. In what does the conservative minority place its confidence? 17. What will be the re-

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sult of democratizing state governments? 18. What evils lie in the present method of electing senators?

Chapter XIV.—1. Discuss the effect of modern higher standards of morality. 2. What results from rapid ethical progress? 3. From the increase of publicity? 4. From the change in theological beliefs? 5. From the growth of intelligence among the masses? 6. From the conflict between minority and majority rule? 7. What is the most important requirement for the obtaining of efficient democratic government? 8. What is the greatest obstacle to publicity at the present time? 9. Account for the disregard of law in American society today?

Chapter XV.—1. Speak of the advance of democratic thought 2. Of democracy as an intellectual and as a moral movement. 3. Of the influence upon democracy of the art of printing. 4. What is the immediate aim of democracy? 5. Of what service to democracy are modern scientific inventions and discoveries? 6. What is democracy's attitude toward government? 7. Discuss the influence of social environment; 8. Of equality of opportunity. 9. Speak of the scientific justification of democracy's hostility to privilege; 10. Of democracy and *laissez faire*. 11. What is success? 12. What is democracy's problem?

BIBLIOGRAPHY ON "THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT"

Proportional Representation, J. R. Commons, $1.25 net. *Acquisition of Political, Social and Industrial Rights of Man in America*, J. B. McMaster, $1.00 net. *Privilege and Democracy in America*, F. C. Howe, $1.50 net. *American Legislatures and Legislative Methods*, P. S. Reinsch, $1.25 net. *The Election of Senators*, G. H. Haynes, $1.50. *The Referendum in America*, E. P. Oberholtzer, $2.00. *Primary Elections*, C. E. Merriam, $1.25.

Talk About Books

ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA. By Hiram Bingham. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50 net.

The author of this entertaining account of a trip "Across South America" was sent as a delegate of the United States government and of Yale University, to the First Pan-American Scientific Congress at Santiago, Chile, in December and January, 1908-09. Travelling in a semi-official capacity Mr. Bingham enjoyed many opportunities not open to the unofficial traveller and his story is enriched by much valuable material deftly employed to add interest to the recital. The volume is beautifully produced.

TERRY'S MEXICO. By T. Philip Terry. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50 net.

Having all that goes to make the unbiquitous Baedeker a model guide, and, in addition, a superior clearness of type, "Terry's Mexico" is the inevitable volume for all Mexican travelers in fact or in imagination. It is an admirable book.

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IMPRESSIONS IN MEXICO. By Mary Barton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00 net.

The text of this new book on Mexico is rather slight. Some famous books of travel have been of no large content and have won their way by quality rather than quantity, however, so this is no disparagement. Again, "Impressions of Mexico" has no marked individuality of style, but it has simplicity, straightforwardness, and sincerity. What the author saw she saw without distortion and described without affectation. The view taken of things is explicitly that of an artist in search of pictures; and the chief delight of the book indeed will be in the best pictures, which have real characteristic charm, are creditably reproduced in color, and are mounted on soft brown mats. A reader familiar with Mexico will be pleasantly reminded; and one not familiar will catch something of the spirit of the country.

CAMP AND CAMINO IN LOWER CALIFORNIA. By Arthur Walbridge North, with a foreword by Admiral Robley D. Evans. New York: Baker & Taylor Company. $3.00 net.

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THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION. By Frederic Jesup Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

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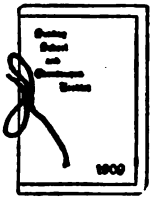

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